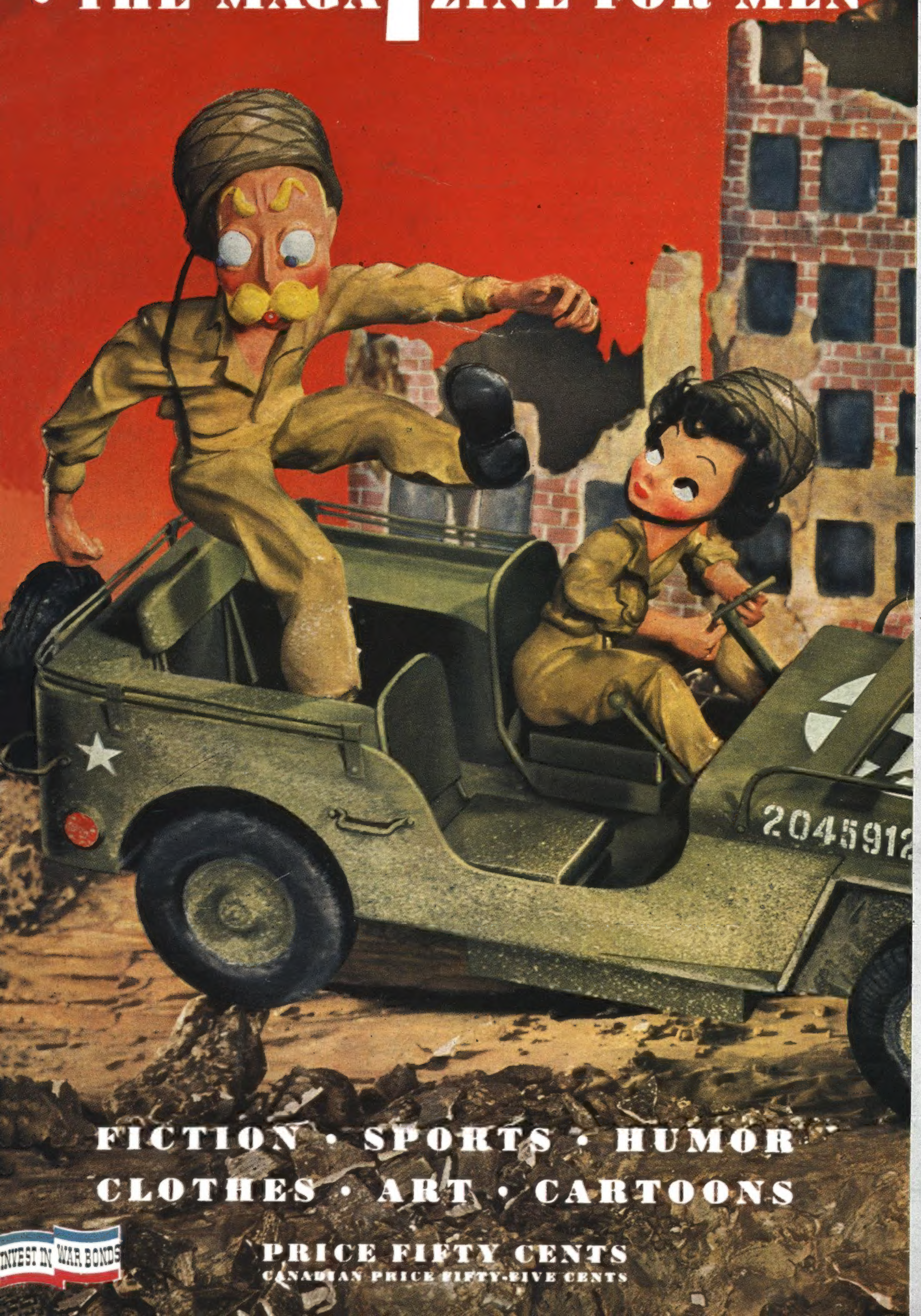
APRIL
1945

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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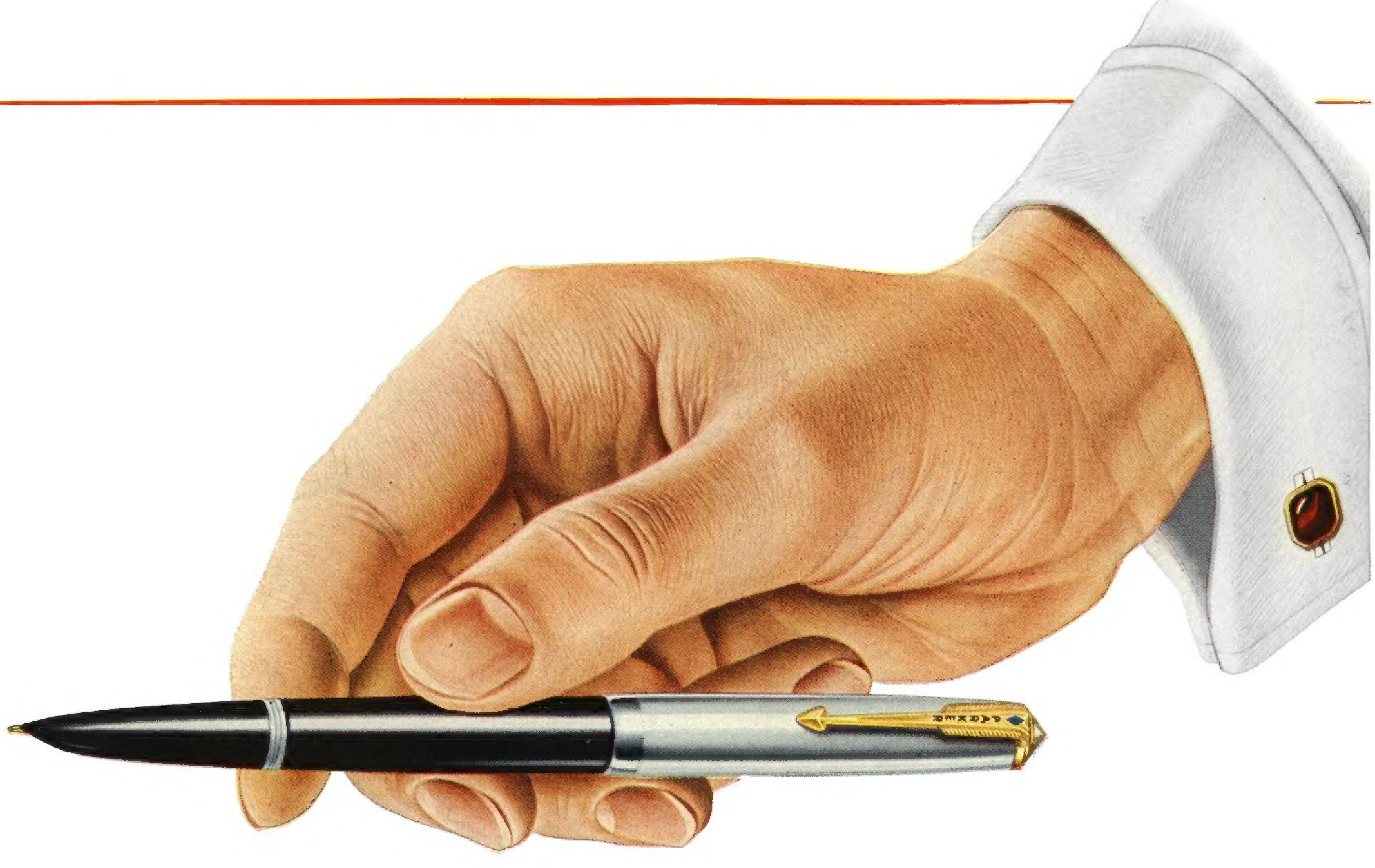

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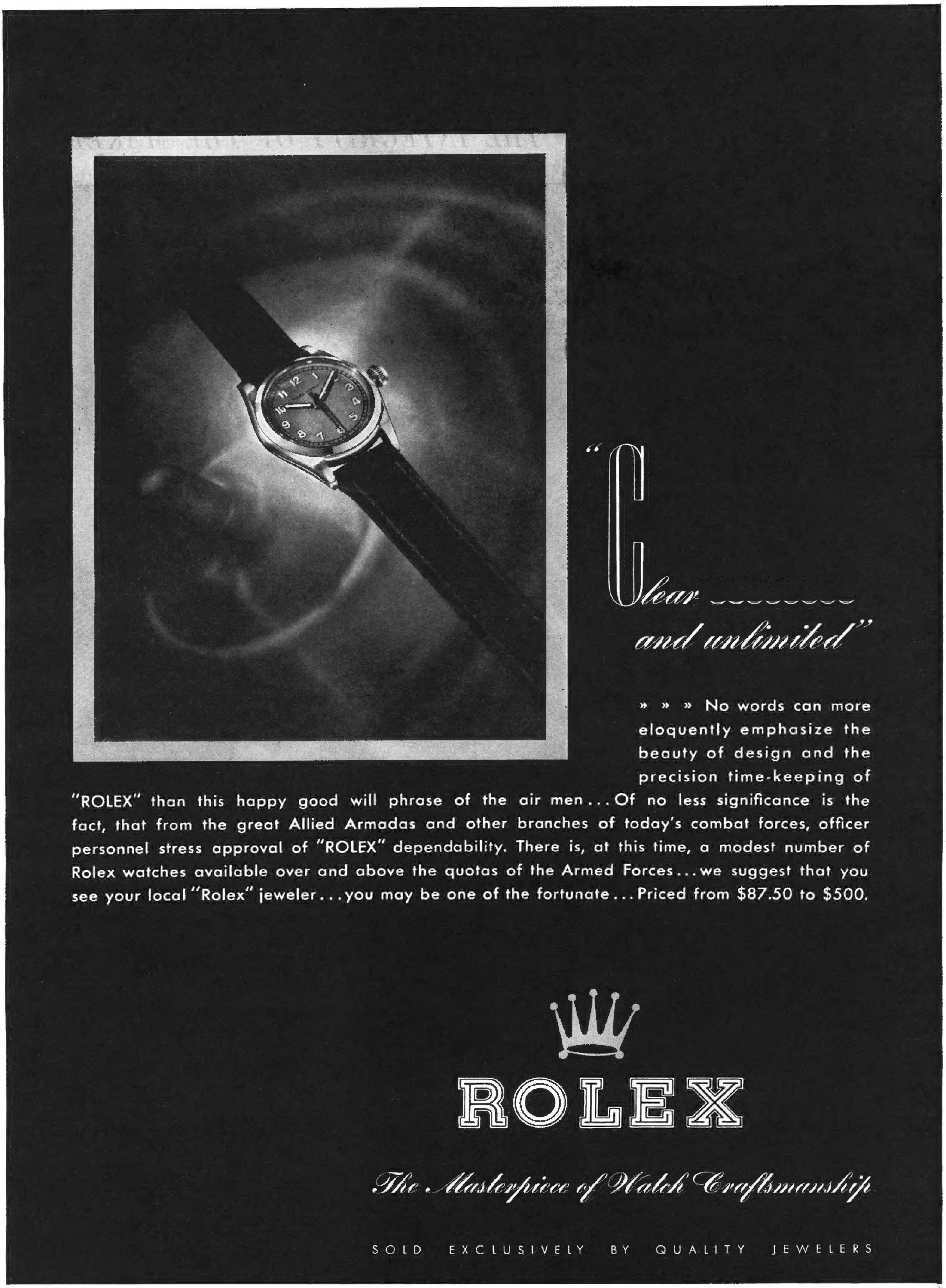

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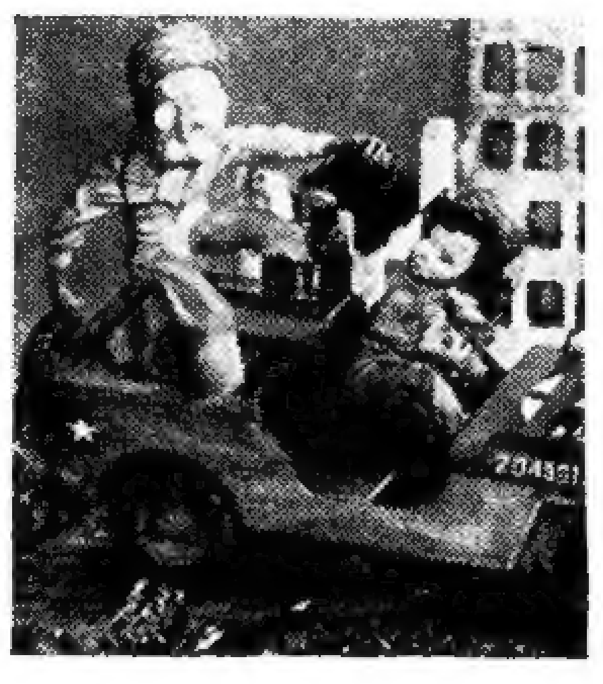

The Serviceman's No Problem Child

We found food for thought in the following letter from Edmond Joseph Girard, somewhere in the Pacific, protesting against the coddling attitude of so many of the magazine articles and stories dealing with the "problem" of the returning servicemen.

"Just what kind of men do you magazine publishers think we are? We read in magazines and books that same sad story about the returning serviceman and his terrific problems. If the ordinary fighting man took some of these articles seriously, then he would be driven to distraction.

"Suppose for a minute you put yourself in our shoes and see how you would like reading all about yourself being the future psychological and agitating problem of your country, whose wife finds him the man she wonders if she married, who is so nervous he can't sit down, who finds assimilation so terribly difficult, and who goes out and stands in the grass since he wants to be alone because everybody is going to embarrass him with questions. What an opinion!

"I would be ashamed to think that Government and industry and everyone owed me special considerations for the privilege of being where every red-blooded man belongs. When this war is over the Government won't owe me a cent, nor will industry, nor will anyone else. Rather, I will owe and give my Government my support in taxes and my pledge for responsible living, and if I have anything to offer industry we will strike a bargain, and if the civilian population can stand the shock of having a friend live next door, then we will get along fine.

"What actual disappointments we would be to ourselves and to everyone we love if we expected such a strange world as we are so often told to believe will be awaiting us. And what fools we would be to expect to find everything exactly the same. The most constant thing is change, and every serviceman takes it in his stride just as he takes an order. The few who accept neither are exceptions. We of the service forces know with considerably more clarity than you at home that people are the same the world over, and we have recognized through experience that it's the little simple things in life that are the big things. If you have trouble with your expressed concern with us when we return home, then we will give you a helping hand. It's batter up, and we won't pitch you any curves.

"It is by no means a small opinion among many of us, not all, that a portion of the great striking home-front is a little worried for selfish reasons over our future return. You know as well as I where the best men are right now.

"For those of us who return healthy and sound, and there will be many, you may discard your fears for we have learned the value of work, judgment, patience and co-operation; we can take care of ourselves and others too, if necessary."

Although, as it happened, this particular letter wasn't concerned with any feature that had appeared in Esquire, it hit home to us, as a one-time returned serviceman, to a point where it made us want to shout Amen.

David A. Smart
Publisher

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Esquire

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EDITORIAL: "For the betterment of the Esquire Jazz Project in general"

From Bruce Baker, Jr. of Dallas, one of the best informed and best balanced of the many jazz collectors with whom we have for a long time been engaging in correspondence, we have received this letter which we pass on to you, for your help in answering its closing question:

> Gentlemen:
>
> Yesterday I purchased a copy of Esquire's Jazz Book for 1945. After reading it, I wish to compliment you on the most excellent job which you have done.
>
> There is one important issue, however, which gives me (and you) a great amount of trouble. This is the voting for the All-American Jazz Band. As we both know full well, a conciliation between men of such difference in taste as Leonard Feather and Eugene Williams, Barry Ulanov and William Russell, will never be effected. For the situation to continue as it has been going means only a general confusion on the part of neophyte jazz-collectors who gain their knowledge of jazz chiefly through the pages of Esquire and its Jazz Book.
>
> I do believe that I have a solution for the difficulty. Would it not be a relatively simple matter to elect three All-American Bands and classify them as to the style-music they play? The classifications could be New Orleans, Chicago, and Modern. This would insure several things of importance.
>
> First, the most important, it would mean that any of the three bands could play together compatibly. Secondly, it would mean that the men most qualified to vote for New Orleans jazz would select that band; those most qualified to select the greatest musicians among the Modernists would cast the votes in that category. As Eugene Williams refused to vote for a tenor saxist, pianist, or any Modern musician—so would Feather refuse to cast a vote in the New Orleans polling.
>
> For the betterment of the Esquire jazz project in general I would also like to suggest several changes in judges. I would eliminate such remaining people as seem to be (at best) on the very fringe of jazz appreciation. If they were not dropped, I would suggest the addition of more judges.
>
> I would not want a board of judges stacked against Mr. Feather and his cohorts. As I would not desire this, I abhor the present setup which overwhelms Williams, Russell, et al. And I do not agree with Williams on his selections, either!
>
> By adapting your jazz program to such a plan, I honestly believe that it will be much more satisfactory to you, to me, and to everyone.
>
> Instead of one All-Star Band, you will have three. Instead of griping, everyone will be happy. And, above all, instead of the inevitable clambake, you will have three wonderful bands playing wonderful jazz although in different styles.
>
> Regardless of whom or what a man may like in jazz, I'm sure that you will agree that it is paramount that he should like jazz. I think that this plan would help everyone and everything to a better and more sensible future.
>
> What do you think?
>
> Yours sincerely,
> (Signed) Bruce Baker, Jr.

Well, what do you all think? In one sense, Mr. Baker's letter was best answered, four days later, by the Big Blue Network Broadcast of January 17th, where for ninety minutes and from three cities, three types of jazz were offered in celebration of Esquire's Annual All-American Jazz Awards. Certainly there were "three wonderful bands playing wonderful jazz although in different styles." And although there has been the usual and apparently inevitable aftermath of griping from various critics for a variety of reasons, as far as the public reaction can be measured, everyone was happy. That's all that matters, really, since Esquire's jazz project was never intended for the gratification or glorification of any one critic, or group of critics, but only to extend the frontiers of jazz appreciation, and to try to bring the best of the various branches of this native American art form to the widest possible public. With that primary objective in mind, now is as good a time as any, while the memory of the 1945 celebration of the All-American Awards is still fresh, to review the bidding, and check to see that the project is headed straight for its objective.

Esquire's first expressed interest in jazz as a phenomenon deserving of study, appreciation and preservation, dates back almost to the magazine's own moment of birth. In the Fall of 1933 Charles Edward Smith wrote, and we published in our issue for February 1934, under the title *Collecting Hot*, the first general magazine article on the cultural and artistic significance of hot jazz records. It has long since been established that this one article gave nation-wide impetus to jazz-collecting.

During the course of the next nine years, there were nine articles in Esquire on various aspects of the subject of hot jazz, making it the most consistently covered subject in the magazine's curriculum. Two of these articles were by Charles Edward Smith and two by Robert Goffin, the Belgian pioneer of European appreciation of American jazz. The latter, in our issue for February 1943, first named Esquire's All-American Band, giving three sets of nominations for that year.

The reader response to all our articles on hot jazz was always both immediate and prolonged, but up to the tenth anniversary of the original Charles Edward Smith article, *Collecting Hot*, the magazine's jazz activities had all been on paper. However, to celebrate that tenth anniversary of Esquire's interest in jazz, we decided to bring the next annual All-American Band to life, with a concert that would signalize the now general social acceptance of this once-despised and long-neglected music that had been the Cinderella of the Lively Arts. To assure the best possible selection of the band, we secured the services of a board of jazz experts, with the help of Robert Goffin and Leonard Feather, whom he recommended for the difficult job of "bringing the band to life" for the concert. Also, we decided to have Charles Edward Smith do another article, *Collecting Hot: 1944*, to survey the ever-widening circles of jazz-collecting that had spread out from that first pebble he had tossed in these pages ten years before, and to give this new article a fitting setting by making our issue for February 1944 a special jazz number. Third, to round out this Jazz Jubilee program, we decided to have published, in book form, all the previous Esquire writings on jazz, back to and including the original article by Charles Edward Smith that began the whole business.

To symbolize the social acceptance of jazz, and thus to honor the leading jazzmen, we could think of no more appropriate objective than to bring the real jazz, for the first time, into the sacrosanct social citadel of American music, the Metropolitan Opera House. This we did, on January 18, 1944, with the All-American Jazz Concert that packed the Met for a gate that ran over six hundred thousand dollars in war bonds.

The event was all that it was intended to be, the presentation of some fourteen soloists, representing a variety of styles and "schools" of jazz, in a setting in which their music had never before been heard. Musically, it was a sort of *smörgåsbord*, a sampling of distinctive and highly individual offerings. Each was excellent of its kind, and the novelty of hearing them all together, for the first time, made the event unique.

But it was the consensus of the critics that such a concert, with its emphasis centered entirely on a succession of individual performances, merely honored the individuals without at the same time encompassing the broad scope of jazz, since it left the ensemble element entirely out of consideration. In short, you couldn't see the forest for the trees.

So this year, for the celebration of Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards, we enlarged both the scope of the voting, to include bands and arrangers, and the membership of the board of experts, at the same time tightening up on the qualifications for membership on the board, to make sure that we maintained the broadest and most competent coverage of the many varying and sometimes opposed schools of critical thought in this highly controversial field. All we wanted to avoid was the commercial, the kind that all the embattled critics are quick to agree is not jazz, even though they seem never to agree on which of the several varieties of the real jazz is really " it."

This year's winners were presented, then, not all together, but within the musical settings in which their individual efforts were likely to be heard to the best advantage. Within the limits imposed by considerations of bookings and travel difficulties, as many of the winners as possible were presented before audiences in Los Angeles, New Orleans and New York.

The result, from where we heard it for ninety minutes beside our loudspeaker, was inspired and inspiring. Last year wild horses couldn't have kept us from the Met, but this year we found ourselves feeling sorry for those who were members of the audiences in the concert halls, and thus missed two layers of the three layer jazzcake that the rest of us could have in our own homes. And that's when and where the thought struck us that, for its primary purpose of trying to enlarge the field of jazz appreciation, Esquire's project accomplishes more in ten minutes on the network than it does in two hours in a concert hall. At jazz concerts, which are presumably attended largely by those who know and like jazz anyway, only a relative handful can hear what can be heard by millions over the air. In a sense, it's just another case of "preaching to the converted."

So think this one over, when you're making suggestions for the further refinement or improvement of Esquire's jazz program, because as the matter now stands, we're inclined to feel that Esquire could do jazz in general a lot more good with more broadcasting and less concertizing, in celebration of its All-American Awards.

All this seems to have taken us pretty far afield from Mr. Baker's specific proposal, but actually we may not have drifted as far as it has seemed. Because the point we have wanted to keep always in mind is that Esquire's one constant purpose is to *broaden*, not to narrow, the confines of jazz appreciation. Every effort to foster an unduly rigid cultism in this field, it seems to us, serves only to restrict the enjoyment of jazz. In fact, we sometimes wonder if that isn't what the more rabid extremists among the critics are deliberately trying to do. One wonders how some of the critics who damn anything that is played with any variation at all from the manner or the exact instrumentation of King Joe's band would feel if King Oliver's *High Society* were to be heard on every corner juke box, as we ourselves wish it could be.

We still feel as we felt, over a year ago, in introducing Esquire's 1944 Jazz Book, that "The most important thing to do about hot jazz is—not to write about it, not to argue about it, not (even) to dance to it—but, of all things, to *listen* to it." Nor can we ever now think of anything more apposite to say, every time one or another of the critics starts to argue about whether this or that is or isn't such or such a kind of jazz, than "Shut up and listen!"

That's why we hesitate to see any further compartmentation creep into the voting. The difficulty over deciding who is or isn't eligible to be considered a New Star, the chief complication in this year's voting, would seem like simplicity itself compared to the difficulty of deciding who does or doesn't fit into this or that arbitrary division of jazz styles. What we want, to keep this program as broad and comprehensive as possible, is to mend or bridge, as much as we can, the present violent cleavage into different "schools" of jazz followers.

Meanwhile, whatever the critics say to or about each other, we derive some solid satisfaction from the demonstrated fact that Esquire's jazz program has made steady progress towards its main objective. The sale of Esquire's Jazz Book to date, for example, has outdistanced the previous combined sales of all the various books on hot jazz put together, thus showing that it is truly extending the frontiers of jazz appreciation, which after all is all we're after.

Our own presentation of the All-American Awards only began the 1945 honors on the big broadcast of January 17th. We presented all that could be scheduled into ninety minutes on the network, and even so there was a tight squeeze as time ran short toward the end of the program. But there will be other presentations, at other concerts and special appearances. For instance, Carnegie Hall is set as the scene of the Lionel Hampton Esquire Award Concert, where the band will receive the New Star Award. And as this is written, a special guest appearance is being arranged for the presentation of their Silver Award to Count Basie's Orchestra. So you see there's plenty left to pop.

But if you can think of a better way to accomplish the project's aims, then now's the time to say so. We don't conceal the self-evident fact that we feel good about the way it's going. But we also aim to practice what we preach. So now we'll shut up—and listen.

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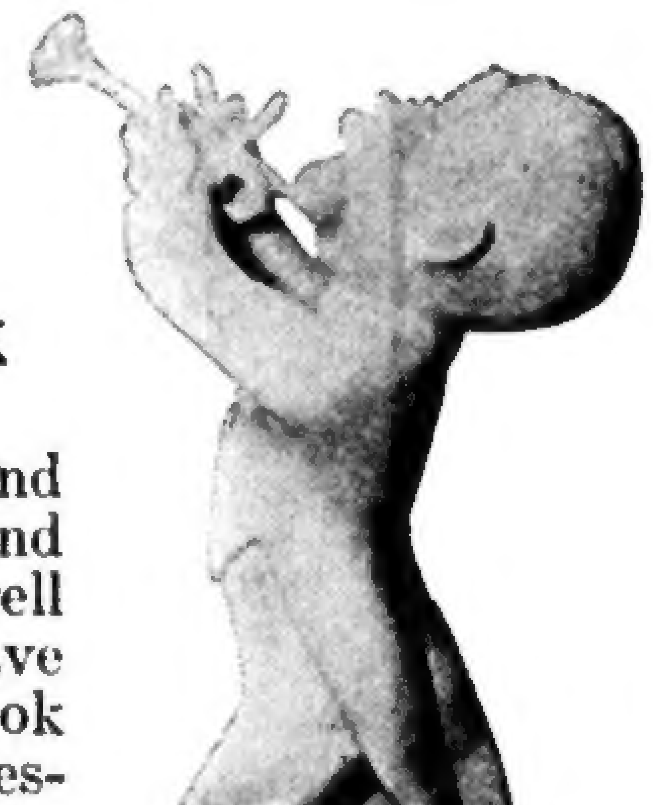
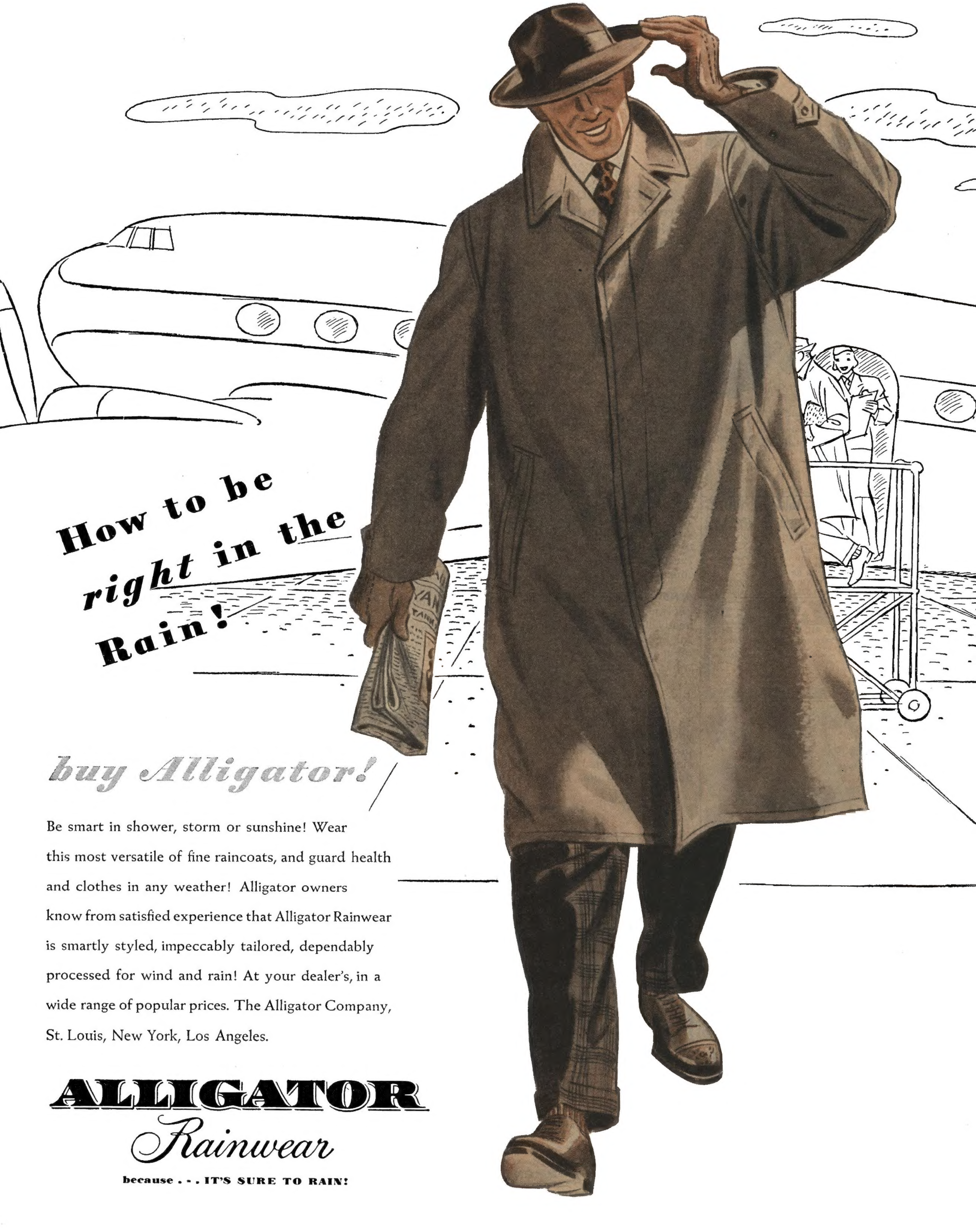
ESQUIRE'S 1945 JAZZ BOOK



Following the smash success of the paperbound newsstand edition of Esquire's 1945 Jazz Book and Yearbook of the Jazz Scene, the Smith & Durrell Division of the A. S. Barnes & Company have speeded up the preparation of the two-dollar book edition, bound in cloth covers for permanent preservation and in a reduced format suited to the proportions of the normal bookshelf. Last year this clothbound edition was not available for many months after the initial sale of the paperbound edition, but this year's "permanent" volume will be issued in mid-April, just a month away. A must for all jazzfans, in it you will find everything that has happened in this past jazz year, covered like a tent, and a wealth of original research covering the continuing history of jazz over the past fifty years. The many rare photographs of early New Orleans bands and the detailed map of Storyville are alone well worth the price of the book. If your bookseller or record dealer can't accommodate your order, send $2 to Esquire's Jazz Dept., Palmolive Bldg., Chicago 11, and we'll get you a copy.



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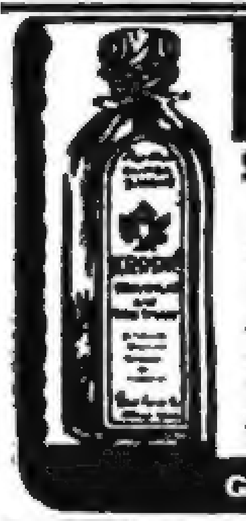

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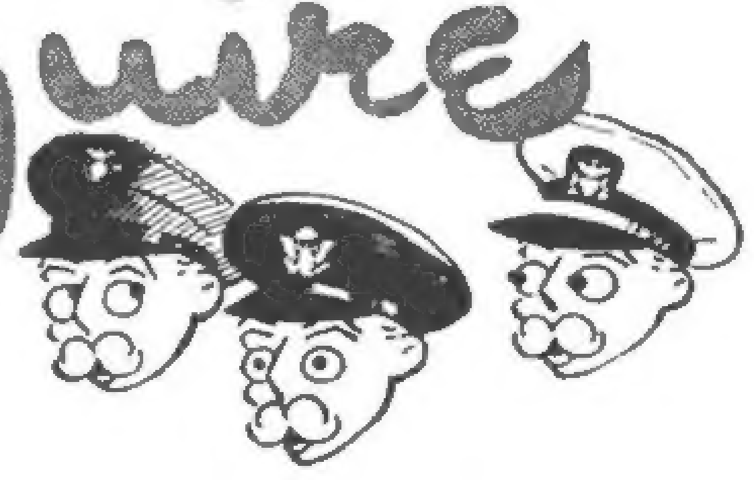
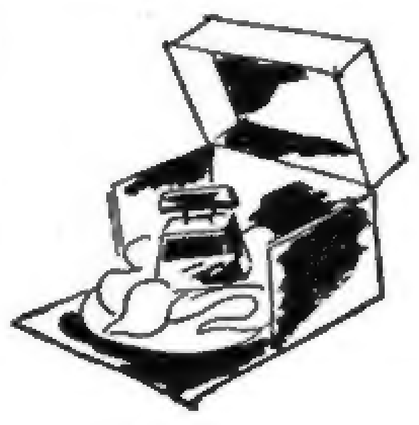
Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY NON—G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

EASTER RABBIT for the kiddies. A decorative wicker basket filled to overflowing with toys, a stuffed bunny and pastel-colored candies. Or "Harvey", a stuffed Easter rabbit, soft and white (grown-ups, too, go for these). For your best girl, fine chocolates in a shimmering satin box which can be used for trinkets later. And the supreme gesture: a deluxe fancy boat-shaped silver basket filled with 17 gourmet delicacies such as brandied fruit, turkey pate, cakes, candies, conserves, etc.



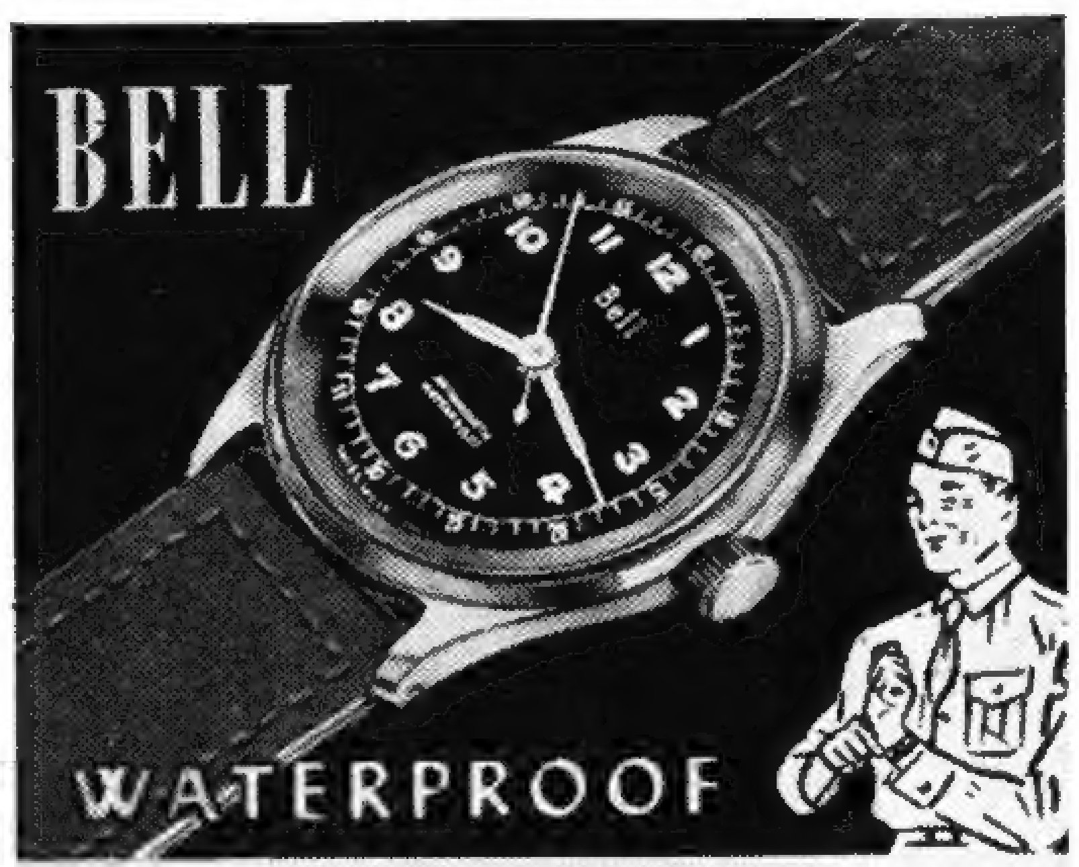
SEND EASTER GREETINGS with perfume . . . to wit: "Salut", a heady floral fragrance in a crystal bottle resting on a lily-shaped white plaster base. "Bonnet Box" . . . a crown-shaped bottle of famous "Stradivari" perfume nestling in a pert, pink Easter hat box, miniature size, and adorned with ribbons, flowers and tulle. Or two tiny crown bottles of typical Easter fragrances, "Gardenia" and "Easter Lily" . . . packaged in a gala box topped by lilies and frills. And, dressed in her Easter regalia, she'll flaunt a worldly-wise sophisticated scent called "Dandy"; or in tune with Spring, an enchanting blend of rose and jasmine, labeled provocatively, "Perhaps".

EASTER HANDBAG. Preferably something really unique such as the "one-two" bag. Its a copy of an actual saddle bag . . . two complete handbags held together by a connecting strap which loops nonchalantly over your lady's wrist. Idea is that she puts cosmetics in one bag, and valuables in the other. Bags come in navy or black moire, lined with vivid colors, and decorated with chastely simple metal plaques marked "1" and "2". A double feature worth investigating.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

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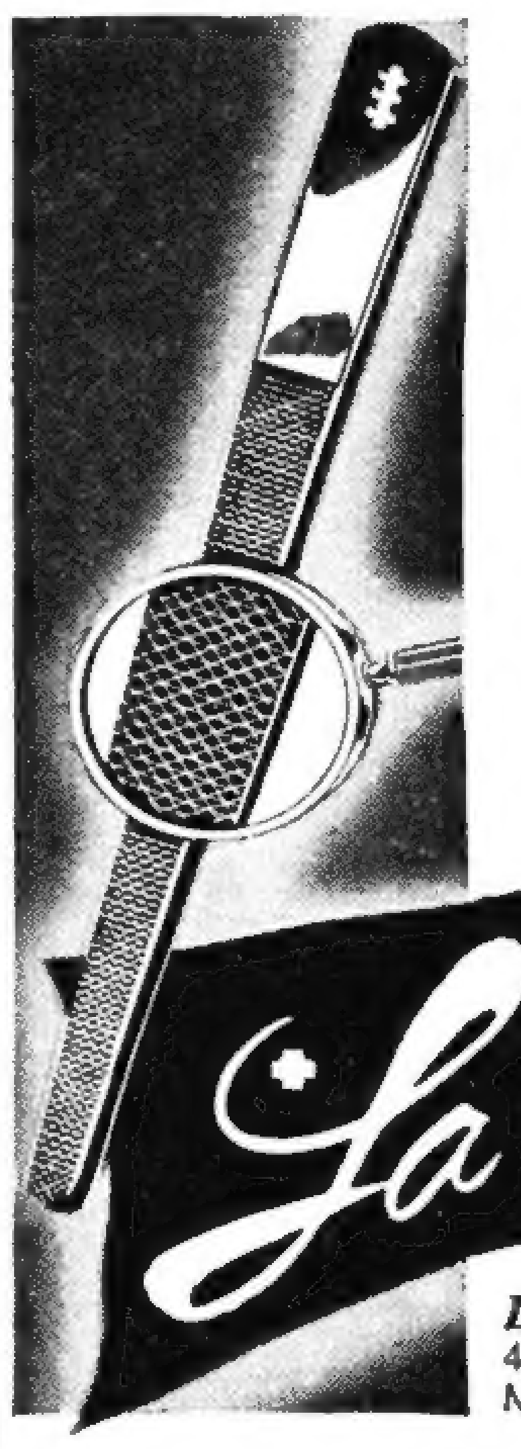

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Precision made, peerless in performance, this La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. For the time being it may be difficult to replace; production is curtailed. Give it the care it deserves.

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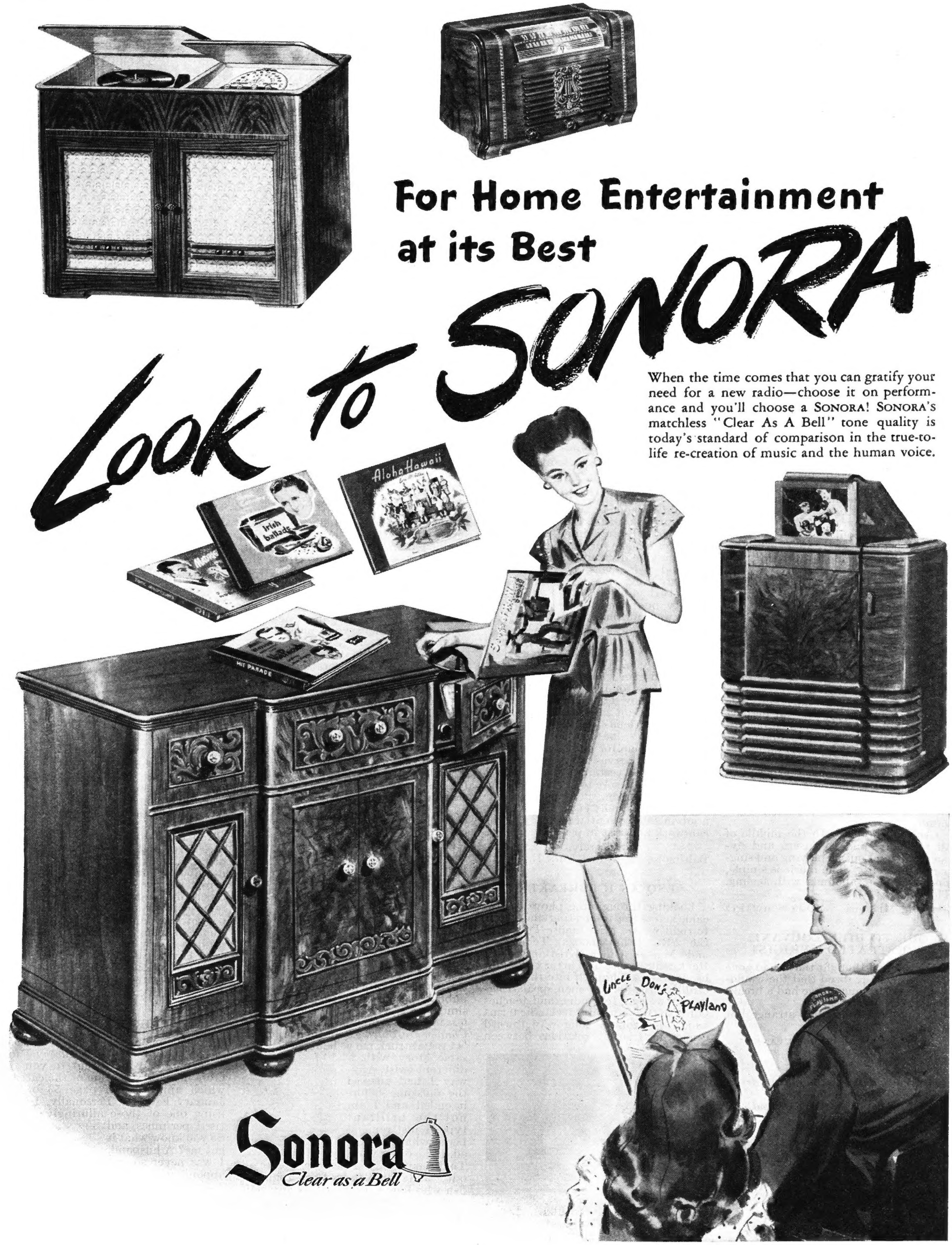
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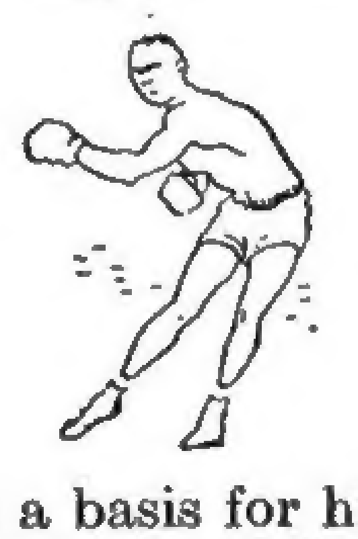
THE SOUND AND THE FURY

ADD USES OF ESQ

The January issue of Esquire (including my *They Shouldn't Come Back,* about punch-drunk pugs) was not out a week when, in one of the cities adjacent to Paterson, a young boxer by the name of Mickey Biss was in court accused of drunken driving. I should not say "young" because Mickey has been retired about seven or eight years, but he was a corking good welterweight. His lawyer had a copy of Esquire in his hand and, using the magazine article as a basis for his argument that Biss was not drunk but was merely experiencing back taps of his physical days, he won an acquittal.



Sincerely yours,
ABE J. GREENE
President, National Boxing Association of America
Paterson, New Jersey

THE RIGHTEOUS GRIPE SECTION

Living Portrait of the Esquire Jazz Concert.

In the background: The big, cumbersome Ellington band, playing out of tune and straining to stay together on Thompson's "production number" arrangements. This band, led by a musical cynic who doesn't give a "hoot" about jazz, sounding at times like Cugat and again, in the ragged brass section, like a poorly rehearsed copy of James.

Left foreground: The Goodman quintet, executing intricate arrangements: Benny playing hundreds of notes . . . without feeling. In front of this group is Mildred Bailey singing with revolting coyness and exhibitionism, and no feeling . . .

Right foreground: A girl guitarist, Tatum and Willie Smith—all playing with technique and amazing facility . . . feverishly pushing valves and banging on keys; and completely submerging melody . . .

Around the fringe of the picture: Comedians and actors and pop singers giggling and scurrying about . . . not knowing what jazz is; not giving a damn . . .

Center foreground: In the middle of all the noise and confusion and hypocrisy King Louis is playing and singing "Confessin'." The music is simple, sincere, and it abounds with feeling. This is Jazz!

Clayton, Missouri DON SCHWARTZ

ODE TO BILL LOUVANE, FRUSTRATED LYRICIST

For a time I thought that I had gone tropo—then I realized that the would-be Cole Porter must have had a breakdown from overwork.

Result—the following—strange but true.

THE CROSS OF BILL LOUVANE

Long months ago, as G.I. Joe,
I landed on this isle,
And through a year, both drab and drear,
Had naught at which to smile.
Until I found, on steaming ground
An injured cockatoo—
Then, gleefully and hungrily
I planned a parrot stew.
The while the pot was waxing hot
Upon my jungle fire,
I found a mound and read "The Sound
and Fury" in Esquire.
I wept in pain for Bill Louvane
And all the trials he's had,
The song was rank, the meter stank,
The words were strictly sad.
Then up there flew my cockatoo
To perch upon my head,
With fervent curse, he scanned the verse,
And then, when he had read,
"My friend," he said, with shaking head
And pointing with his toe,
"As egg and bird, I've never heard
A ditty quite so low.
Although I'm tough, I've had enough,
Egad, that awful song—
I'd hoped to be a fricassee
For you—but now—so long!"
I sat aghast—my ex-repast
Went winging through the trees,
His raucous tones and fearsome groans
Came quav'ring on the breeze—
"Oh, pity Bill, the doleful dill
Whose lyrics are insane,
I would not care to have to bear
The cross of Bill Louvane."
Now ev'ry night I mourn my plight
With gastronomic pain,
I curse the bird that thought absurd
The song of Bill Louvane.

P.F.C. CARL W. KRETZER
Pacific Theater

UP GALLICO

Paul Gallico's article about the extinct virtue of courtesy is priceless and certainly hits the head on the nail! Brother, how right you is!

Here's one who intends to cultivate a memory like an elephant. When the cooing starts, my innings begin.

Pasadena, Calif. BLANCHE E. EARLE

DOWN GALLICO

Paul Gallico gets a tissuepaper cuspidor for *This Man's World* for wasting paper and complaining. No tradesman ever made a fortune out of selling something he does not have or cannot get, and it happens to be true that there are things that are not available. Now tell that to twenty people six days a week for three years and you will realize that the task is hopeless; it is still news to them. The kindly old man who used to care for his customers now finds himself facing a two-man job on a one-man pay as per 1942. His friends are lost in a sea of strangers, he does not even dare to recognize them for he has no time for favors. His nerves are shot from explaining that certain things are not available; he is sure to get a sneer from every fifth person. Perhaps if the war continues, he finally gives up and takes a job in some essential industry, so he can work and rest in peace.

Sincerely,
Baltimore, 24, Md. JOHN E. CRAAN

ESQ AS ICEBREAKER

Looking through the photo files, I came across this interesting snap. Left to right we see Miss Louise Tucker of the ARC (Chattanooga, Tennessee) and Master Omar Kristvinsson of Reykjavik, Iceland. This six-year-old has ingratiated himself into the hearts of all American servicemen, speaks English as well as Icelandic, and teaches G.I.'s the fundamental Icelandic terms which has gone a long way toward cementing friendly relations between the garrison and the Stulkas. Louise is giving the lad the finest of American literature (Postmaster Walker notwithstanding) as the photo clearly shows. Chin high and the best to all.

DAVID ZINKOFF
U. S. Army, Overseas

THE MILTON SPERLING ASPERSION CLUB

Having little else to do these chilly winter days, in desperation I picked up your December issue. To say that it helped pass the time is a slight exaggeration, but I must admit I was amazed. Never, not even in your tripe-laden rag, have I found an article so puerile, so ridiculous, and so misleading as the one by Captain Milton Sperling, entitled *A Lady Versus Tokyo Rose.* Can it be that this is your honest opinion of what goes on in the Pacific? After all, as an assemblage of editors you must have some say of the contents of that which you edit.

I'm certain that the majority of the American forces so fortunate as to be spending the season down under are not all blushing cretins as the captain makes them out to be. After all there are some in the enlisted ranks who do not use the word "ain't." There are some who do not fidget and juggle and gurgle and bubble on meeting a woman. And there are some who are over nineteen years of age.

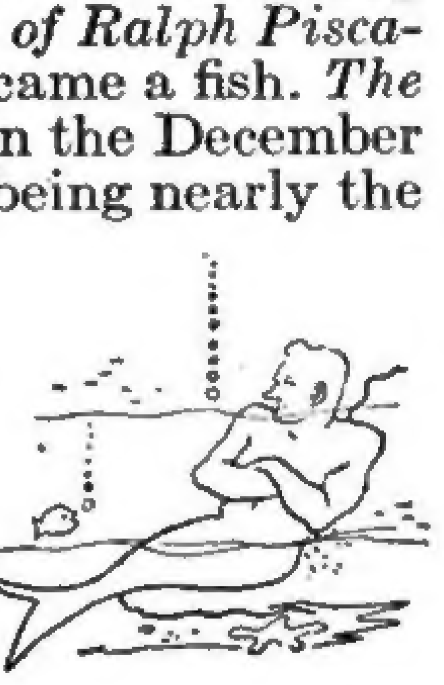
I had spent eighteen months in that area myself and it is true that I did encounter some moronic characters here and there, but so it would be at the Waldorf in New York. Believe it or not, the average intelligence of the forces overseas, or at least in the Pacific Ocean Areas, is as high as that in the States. The educational attainments correspond closely with that of the USO soldier. And all in all, the boys in that part of the world have as good an idea of things in general as do your midnight rounders and drug-store cowboys to whom your magazine is humbly dedicated.

Of course it is pleasant to talk to an American girl after vegetating on some barren tropical atoll for a year or more. Hot coffee and sandwiches are a treat at any time. However, I feel quite sure that even without the blessings of the traveling canteen the boys would somehow manage to get along. Mind you I am not knocking the Red Cross. They're doing a marvelous job. The field directors that I have met (all male by the way) were understanding and helpful without gushing and pitying. What I do object to is the portrayal of the average soldier as a poor, benighted, boorish lout. He isn't.

Cpl. EDWARD J. CZECZOTKA
Fort Devens, Mass.

ESQ STORIES NEVER DIE

According to Benjamin Franklin, "Fish and visitors smell in three days." Possibly the same might be said about a fish plot after three years. I think it was approximately three years ago when your magazine published a story entitled something similar to *The Atavism of Ralph Piscatore* in which a man became a fish. *The Connemara Black Fly* in the December '44 issue struck me as being nearly the same story with a different twist. Anyway I had guessed the outcome before it ended and I am not the brilliant type, I just remembered what happened in the other yarn. To be sure, Mr. Piscatore went "all out" and completely turned into a fish who hated fishermen as any self-respecting denizen of the deep should, while Major Corvin of the *Connemara Black Fly* double-crossed the fish by catching them, and wasn't particularly friendly to the human race, either. But in the end, like most fish they both got caught. Incidentally, although leaving the explanation of certain details to the reader's imagination is possibly one of the finer arts of the mystery-story teller, I am still wondering how the fly was constructed that caught this half-man, half-fish. Who knows, it might work with mermaids.



Oh, well—maybe I shouldn't complain about only two men being fish in all this time. It should be a welcome change from the majority's being wolves. Besides, the newer readers should get quite a kick out of it. I just wonder if anyone else has complained of the similarity.

Respectfully,
R. D. G.
Chillicothe, Missouri

HEARTFELT SYMPATHY FROM THE SO. PACIFIC

In reference to Mr. Timothy G. Turner's letter published in *The Sound and The Fury,* Esquire's November issue, we wish to add our wholehearted support to his plea that Esquire do something about the "NO COLLARS ON PAJAMAS" situation.

In claiming "Man's Most Glorious Right" to pajamas and dressing gowns, we find that in a foxhole, there is nothing more irritating than one's dressing gown rubbing one's neck. In addition, collarless pajamas offer practically no protection against Jap snipers. On the other hand, in these days of the modern military we find no difficulties in keeping "dressing-gown collars clean, as we are afforded bathing facilities at least once every few weeks."

And while we are waiting for justice to be done, please advise Mr. Turner we are sympathetic and as disconcerted at this inconvenience as he is.

1st Sgt. K. E. OSGOOD
Gy/Sgt. T. J. CARDELL
South Pacific

ESQ GETS TOO HOT TO HANDLE

My friend, Dr. Salerno, who lives in Westbury, told me that on Wednesday evening a fire started on his second floor, which burned it out completely, as well as the attic. They were naturally asked to get out of the house, and Mrs. Salerno went to a neighbor's house to watch the fire. She especially paid attention to her bedroom window and there a fireman appeared with flames in back of him and smoke pouring out from the window, reading a copy of Esquire. She says it must have gotten very hot for him and he threw it out of the window.

Yours very truly,
Hempstead, N. Y. PAUL LELLBACH

FAIR WARNING

Forgive me for being overly critical, but in the interests of accuracy I felt duty bound to point out to you the gross misrepresentation of the cartoon which appeared on page 53 of the January Esquire. Personally, I tried using one of those alluringly advertised perfumes, and do you know what it got me? A husband. I was never so disappointed in my life. Just look at a perfume ad—or that cartoon—and I ask you is there the faintest implication of anything so ordinary, so unexciting, so utterly respectable as a husband? It's all a fake. (Oh, hell.)

West Point, Pa. DISILLUSIONED

1—Into a Toddy glass, put a scant ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.

2—Add 2 cubes of ice and pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

3—Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

1-2-3 . . . and you get America's oldest mixed drink at its best! . . . a Four Roses Cold Toddy!

IF YOU'VE NEVER enjoyed the surpassing goodness of this time-honored mixed drink, we know you'll be grateful to us for suggesting it.

You'll discover—at the very first sip—why the Cold Toddy is becoming even more popular today than in years past. That is, if you make yours with Four Roses!

And that's very important. For a Cold Toddy is so simple to make that it depends almost *entirely* on the magnificence of the whiskey you pour into it.

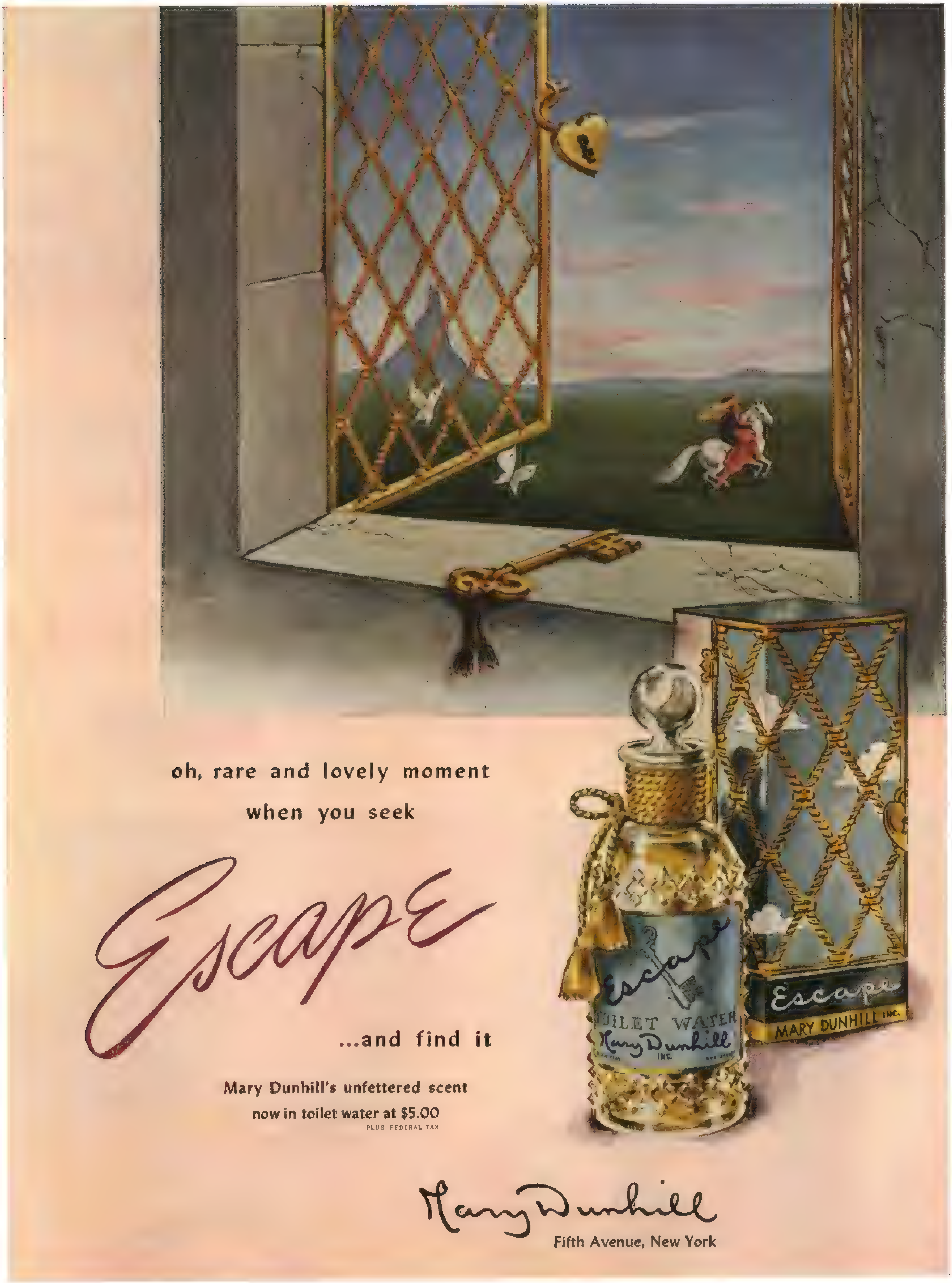
In short, for a Cold Toddy that will warm your heart with its mellow and flavorful perfection—*be sure you use Four Roses!*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey as before the war

FOUR ROSES
Fine American Whiskey
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT
BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERS


Escape
TOILET WATER
Mary Dunhill
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oh, rare and lovely moment
when you seek

Escape

...and find it

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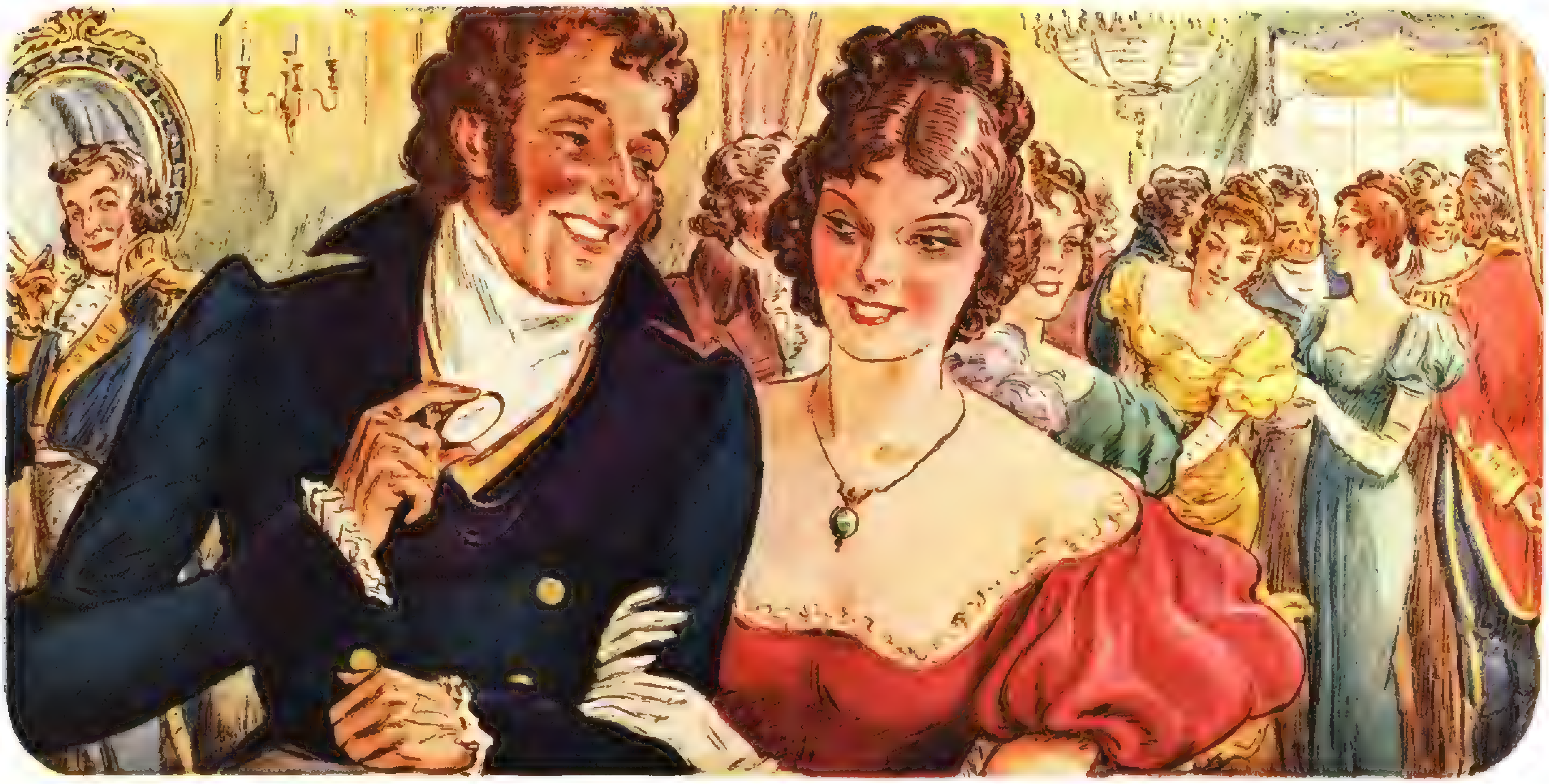
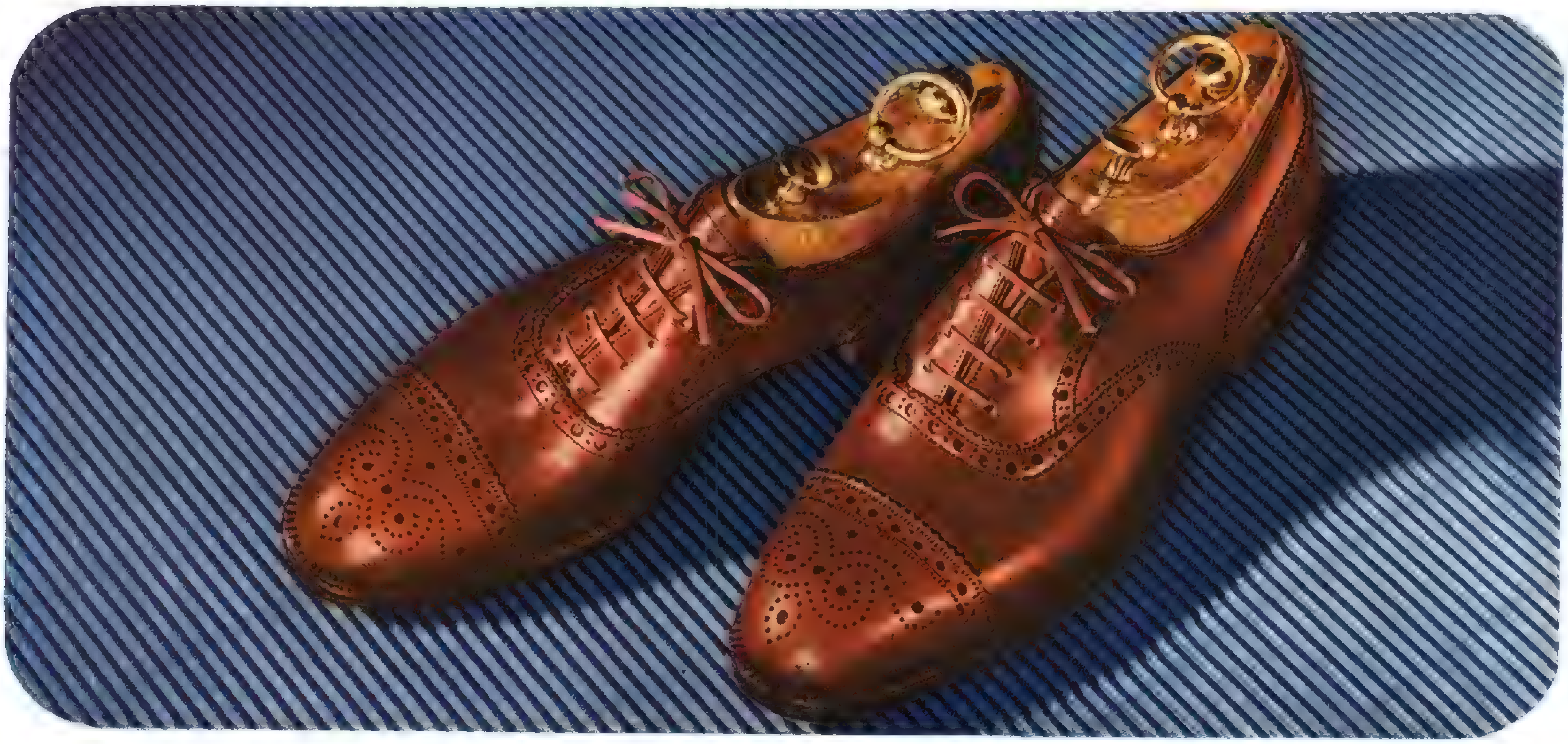
FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

NUMBER 1 IN A SERIES



This gentleman has always been the dean of all well-dressed men. The fashions he set were slavishly copied by the English royal court. Even today, we moderns follow his dictate. For it was he who established the custom of polishing shoes. And who was he? None other than the first gentleman of the Regency . . . Beau Brummel.

These are Nettletons—dean of American shoes. Like Beau Brummel . . . they set the fashion of the day. But their appeal to well-dressed men goes far beyond original styling. When it comes to comfort . . . they have no peer. Choicest leather made supple with loving care and stitched to keep the good looks of a shoe for its long life . . . that's *Nettletons!*

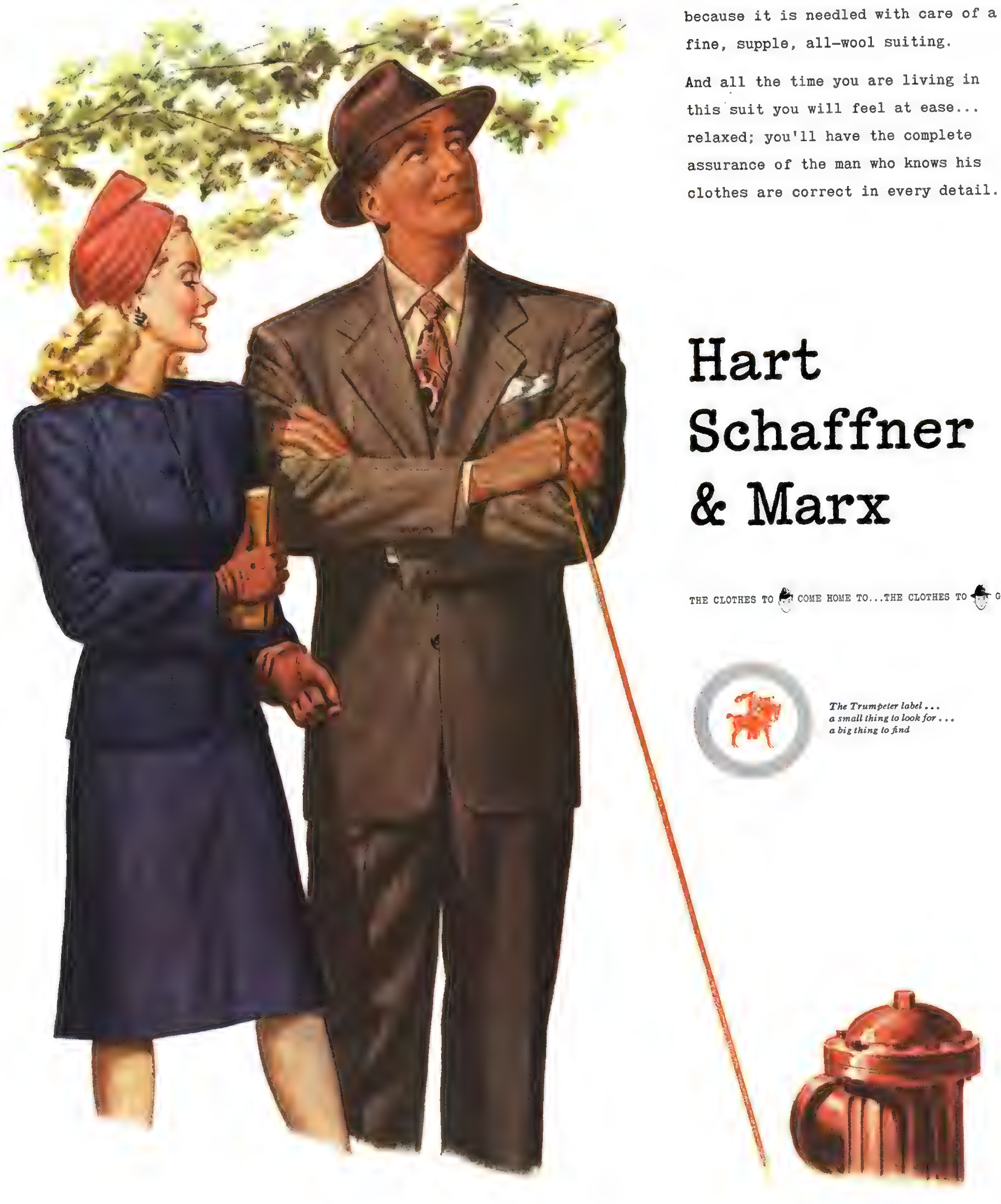


Nettleton Shoes

A E NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE 2, N. Y

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES $9.95 TO $20, AT BETTER STORES—COAST TO COAST

For that *well poised look*



● Wonderful, what the right clothes can do for your poise!

Take, for example, the suit shown.

It is tailored with the famous Hart Schaffner & Marx touch...and skillfully designed so that its softly draping lines will subtly flatter any man's figure.

Its arm chair comfort is built in.

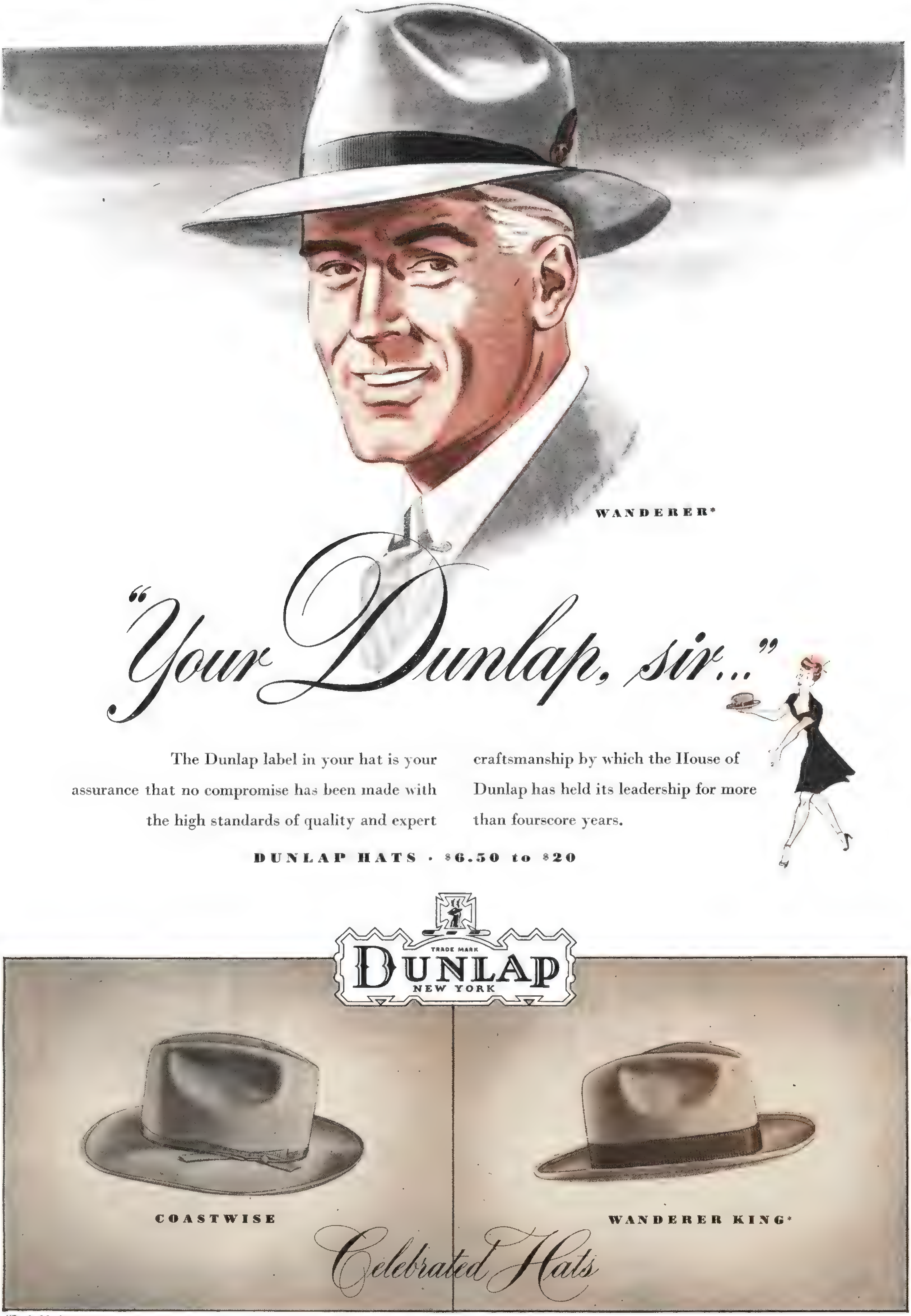
It will grow old gracefully because it is needled with care of a fine, supple, all-wool suiting.

And all the time you are living in this suit you will feel at ease... relaxed; you'll have the complete assurance of the man who knows his clothes are correct in every detail.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE CLOTHES TO COME HOME TO...THE CLOTHES TO GET INTO

The Trumpeter label . . .
a small thing to look for . . .
a big thing to find



WANDERER*

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WANDERER KING*

Celebrated Hats

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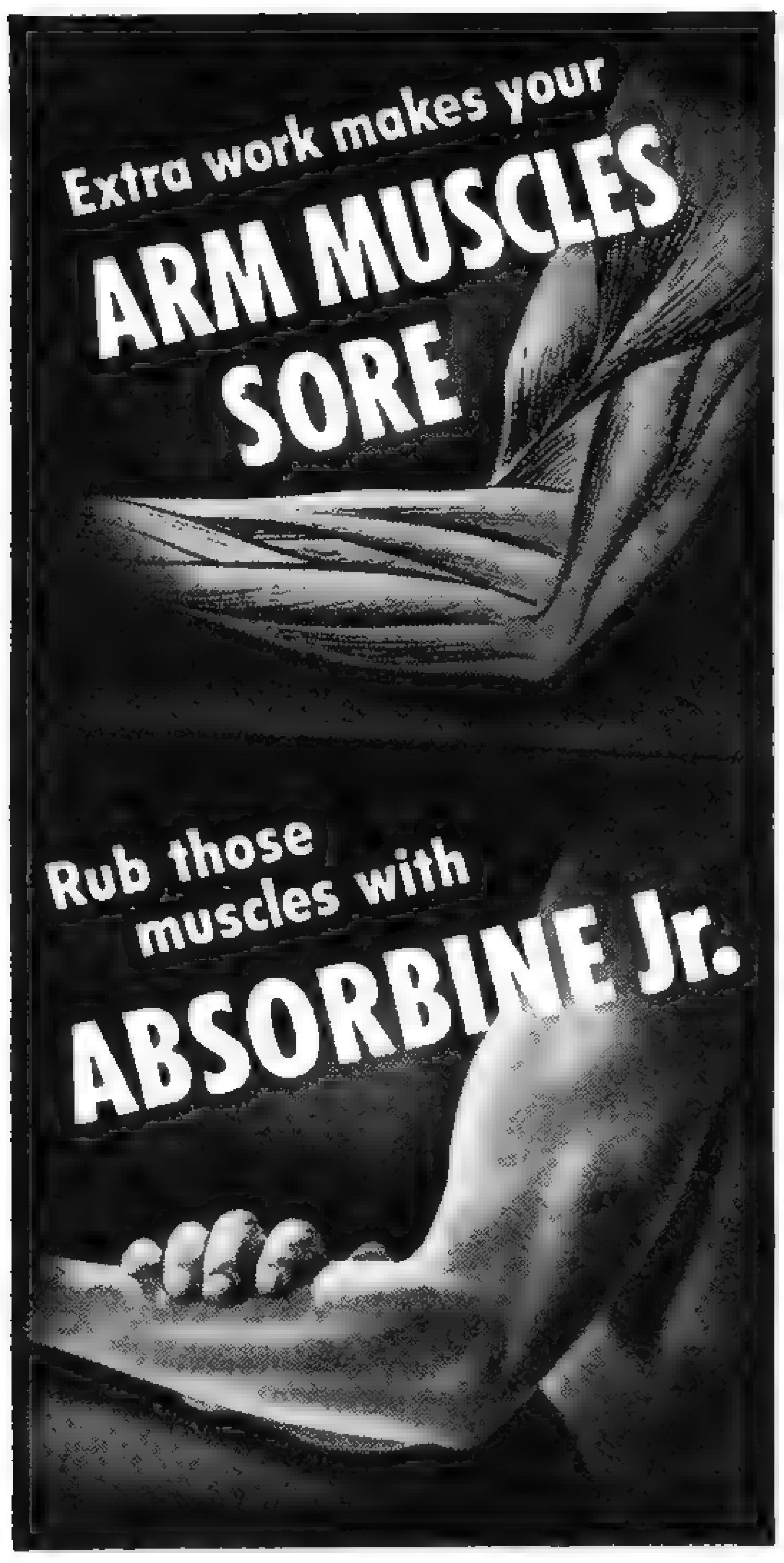

● It's so easy to get relief with Absorbine Jr.! Just rub it in well. This more than 50-year old favorite makes overworked muscles tingle with relief as pain and stiffness seem to disappear. Always keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

PLASTIC VISION. Just a tiny, thin oval-shaped lens about the size of a nickel and made of featherweight, smooth, non-irritating plastic . . . that's the modern contact lens that is proving so miraculous to men in the armed forces. Developed by scientists a century ago, the modern development of contacts started after the World War 1, when technicians found a way to grind optical corrections on blown glass lenses. About 8 years ago, methods of taking impressions and molding *plastic* lenses were developed, and 2 years later, a process was found for grinding optical corrections on the clear plastic to correct any eye defect.

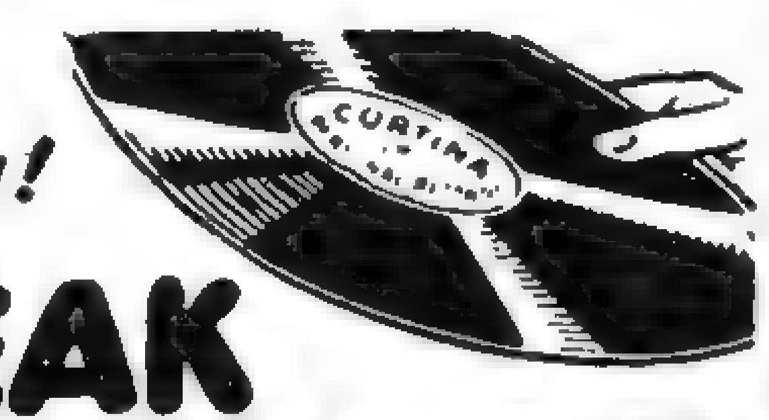
60,000 PEOPLE NOW WEAR CONTACT LENSES. The new eye-ball shaped plastic lenses fit right into the eye, are well nigh unbreakable and invisible, even from a distance of a couple of inches. 90% of the people wear contacts for nearsightedness (myopia), 10% are farsighted. Only 2% cannot wear them because of hyposensitivity. Contacts can usually be worn for 6 hours at a stretch, although some people can wear them all day. Surgeons wear them in operating rooms; to athletes they're invaluable . . . swimmers, hunters, football, tennis stars and skiers bless their unbreakability. Public speakers, actors and Hollywood stars, who feel that ordinary glasses detract from their looks, find contact lenses indispensible.

A BOON TO SERVICE MEN. Many pilots whose eyesight would keep them from combat flying, wear contacts. Ordinary glasses would keep these men out of fighting planes because of the risk of breakage. A yellow tint on the plastic contacts will enable an aviator to see through haze and mist with greater visibility. Soldiers with faulty vision wear them, and the close fitting lenses in case of rain, dust and hail storms, give a margin of comfort above that of normal 20-20 vision. By tinting the contacts with various filters, it is possible for the men to penetrate by sight, various camouflages that would otherwise be invisible to the normal eye. Naval officers standing watch in the rain, find contacts a distinct advantage.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Listen to this Record! Learn to



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NAME__________________________

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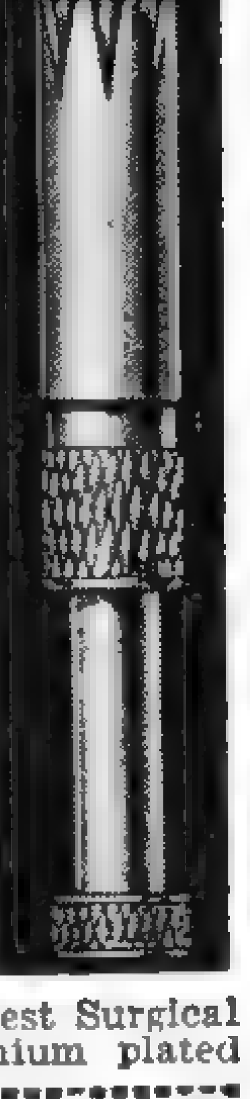
DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE

May Cause Fatal Infection

Use KLIPETTE

NEW INVENTION



You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back **$1** Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

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Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

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Don't do it until you send for my "Have-More" Plan to read and examine free—it may save you hundreds of dollars and many heartbreaking mistakes. Tells how to have a place that will pay for itself! My "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how my family and I moved from the city to a little two-acre place in the near-by country to find "a little land and a lot more living" and how I've kept a regular full-time job. Tells how we grow most of our own food in spare time—have fun doing it—have better health—more sunshine and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact more of just about everything that makes life worth living! My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words—73 illustr., many actual photos of our own place. It tells the how of all our shortcuts, ideas, labor-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of fresh eggs a wonderful garden with a lot less work, delicious rabbit meat at only 8¢ a pound, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, geese, turkeys, squab, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, luscious grapes, berries—how we use new, easier preserving methods, including quick freezing. Best of all, my Plan tells you how to choose the right kind of place—how to save hundreds of dollars in buying and financing—how to avoid costly mistakes. The "Score-Card" of what to look for is worth more by itself than the whole price of the Plan—which is only $1.00. Honestly, if you're thinking of buying or building, (or if you already have a place) my Plan can be the biggest dollar's worth you ever got—and I'll send it to you to look over and examine free. If you don't like it—if you don't agree it's worth many times one dollar—just send it back and owe me nothing. If you keep it—just send me one dollar, full price—I know you're going to be delighted—so drop me a postcard now—Yours for "A little land and a lot more living." **Ed Robinson, Box 5004, Noroton, Conn.** (Of course, if you'd prefer to send your dollar now that would be fine—save me a lot of record keeping. I'll gladly refund your dollar if you're not delighted.)

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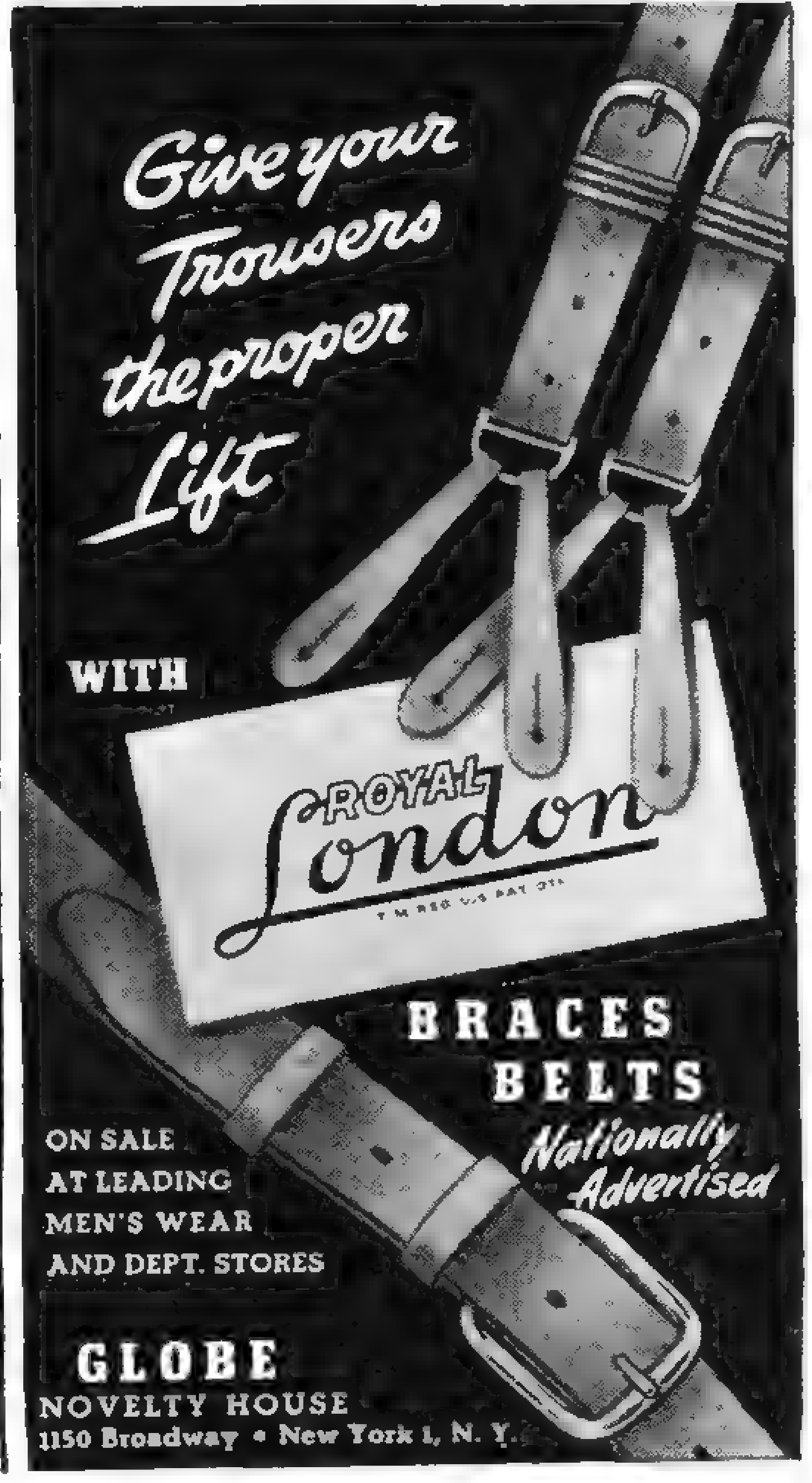
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The boys overseas want frequent mail . . . cheerful mail . . . V-MAIL!

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To dad or brother, hubby or lover . . . your gift of a fine pipe will mark you as a "solid sender." The Biltmore Blue Ribbon is a sweet-smoker, light in the teeth, cool on the draw . . . a lifetime of pleasure. Many models in choice century old American briar, rich-grained, with a craftsman finish.

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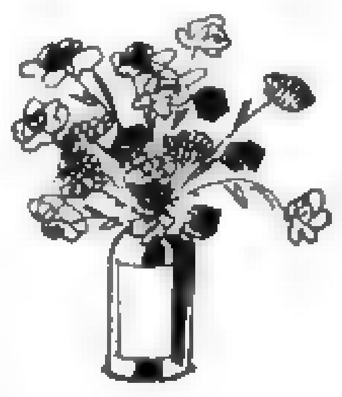
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Talking Shop with Esquire

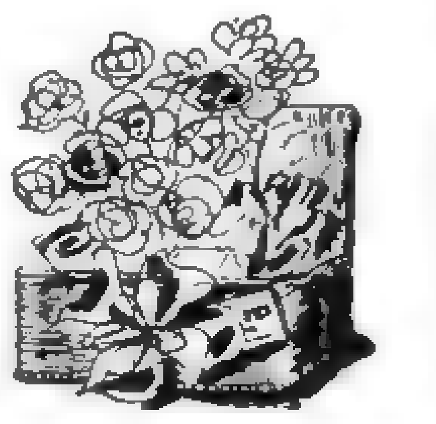
FLOWERS BY WIRE. The florists of the country are probably doing as much as anybody to keep romance alive by remote control! A group of 6500 member florists are located so that they can service some 90,000 cities, towns and villages in the U. S. Each florist is duly bonded, and proper delivery of orders is guaranteed. Suppose you're in Charleston and you want to send flowers to your girl in Topeka, to arrive the same day. You simply select what you want, pay the Charleston florist member, who wires your order to a listed member in Topeka, who fills your order without question. Only extra charge to you, is the wire cost.

FLOWERS FOR EASTER . . . especially designed for Esquire. These flowers are more than a bouquet, they're a production! Blue-purple iris, daffodils and delicate acacia (little feathery yellow flowers) dramatically arranged in a glass vase tied with lavish bows of shimmering ribbon to match the color of the iris. Original, distinctive . . . and beautiful. There's a corsage in the same combination, iris, jonquils and acacia, which looks like a glorified Easter bonnet. Many a Lovely will wear it in her hair. Or you can order gardenias combined with iris. Roses and lilies will be very scarce this year, but there are always fragrant and long lasting carnations; spring flower plants such as azaleas, hydrangeas, cyclamens, etc.

FLOWERS FOR MEN. Sending flowers to a man is no sissy stuff . . . you can order original combinations with a distinctly masculine viewpoint. "Welcome Home", a flower arrangement for a returning service man; red, white and blue flowers interspersed with tiny American flags, the whole bouquet arranged in an upturned Uncle Sam hat. "Stag at Eve" for a man in the hospital: red and white carnations plus 5 red and white plastic dice mounted on wires to become part of the bouquet.



FLOWERS FOR THE BOSS: a wicker hamper massed with red flowers which conceal smoking tobacco and a couple of bottles of his favorite wines. And for a bachelor dinner: an amusing figurine of a gent in top hat and tails leaning on the proverbial lampost surrounded by a bowl of carnations, snapdragon and French marigolds.



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A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose, portable play-table for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. *Now custom made—delivery within 10 days.* Only $34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

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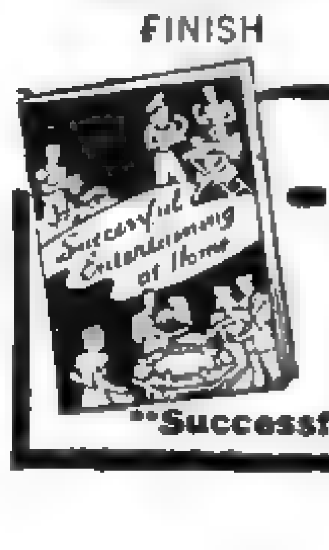

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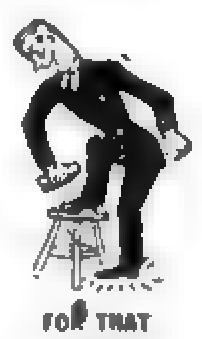

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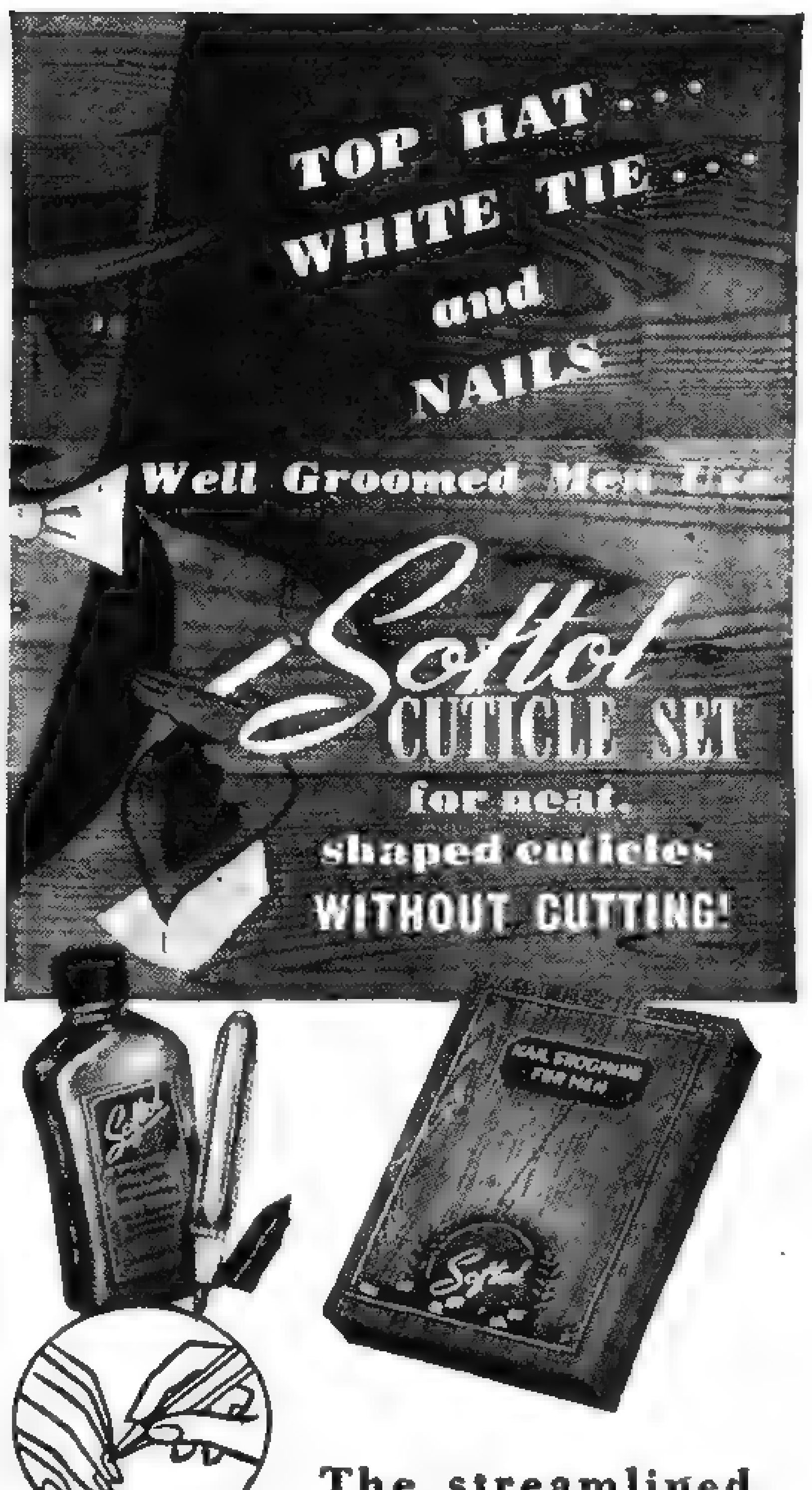

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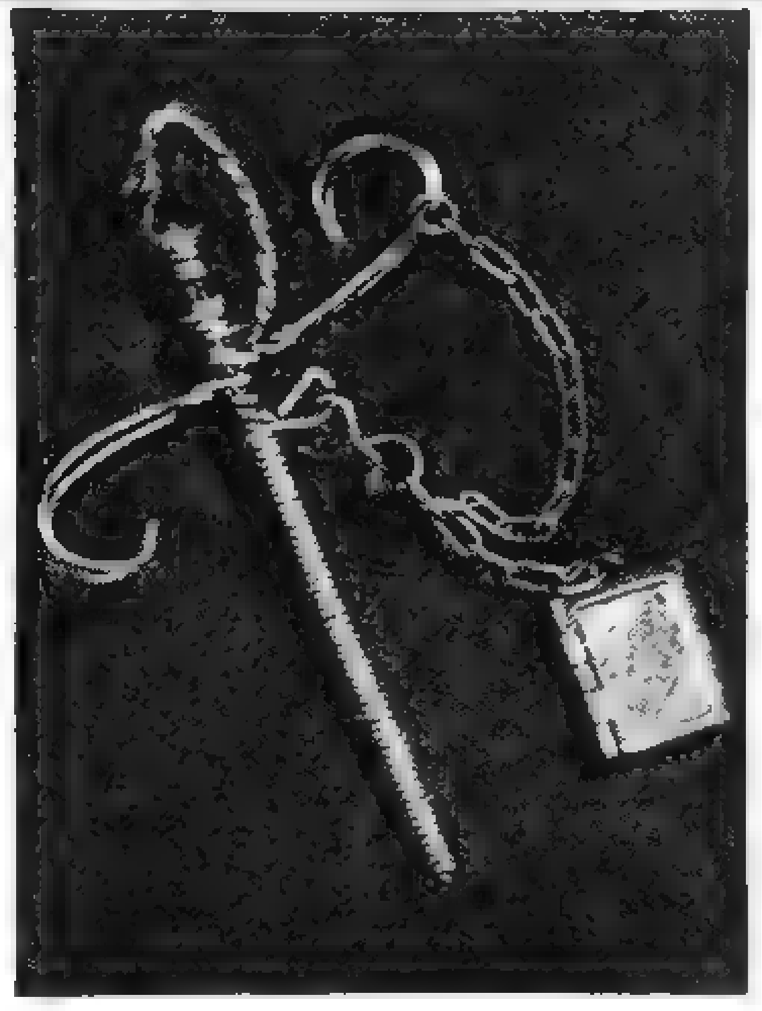

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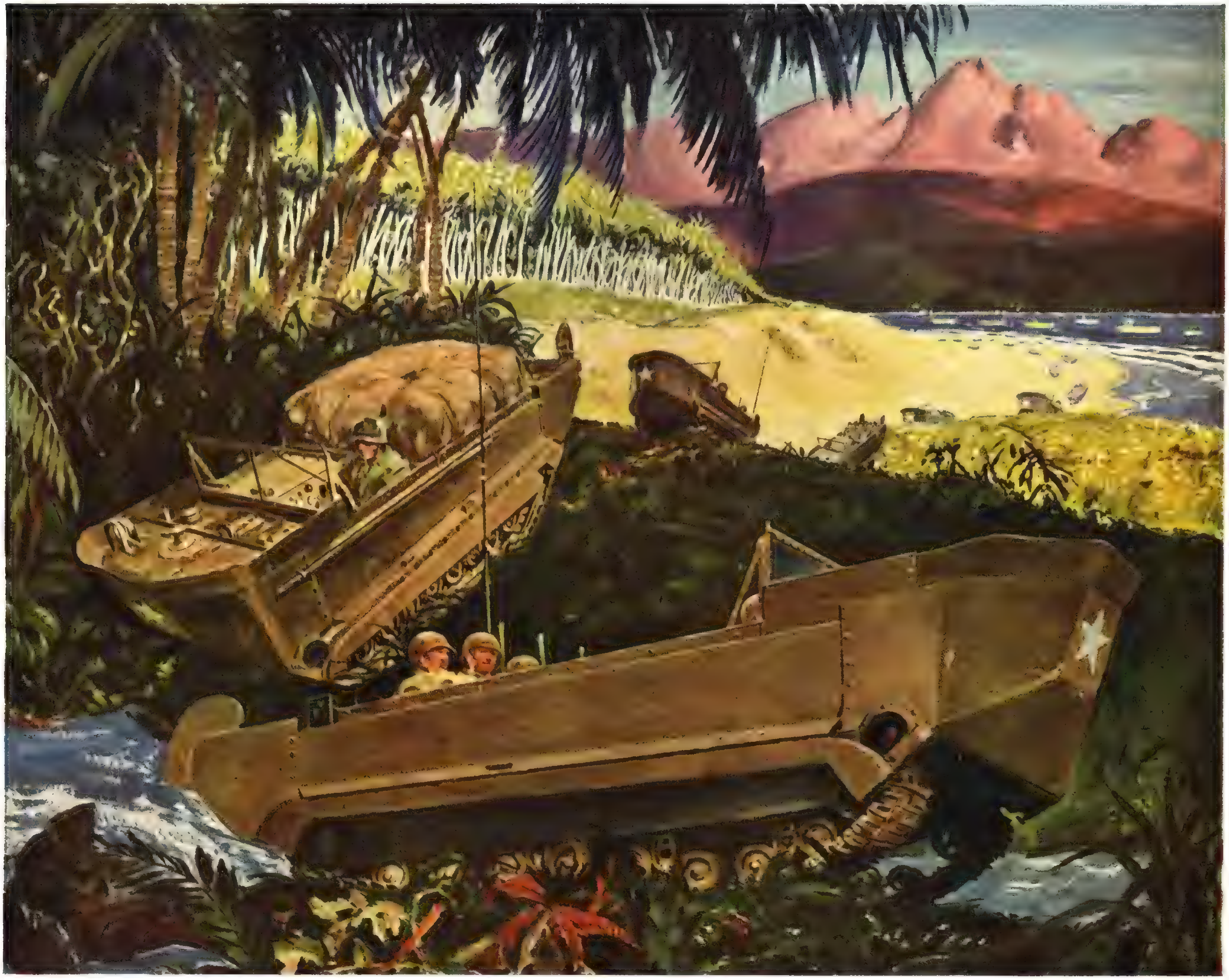

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It's a jungle "Weasel" too!

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It's advancing, as it has been doing in Europe, over terrain that seems impossible for any mechanized military vehicle to negotiate.

Swiftly and stealthily, the Weasel glides forward in mud and swamp as well as on sand and snow. And it floats like a boat in lakes and rivers, as its tracks, powered by its Studebaker Champion engine, propel it from shore to shore.

A many-purpose vehicle, this new "Champion" in invasion warfare not only transports men and supplies but also serves to carry wounded back to field hospital areas. It's geared to clamber up difficult grades on its flexible rubber-padded tracks. With its help, light artillery pieces, and the ammunition to feed them, can often be moved up to otherwise inaccessible positions.

Built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine, the Weasel is just one of a number of Studebaker war production assignments which include Wright Cyclone engines for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress as well as heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks.

Awarded To All Studebaker Plants

Studebaker

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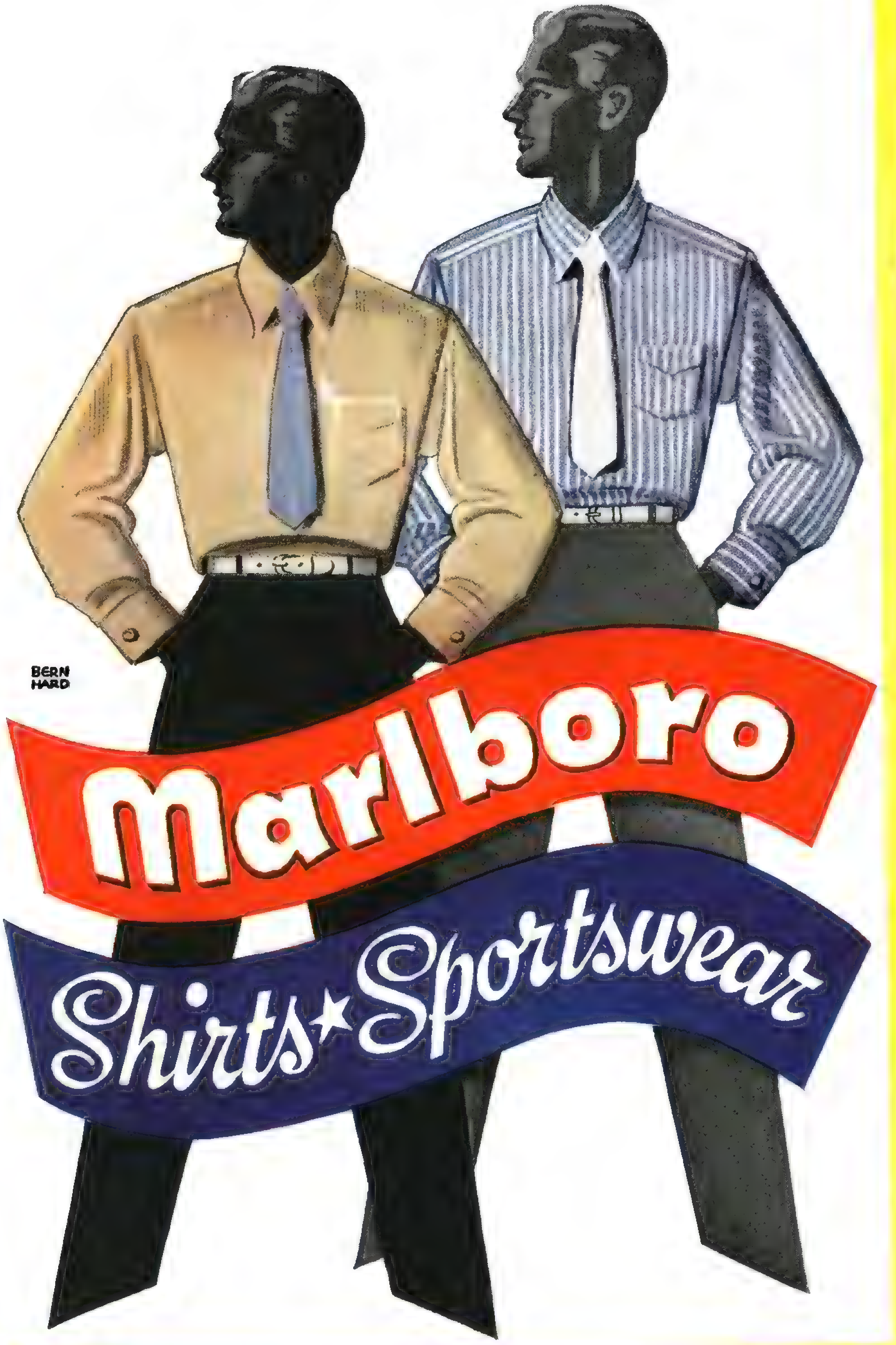
Your War Bonds help keep the Flying Fortresses flying

Keep on buying War Bonds and keep the War Bonds you buy. They're the world's best investment. Every $3 you invest pays you back $4.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WITH
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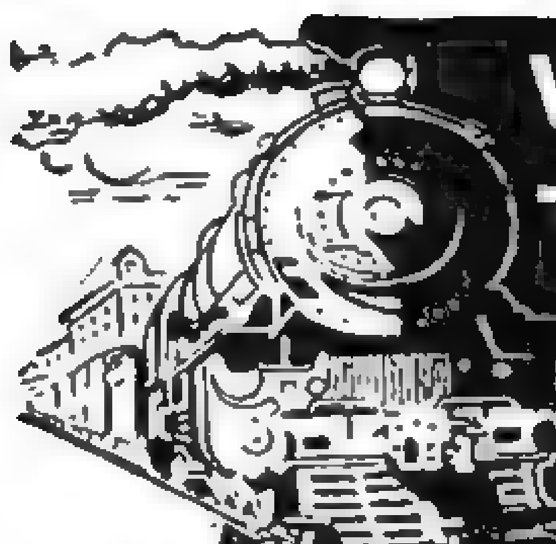
Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED



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Two great names—
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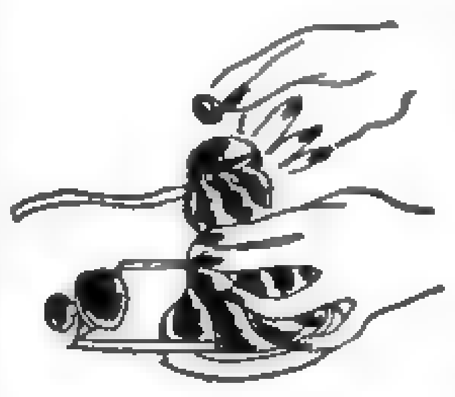
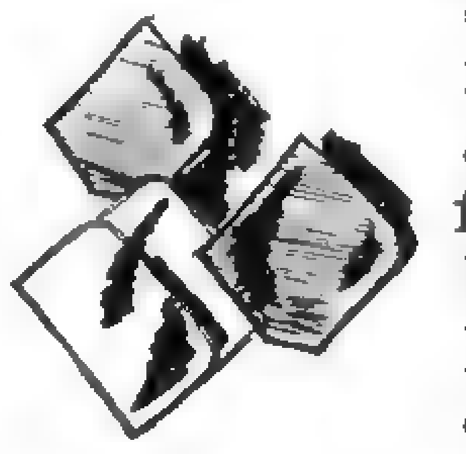
Talking Shop with Esquire

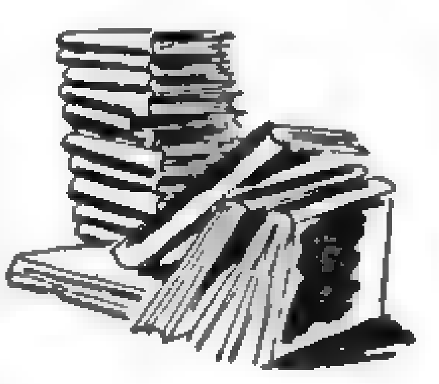


DON'T DARN IT, VULCANIZE! To the aid of you gents who are none too handy with the needle, comes a way of mending sox electrically. You plug a little metal machine into your light socket; place the sock with the hole centered on the heater-plate. Place one of the neat circular patches supplied with each machine over the hole, clamp down the spring-top on the machine, heat for one second until patch is fused to sock. That's all, brother. Your sock is smoothly, neatly repaired . . . and your fix is water-proof, sweat-proof and laundry-proof. Extra envelopes of patches in all colors can be purchased.

FLAME GRAIN PIPES. Think of the solid satisfaction of puffing on a pipe made of selected briar which has been growing since the 16th century (that's what the man said). And filling said pipe with fine, rich flavored "Connoisseur's" blend . . . a combo of domestic and oriental tobaccos. And speaking of pipes, the cig. shortage has driven the ladies to pipes. None of your heavy masculine jobs, mind you, but specially made dainties with jade or other bright colored stems and smallish bowls proportioned for femme faces. Calm down, buddy, you'll get used to the idea.



MAGIC HEAT. Eureka! A heating pad which can develop a temperature from 150 to 190 degrees, stays piping hot for 8 to 10 hours and without benefit of electricity or boiling water! A little square pad contains a heating element, mixture of iron and other chemical constituents. When you pour water into the loading corner of the heat unit, oxidation (or rusting) takes place. The cover of the unit is made of a cloth that permits proper amount of air to reach the heat unit, thereby maintaining a fairly even temperature.



GOOD DEED, BROTHER ELKS. The Wartime Commission of the B.P.O.E. is undertaking to obtain a million books for distribution to seamen of the Merchant Marine. They'll take books new or old, and on any subject. Just mail or deliver yours to the nearest Elk's lodge.

Ranger

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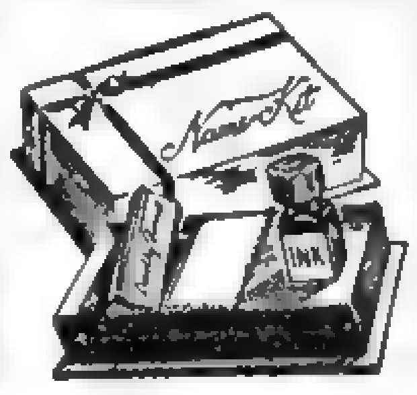
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

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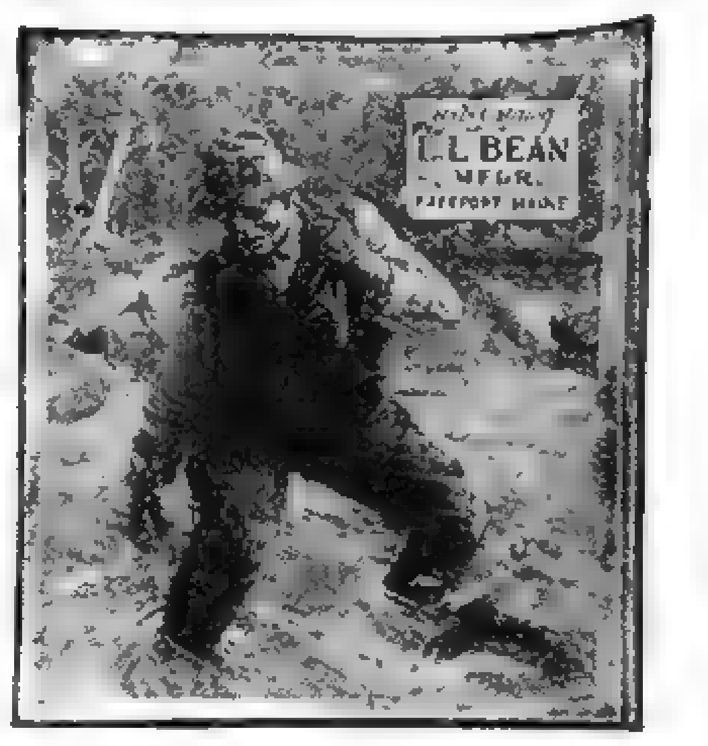

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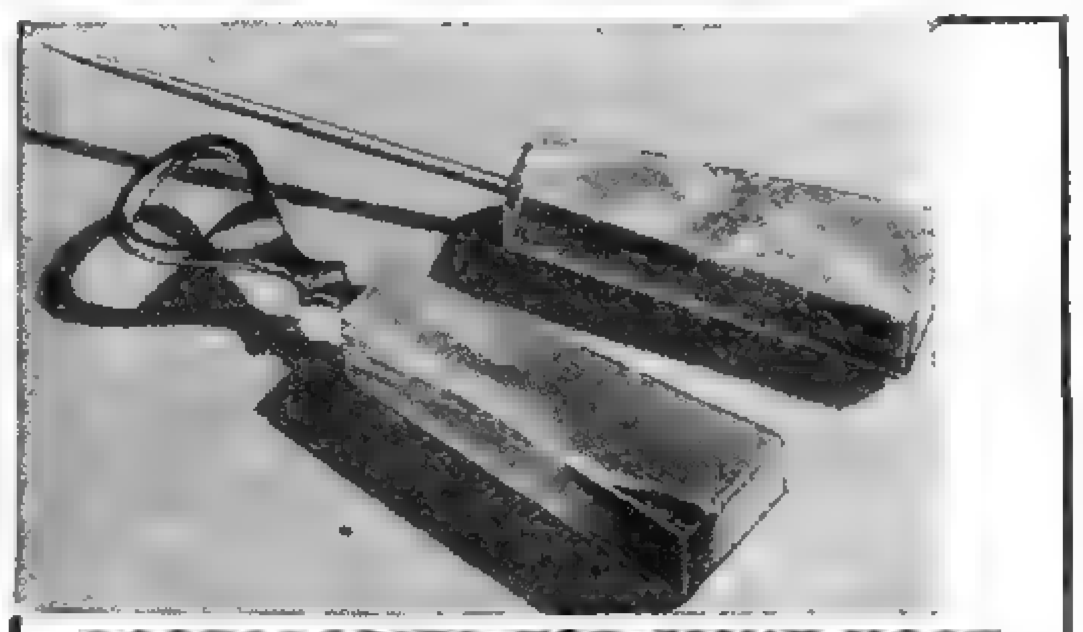

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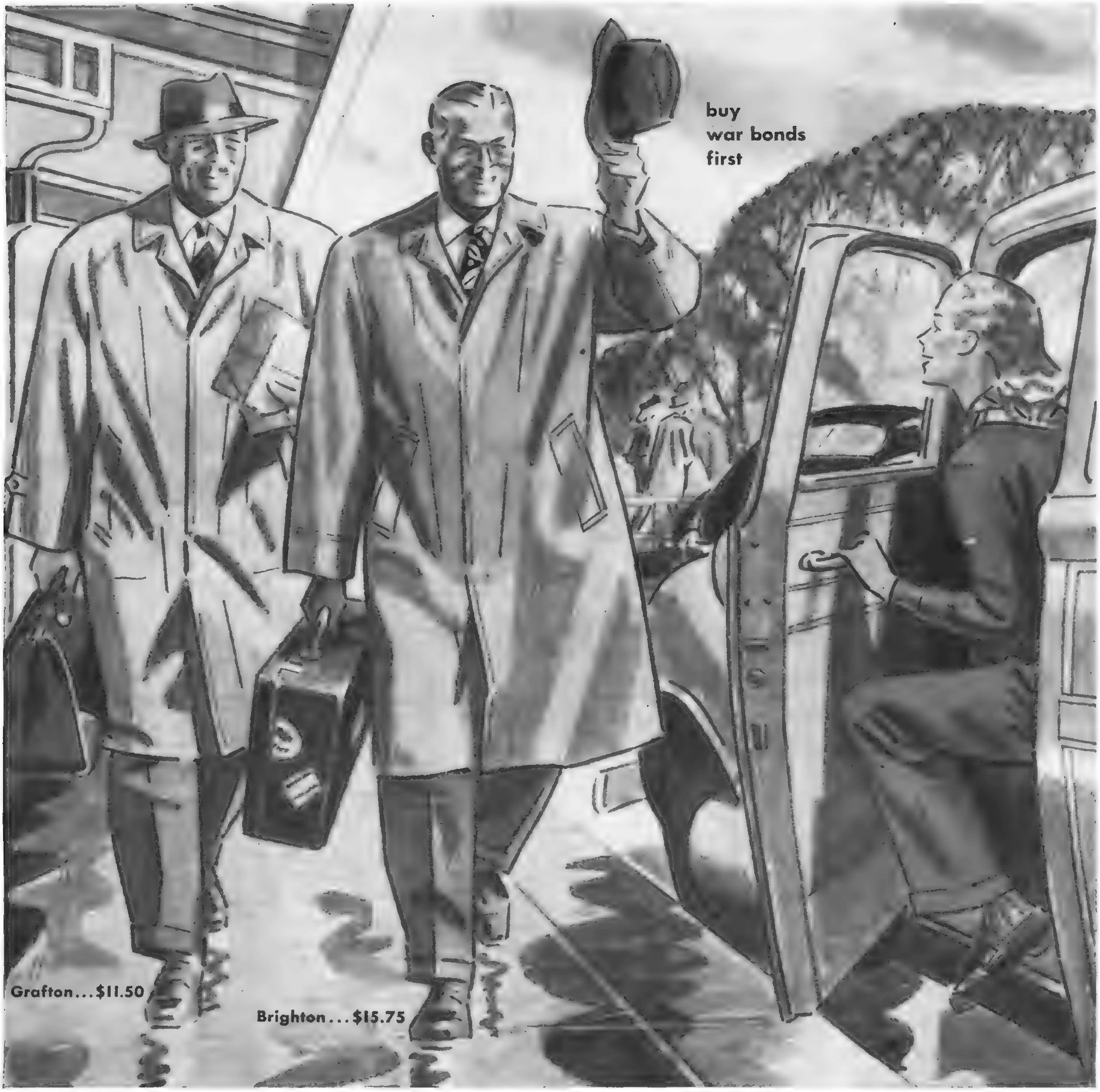

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Painting the Town with Esquire

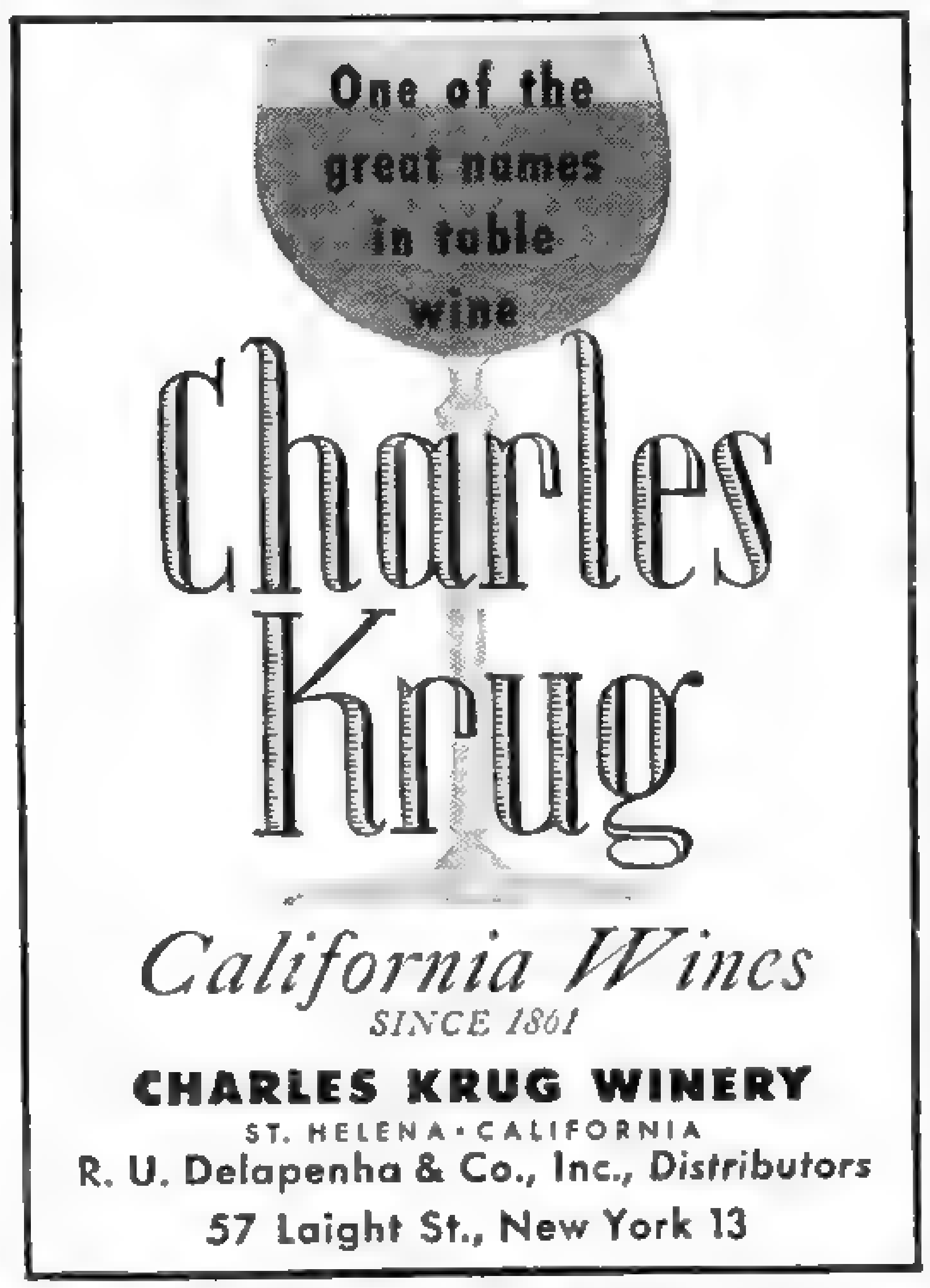
INS AND OUTS of feed-bag administrations at 12 East 49th Street—modern two-story building strategically situated—seem at last stabilized for keeps with the taking over by the Davegas, Harry and Dorothy, of albino gobbler fame, who have parlayed their duo of White Turkey restaurants in Manhattan into a trio, with this latest place as the biggest. (There's a fourth and earliest located on a roadside north of Danbury, but it is just a food raising farm nowadays, and we can skip it until gasoline liberation day.) Causes of this expansion are extreme edibility of chicken pot pies, roast turkey, and homemade desserts, and fastidious nicety of appointments—fine chinaware, etc. keening appetite. As a gobbler, friend turk comes off second.

DEMON VIOLINIST Danny Yates and his able crew are catering to the dance urge at S. Gregory Taylor's St. Moritz-on-the-park, and also garnering applause for Gypsy numbers of an impassioned pyrotechnic sort. Room is erstwhile Café de la Paix, transformed into new Continental Room, with Baroque schemery including an array of white plaster tassels big as organ pipes, and murals depicting dances of sundry nations. Service and fodder selection are under the amiable guidance of maître Marcel. Any starvation is self-willed.

WAITING FOR TABLES at Nino (he's a member of the "No Apostrophe S" cult), 10 East 52nd, is made pleasurable by the distinguished pianology of Rudy Timfield playing what you will, and the mixology of whitecoater Emil, plus the fact that this lounge is an attractive place to drop into at any time. Meanwhile chef Badereaux is choring over the viands you've ordered—mallard duck Rouennaise, capon suprême, lamb rack, lobster, or what not, and when ready, you progress to the tidy devouring den for a toothsome tryst with 'em. Prices stiffish, but well warranted.

SCOUTS in Kansas City report much social splurge and splash at the Hotel Bellerive's El Casbah, spot which, with its exotic beglamourments, sumptuous cuisine, stellar entertainers and orchestras, has climbed onto the roster of nationally noted dine, wine, and dance rooms. Champagne cocktails are a pageant, tequila is collinsed, and tall minarets turn out to be zombies.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.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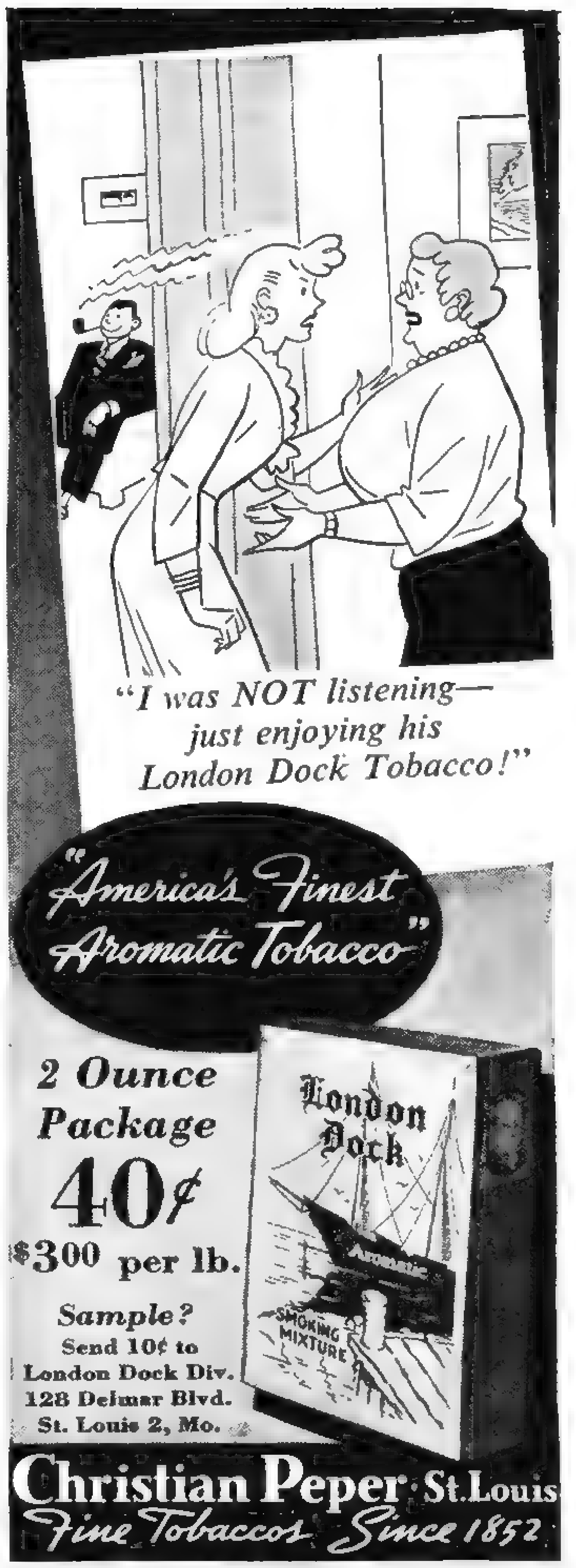

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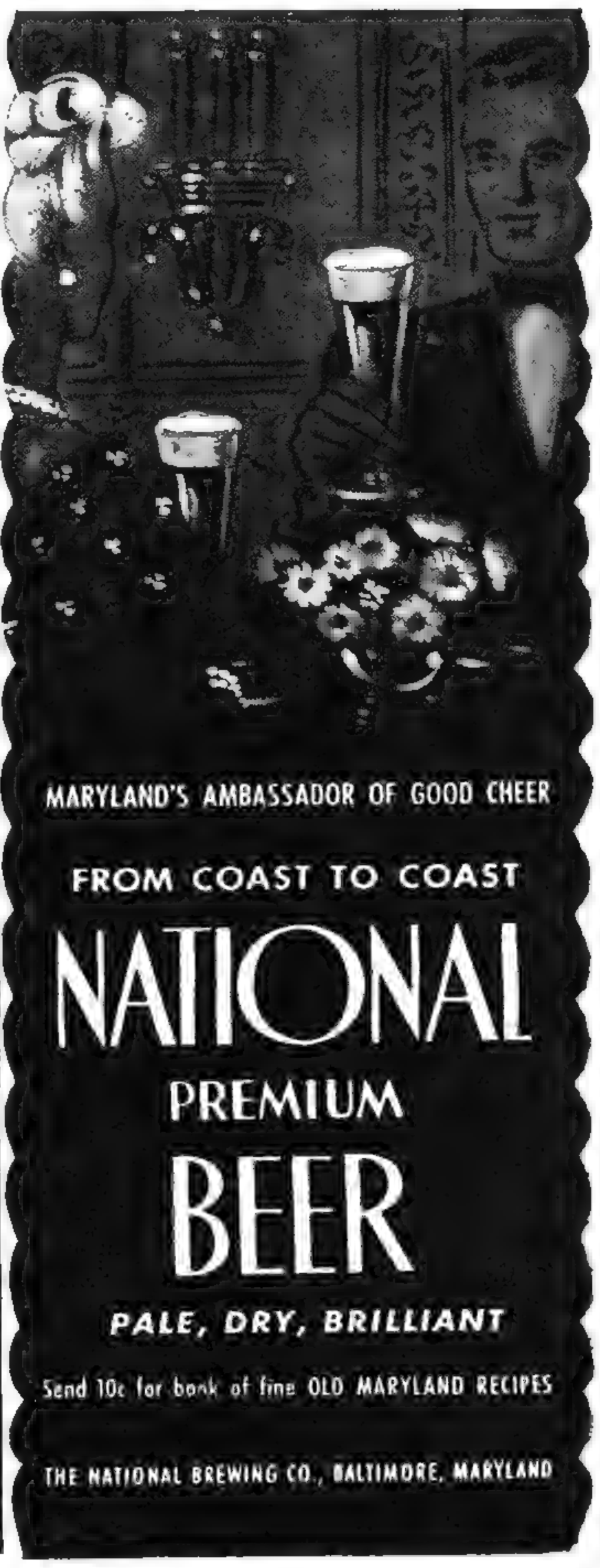

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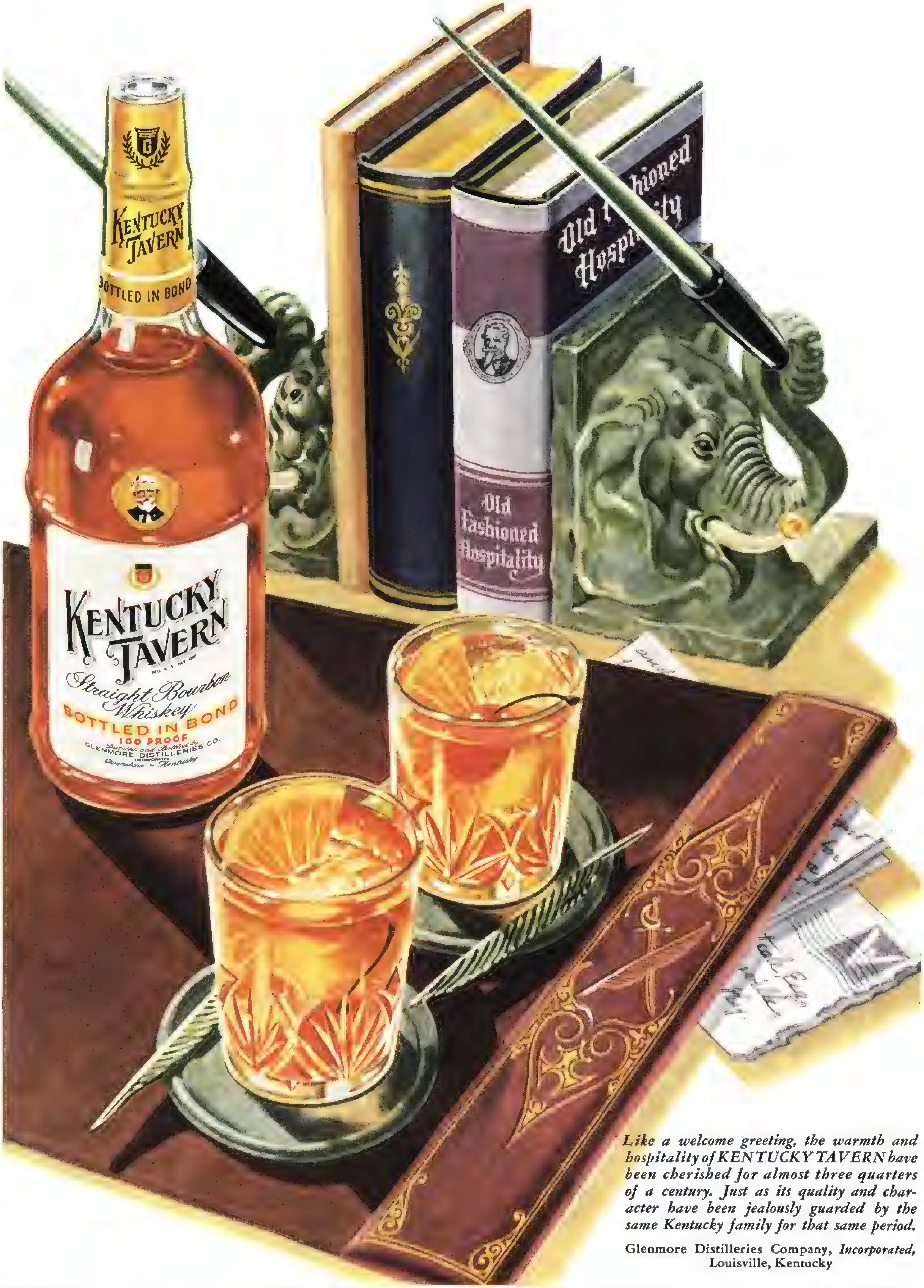
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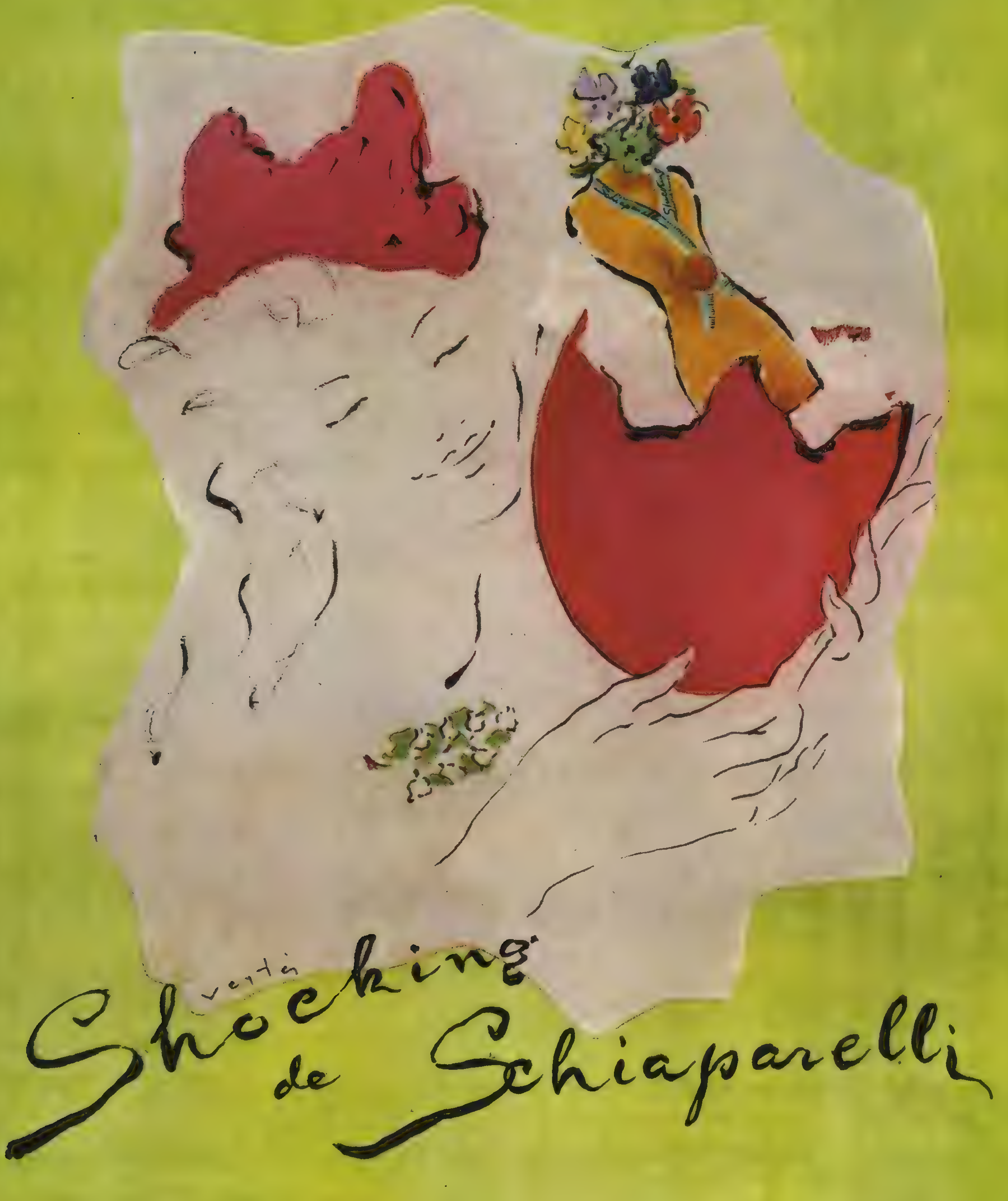
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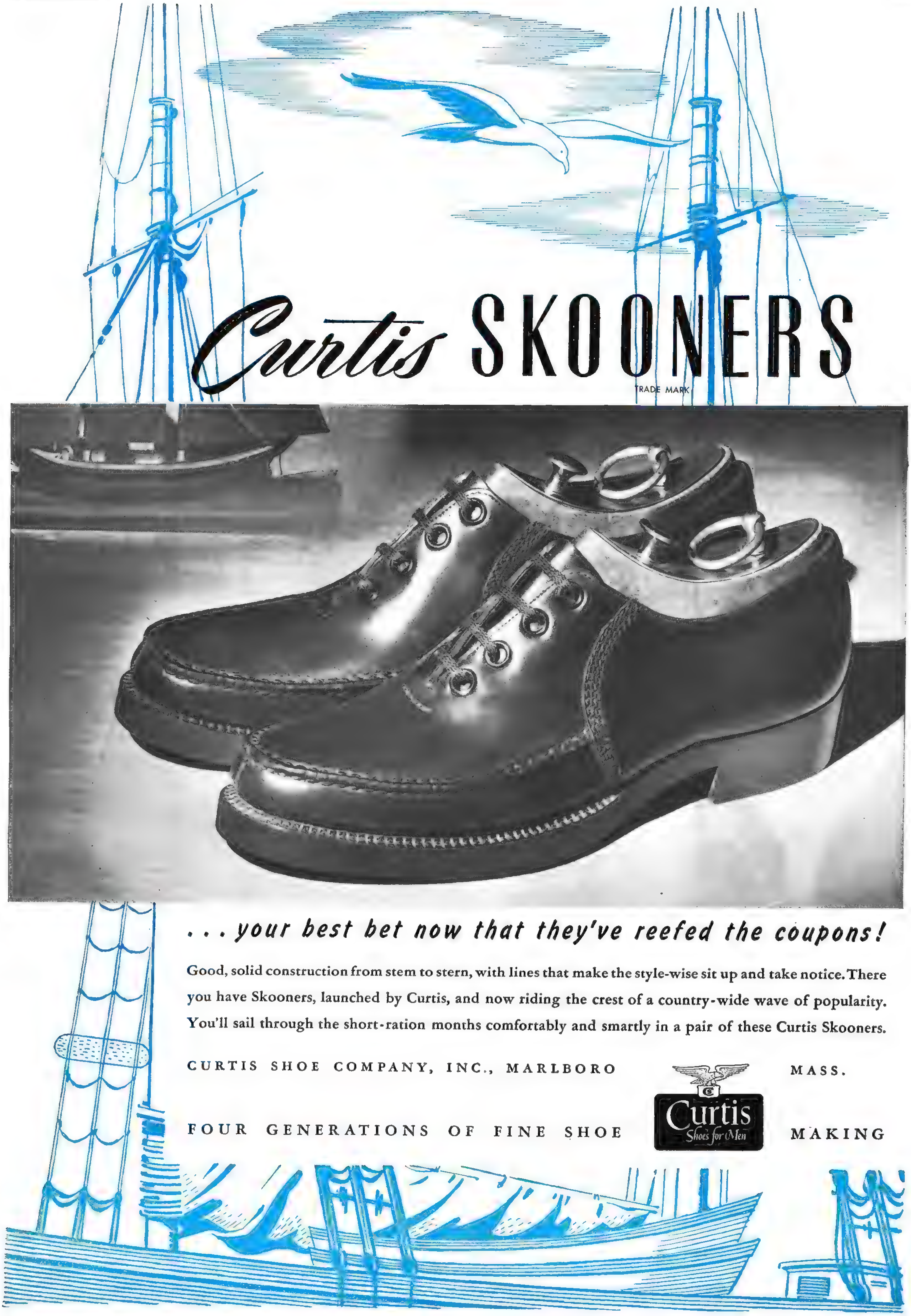

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. . . your best bet now that they've reefed the coupons!

Good, solid construction from stem to stern, with lines that make the style-wise sit up and take notice. There you have Skooners, launched by Curtis, and now riding the crest of a country-wide wave of popularity. You'll sail through the short-ration months comfortably and smartly in a pair of these Curtis Skooners.

CURTIS SHOE COMPANY, INC., MARLBORO MASS.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOE MAKING

Curtis Shoes for Men

Painting the Town with Esquire

MAYBE IT'S callous of us to sit sipping after-dinner brandy when a gang of apaches and their molls are busy bashing each other in a welter of demolished furniture, out of which a fair femme form comes hurtling and slithers to within six inches of our drink. But before we can acknowledge receipt, she's up again and crowning her boy boy friend with a chair. So why worry? Whole cohorts of comelies will be on presently, for this is the Latin Quarter and host-showman Lou Walters doesn't believe in stinting the eye any more than maître d'hôtel Gigi and his minions believe in skimping the bountiful, tasty chow and quenchments.

AT LEON & EDDIE'S the machine for pasteurizing Eddie Davis' songs and stories is temporarily out of order . . . Fruit-crazed Monte Proser, deciding that the Copa Bar, street-leveled above his Copacabana, wasn't juicy enough, has had it relushed in tropical style by décor dreamer Franklin Hughes. So now, named Cabana Room, it has swig nooks whose fruitments would put a Planter's Punch to the blush . . . Devoutedly we hope that the Coq Rouge (65 East 56th) has no plans for postwar enlargement. There ought to be a law to keep this spot exactly the way it is, with Dick Wilson serving his neat rhythms for dancing, and romantic fiddler Bela Bizony weaving the romantic. If proprietor and swell guy Frank Bonacchini can't accommodate the numbers his clientele has grown to, let him throw out some of the newcomers and make room for us charter Coq-Rougers.

JACK & CHARLIE'S "21," super of the super in peacetime when every conceivable dish was on tap, is truly outwizarding itself in what it conjures up under the wartime provender code . . . The unveiling of the Hotel Plaza's historic Oak Room Bar, rejuvenated after being out of circulation for 27 years, was an event acclaimed with huzzahs of gladness. Combining the charms of traditional elegance and modern seating arrangements, plus three distinguished murals by Everett Shinn, this room is indeed a man's Eden, to which Eves are admitted from Stock Exchange closing on. But they've got to grace the upholstery—can't stand at the Bar.

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CROIX ROYALE
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California Fruit Brandies

Made by Old-World Pot Still Method

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From famous San Joaquin fruit, Croix Royale distills its Fruit Brandies by the old-world Pot Still method. Little wonder that our Fruit Brandies retain the flavor of the fresh fruit itself!

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SERVE IT WITH PRIDE
There is no better

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ONE Sauce for ALL!

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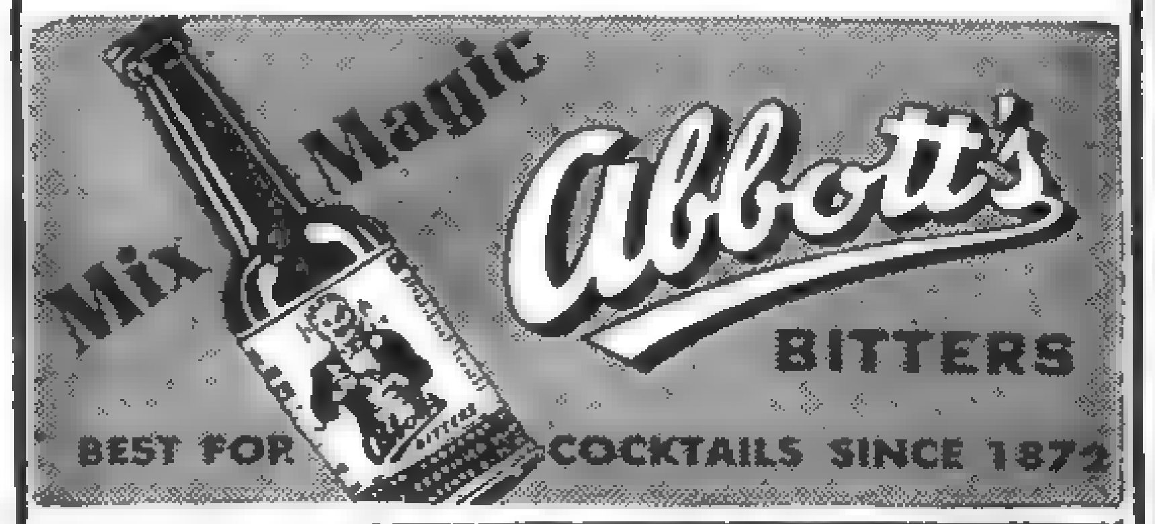
The DASH that makes the DISH



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FREE Print your name and address on the margin of this ad, mail to Eagle Clothes and receive a genuine leather Pocket Case to hold ration books, war stamps and other papers.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

James Paul Stoakes

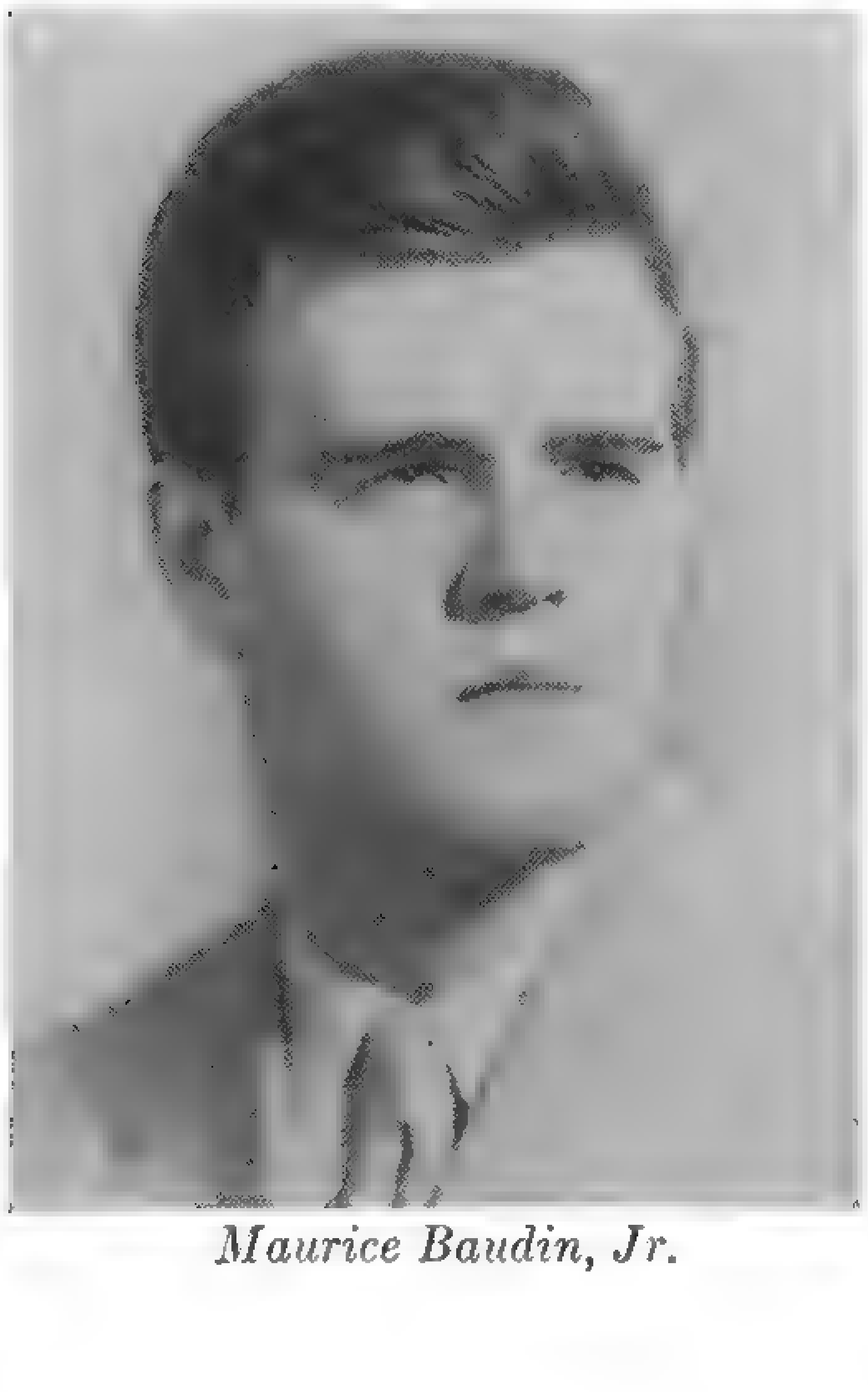
James Paul Stoakes (*Latin Americans Are Different*, page 56) writes: "I've spent about half my life around universities and colleges. I've graduated from three—Wayne, Wisconsin and Michigan—and taught English for about fifteen years at Marshall College. Part of 1942 and all of 1943 I spent as assistant director in the Centro Colombo-Americano, one of the Latin American cultural institutes sponsored by the Department of State, in Bogotá, Colombia. At present, I'm a consumer relations officer in the O.P.A. Here in crowded Washington I sometimes reflect fondly on Carmen, who worked for us in Bogotá. She cooked, cleaned, and did the laundry, and took four hours off every second week—all for eight dollars a month."

•

Note: Members of the Information and Education Division of the War Department complain that they are being bogged down with queries about Frank Henius' language guides. All such queries should be sent to Frank Henius at 2000 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

•

The delightfully cold-blooded *End of Indian Summer* (page 54), is Maurice Baudin, Jr.'s first score with a national magazine. Baudin took his B.A. in 1939 at New York University and his M.S. in 1941 at Columbia. He taught English for two years at the University of Illinois and is at present instructing English at the University of Tennessee.



Maurice Baudin, Jr.

•

Dr. Julius Hirsch, author of *Look Out for Deflation* on page 37, was Secretary for Industry and Trade and a member of the Reparations Commission during the Weimar Republic, and had to leave Germany as soon as Hitler came to power. In 1933 he was a professor in the Graduate School of Business Administration in Copenhagen; and in 1941 he came to New York's New School for Social Research. From 1932 to 1943 he was Chief Consultant for the O.P.A., and is at present economic consultant for banking, industrial and publishing concerns. Dr. Hirsch is also the author of several books on economics.

•

Sgt. William Dale Jennings, whose *Children of the Cemetery* is on page 38, began life calmly enough in Denver, Colorado. He wrote plays for little theatres, established his own theatre in Los Angeles, in which he wrote, directed, acted *and* composed musical backgrounds. He also wrote for and acted in television.

•

George Wiswell (*Big-League Hopper from Hastings*, page 70) is a youngish member of Esquire's staff. He had a hodge-podge education, the high point of which was a couple of years at Antioch College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. He picked up several years of newspaper work and some months in Mexico before turning to magazines. Of himself he says, "A trained observer reports that I grunt and wheeze while writing so that she is forced to leave the premises. Out of consideration, I once tried to work silently—and got nothing done." The trained observer is in this case Wiswell's wife, Edith Roberts, who is also a member of the Esquire ménage.

•

And while we're on the subject of the staff, Leonard Feather, one of our jazz editors, has been active of late practicing what he preaches. In the past weeks no fewer than thirty-four of his compositions have been recorded for Black & White, Continental and Savoy Records—including an opus written and performed on two pianos with Dan Burley: *Blues Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters* (*Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen & Bath*).

•

Colonel Harvey L. Miller, U.S.M.C. (*Kayo in the Afternoon*, page 89), is nationally known as "Heinie" Miller, three times a service-ring champ. He managed outstanding boxers, was for many years a ring referee, promoter, sports writer and editor. He was executive secretary of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission, and president of the National Boxing Association. Damon Runyon wrote: "Heinie Miller knows as much about boxing as any man in the world."

•

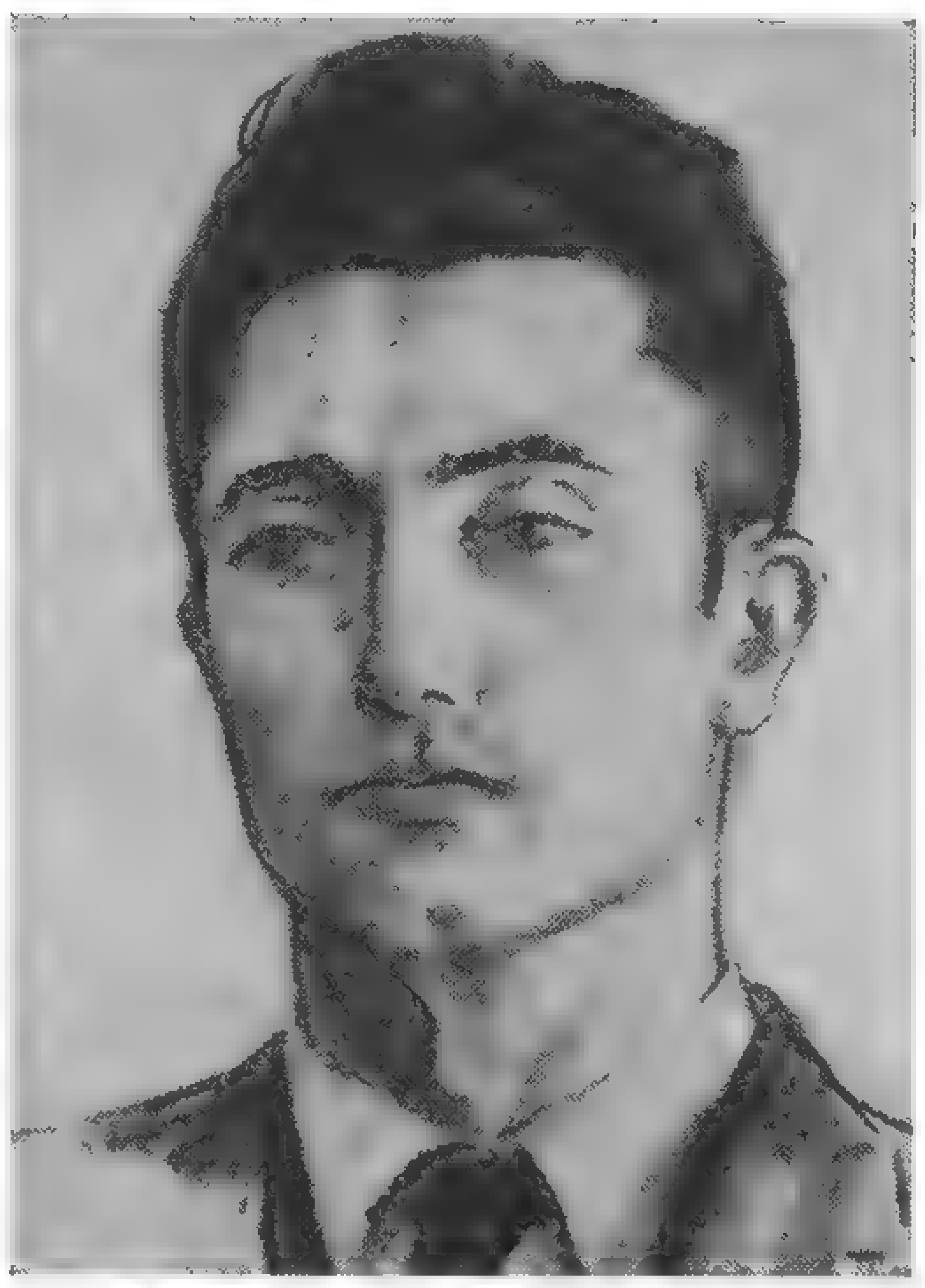
Henry Senber (*Home in a Quonset*, page 78) served a newspaper apprenticeship on two Oil City, Pennsylvania, newspapers. He came to New York at the age of sixteen, he says, to become editor of the New York *Times*. Discouraged when he found that the *Times* already had a few editors, he did odd jobs around Greenwich Village theatres, enacted the role of a spider in Charles Coburn's production of *The Yellow Jacket*, and carried a sword in Walter Hampden's *Cyrano*—being too short to handle a spear. He went back into newspaper work as a theatrical reporter, feature writer, ship news man and occasional columnist for the New York *Morning Telegraph*. He was press agent for Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre, advance press representative for the nationwide tours of Tallulah Bankhead's *The Little Foxes*, Ethel Barrymore's *The Corn is Green* and Katharine Cornell's *The Three Sisters*. Now in the Navy, he is among other assignments managing editor of the *117 Review*, a Seabee Battalion publication.

•

Paul M. Falk, who illustrated Senber's article, is also a Seabee who was in civilian life a draftsman and designer. Recently he has been working on an insigne for Admiral Halsey's plane.

•

"I was born of peripatetic parents in the Piedmont region of the Alps," alliterates Don Carle Gillette, of *The Prince of Pitchmen*, page 67, "and came over in time to enter kindergarten. I learned early that I'm the type who gives all to his job. As drama critic of *The Billboard*, I covered 200 new plays in eight months. As *Film Daily* editor I saw over 550 features and twice as many shorts and newsreels annually for seven years. As editor of *Radio Daily* I nearly went bugs listening to radio programs all day while editing copy. Penchant for overdoing also caused me to enlist in two branches of the service in World War I: the Navy, where I went through formalities first, didn't call me up for duty soon enough, so a fortnight later I joined the Marines—and was in boot camp next day. Two weeks later I was forwarded a check for a month's retainer pay from the Navy—making me the only enlisted man who ever drew pay from two branches of the service simultaneously. A sympathetic commanding officer saved me from court-martial as a Navy deserter." Gillette is now in a comparatively calm pursuit as a film publicist for Warner Brothers.



Don Carle Gillette

•

Born of New England whaling stock, Robert Sylvester took to telling lies, drinking whiskey and writing for the daily papers in the order named. At thirty-five he had a permanently deafened ear from listening to actors' agents telling how ungrateful actors are, and vice versa. Nightly he sat in Broadway theatres and bistros reporting the doings of that mad world of the theatre. "To some," he comments, "this work might be more backbreaking than toiling as a sandhog, but I never considered it so." As critic and feature writer for the *Post*, the lamented *Evening World*, the *American* and the *Daily News* in New York, Sylvester brags that he gave the first praise and publicity to such box-office hits as Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Danny Kaye, Horace Heidt and Milton Berle. He became interested in jai alai some years ago, and was once American amateur jai-alai champion. He explains: "Nobody can know how funny that really is unless they know how many American amateur jai-alai players entered the "national championship." #

Robert Sylvester

The House of the SEVEN GABLES
Designed for Your PLEASURE

a best seller... through the years

When you open a great book—or a bottle of great whiskey like Seagram's 7 Crown —you know that real pleasure awaits you ... on every page... in every sip!

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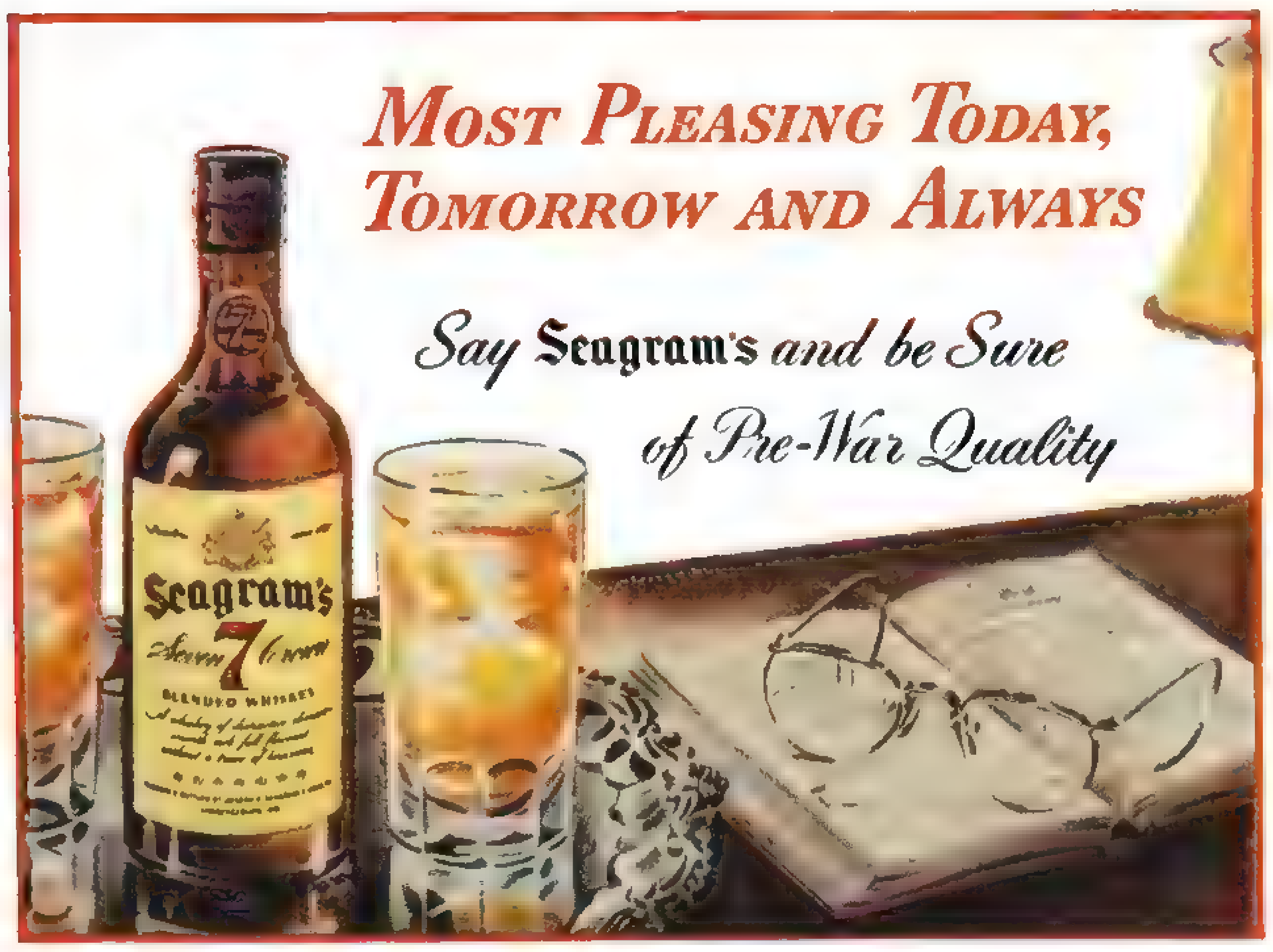
War has brought great changes to many people and many things...but not to Seagram's 7 Crown. The inimitable flavor and incomparable mellowness that made it a pre-war best seller are *all* there. The "authors" of Seagram's 7 Crown are proud to say that—in every respect—*this is a whiskey of true pre-war quality.*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Say Seagram's *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

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Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

Seagram's *Seven* **7** *Crown*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York

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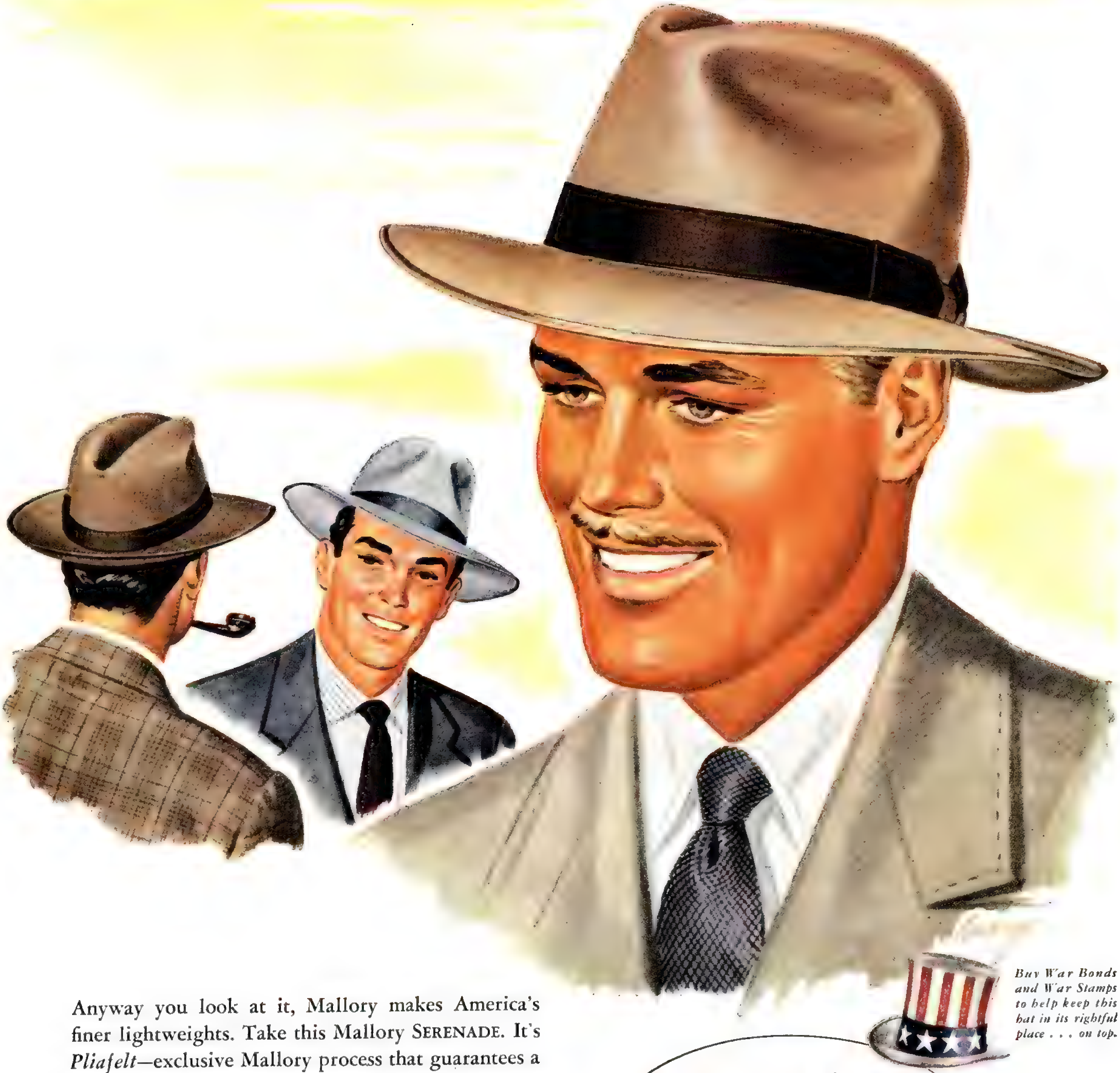
This $15.00 *Pliafelt* Will Convince You That
MALLORY MAKES AMERICA'S FINER LIGHTWEIGHT HATS



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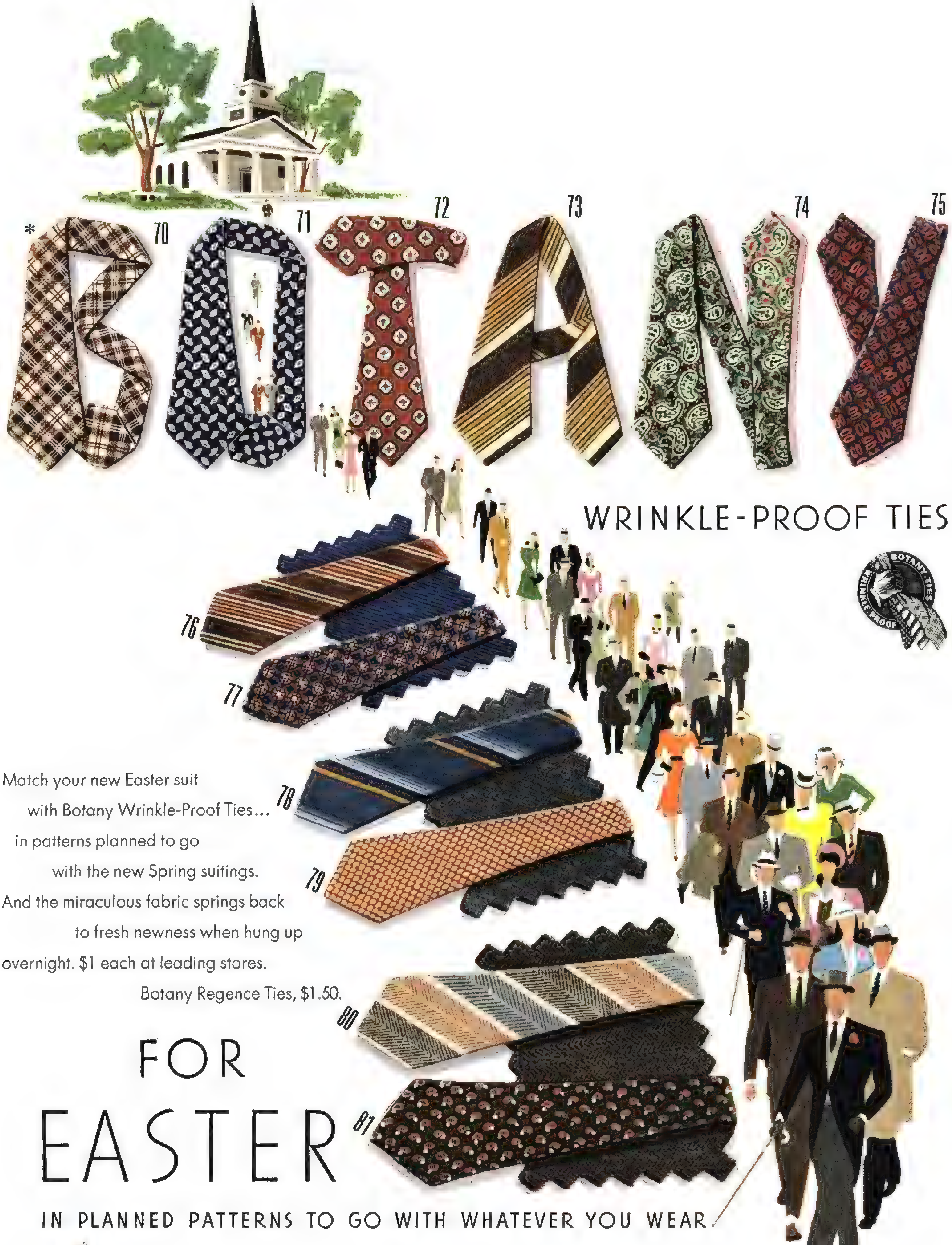
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Look Out for Deflation

Giving the lie to that bugaboo, postwar inflation, and offering a four-way plan to withstand our real economic threat

by JULIUS HIRSCH

• ARTICLE •

THREE years ago economists in official Washington reared up a bogey which still holds the American people in its thrall. Inflation is its name: so well have its creators done their work that scarcely anywhere on the home front can one elude traces of the fears they have instilled.

Briefly, what the Cassandras warned is this: with the production of war materials taking precedence over the manufacture of civilian goods, there would be much less for the consumer to buy. With demand outrunning supply, prices would skyrocket. Wages would follow. Thus, at a time when the consumer had more money to spend, the value of the dollar would plummet because of a lack of commodities to be bought.

As late as the Summer of 1943, the forecasts took in the prospect of a dire food shortage, which would similarly thwart buyers and send prices sky-high. The economic wizards asserted that the ever-widening gap between increased purchasing power and decreased markets would have to be narrowed by heavier taxation, forced savings, price control and rationing—in the case of food for no less than five years after the war's end. Even at that, they declared, we could not entirely avoid inflation either during the war or beyond.

People who learned I had been Germany's Secretary for Economy during its era of runaway inflation in the early twenties sought my opinion as to whether America, too, would suffer the catastrophe. Despite my attempts at reassurance they would invariably end with a plea for advice on how to guard against the big bad inflation wolf which, they felt sure, was just around the corner.

I could only recount the experience of people in inflation-struck countries abroad: they had found the best inflation hedge in the purchase of durable goods which maintain more or less stable value. But I counseled them against imitation of this practice. The chances were, I explained, that they would lose money when the time came to resell. For all signs pointed to a postwar era of deflation, not inflation; of falling, not rising prices.

Signs of coming deflation after the war are clearly visible. True, average prices today are twenty-six to twenty-seven per cent higher than they were in 1939, but the increase is less than half that of World War I, and during Spring and Summer of 1944 some prices had already taken a distinct downward trend.

For at least six months after the close of hostilities, we will have an actual overabundance in ninety per cent of our markets for various commodities and services. Scarcities will exist in a mere five to ten per cent—and those only for a year or two. Rather than worry about inflation, businessmen will be fearing the prospect of fallen prices because of huge government stockpiles of shoes, blankets, textiles and hundreds of other items which may be dumped onto the market. Government machinery is being set up to prevent too heavy dumping.

This abundance is due to three home-front miracles quietly wrought under the very noses of the pessimists.

First, instead of cutting civilian production to the bone to make room in our factories for the manufacture of war materials, we more than doubled our total production (civilian and war).

Second, with a goodly portion of our skilled farm labor off to the fighting fronts or switched to jobs in war plants, we nevertheless produced more food than ever before for ourselves, our armies and those of our allies.

Third, while John and Jane Doe earned more than ever before in our history, they were salting away more than ever before—contrary to the misconception of a nationwide spending spree.

This trio of extraordinary achievements is worth examining in detail.

War Production: Right after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt predicted that national expenditures for the fiscal year of 1942-43 would total 100,000,000,000 dollars—from 50,000,000,000 to 58,000,000,000 dollars of it in war production, from 42,000,000,000 to 50,000,000,000 dollars in civilian supply. Actually, America produced more than double the quantities forecast. In 1943 our total production for war approached 86,000,000,000 dollars—for civilian supply, 95,000,000,000 dollars.

The volume of our war production alone equaled our all-time peace production of 1939. After two years of war we out-produced by 100 per cent Axis countries whose populations doubled ours. This factor, beyond all others, spelled doom for Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito and their assorted quislings.

At the same time we raised civilian production—so much so that in 1943 civilians consumed 20 per cent more than in 1929, the peak of the prosperity era. The ingenuity of American industrial engineers turned the trick. Through their skill, the individual miracles performed in some of our manufacturing industries produced the general, over-all miracle by which, according to Federal Reserve Board estimates, total production in those industries is about two and one-half times what it was in 1939. The best-known examples occurred in the production of weapons and ammunition:

In January of 1944, Raymond Moley reported from California that a Douglas A-20 plane which had absorbed the efforts of 100 workers in 1940 required only 9 in 1944; a Lockheed P-38 built by 232 men in 1940 required only 11 in 1943.

The wonders worked in the Kaiser shipyards were so fantastic they became a favorite subject for cartoons. It took four to six months to build a ship before the war; they are now assembled in six days.

Similarly, the radio industry's output per manhour has tripled since war broke out.

Food Production: Miracle Number Two was performed by American agriculture. In 1944 the volume of our food production was 137 per cent that of the average of the last five prewar years. No other country has ever experienced anything like it. Yet we did the job with our farm labor force reduced by ten to fifteen per cent.

Two factors helped: the farmer's patriotic zeal and the fact that he got excellent prices for his produce. In either event:

We had on January 1, 1944, ninety-one per cent more hogs than in prewar days, twenty-three per cent more cattle.

We were unable to find enough storage space for spring surplus crops.

We had such huge quantities of eggs that mass spoilage threatened.

When fifteen to twenty per cent of our raw materials for fats and oils, excluding butter, were cut off

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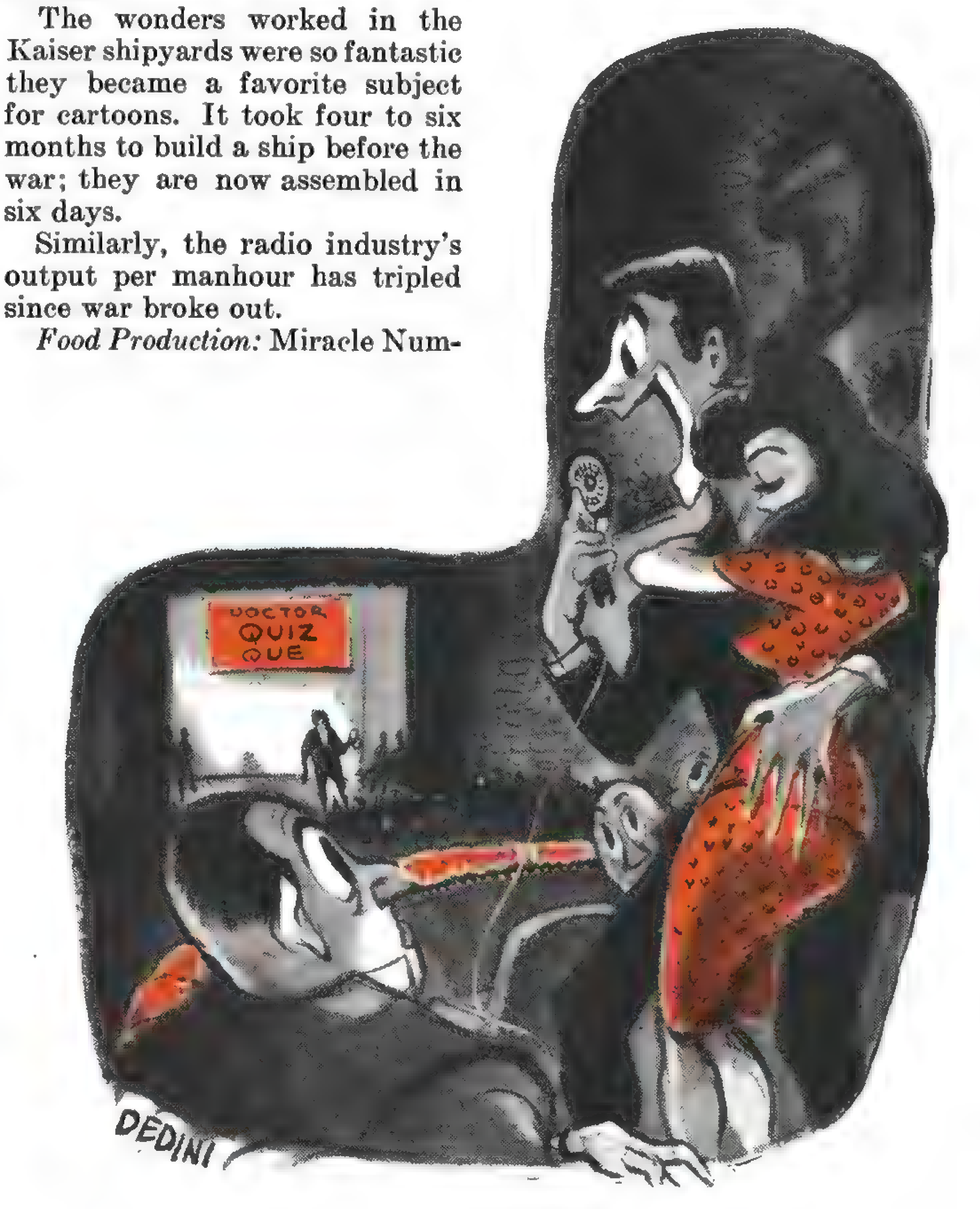


"I have a lady in the balcony, doctor!"

Children of the Cemetery

Yellow men and white had invaded the island in turn, and the savage black natives found war a fascinating game

by WILLIAM DALE JENNINGS

• FICTION •

Then after a thousand drab announcements, the voice of the ship's P.A. system said, "There is still some jewelry left at the Chaplain's office. Call by there *now* if you haven't gotten yours yet. The Chaplain's office in Lower Two *now*."

The voyage had been consummately monotonous; every bit of the ship had become gallingly familiar in its limited space; there was the choice of standing, sitting, lying down or walking deviously through men who were standing, sitting and lying down. Even the strange poetry had been drained by repetition from the words: "Now hear this. Now hear this. The gun crew will report to their sunset quarters," and: "The smoking lamp is out. Prepare to darken ship." The danger increased every day as the ship arrowed into hostile waters, but there was no excitement left with which to meet the danger. Even when the ship was tied to the pier of the long, dark island, the men were impressed only with the great distance they must have come. Then the colorless voice: "Get your jewelry at the Chaplain's office."

Fantastic junk in cardboard boxes: the men crowded around, clutched, drew out the bangles (a cent to make, an instant to design) and dangling the stuff in the air, they laughed. After a year of hellishly monotonous training in Texas they had come to a savage island!

The battalion was assigned an area south of East Finger Pier. They had hardly pitched their tents when the little black men appeared.

They were short, dull black, well formed and naked. Most wore pieces of tent, towel, or blanket bound tightly around their waists; some didn't. Their hair stood far out, a curly matting three or four inches thick over the entire head. And the color: some had light tan hair, beige, red hair, orange. The men stared, said, "Well, I'll be damned. Do you guess it's dyed?" It wasn't. In the colored matting they wore fork-like combs that were apparently their only craft, for the rest of their accouterment was soldier-gotten: bracelets, necklaces, rings, pins in the loin cloths, earrings or any bright object stuck in the pierced ear lobes, knapsacks full of interesting bulges, fine knives from Mexico, New York, Italy, in dirty sheaths. Most of them clenched pipes between their black teeth.

They were graceful little men; they stood in loose-jointed postures, with the careless grace of athletic young girls. But power bulged in the great muscles of their chests and arms. Their faces were often gentle, smiling, taciturn. They wore their extravagant bangles proudly, with masculine possessiveness. *I am what I own. The finer my possessions, the finer am I.* Sentiments not unknown to civilized man. They were constantly amazed at the white man doing what he'd taught them not to. Drink, adultery, killing. These things must not be so wrong after all.

Their bodies were formed in economy. There was bone and muscle sufficient unto their needs, and the jungle made great the need. But not supermen: merely bodies developed to the potential by necessity. Deep, subtly sculpt chests, arms latent with ferocity, legs capable. By alien criteria there were two inharmonious notes: the feet and the faces. The first were wide, flat things with the characterless toes of an animal, calloused to complete insensitivity. "That young kid over there just tossed down a butt and ground it out with his bare foot. Jeez, it hurts to think of it."

The faces were typically Negroid. It was the expression that made the onlooker uncomfortable. When offered the trinkets, they accepted without expressing gratitude. Quite rightly they wore the noncommittal impassiveness of a person receiving a thing unwanted by the giver: *Yes, I'll take it if you're going to throw it away.* The taciturnity of the poor receiving castoff clothes. The men had been prepared to sneer at the delight of these inferior men given bright junkery. But there was no delight, nothing: mere acceptance.

SGT Ned Hilton

"The rumor got started that these Japs had some American cigarettes—then nothing could stop my men"

But there was opportunity for derision when these creatures laughed. They would giggle and then roar like children. Surely there could be no such thing as wit in a jungle language; it could only be imbecility causing the merriment. And the men could deride the native nakedness and the bangles. Men wear pants, shoes and shirts: no combs, jewelry (except grandiose identification bracelets, heavy watches, crosses of gold on necklaces, large rings on little fingers—but these were civilized). "They're wild all right: did you see those ones with pierced ears?"

And the eyes from which peered dark, jungled minds, were puzzling. They sometimes flashed in pleasure, then deepened unfathomably with desire. "I want," as they pointed at a costly watch, valued belt, priceless pipe. (*These natives ain't dumb though: they know good stuff.*) "No. It's not for trade." As if without hearing and now as a demand: "*Want.*" The men were uneasy. Those with coveted valuables moved away, wondering where they could hide them. Or the words as a finger pointed, "Give me."

"What've you got to trade for it?"

"No trade. Give me."

"Just *give* it to you, for Chrisakes?"

"Give."

"*No,*" and as the native turned aside: *Is he giving up the idea or figuring how he can get it some other way?*

They were clearing the marsh on one side of the river delta. The natives stood waist-high in mud and water, chopped at submerged stumps, roots, reeds. On drier land others whacked at the luxuriant brush. At no time did more than ten of the fifty work at once; their strokes were lackadaisical, uninterested. Like our very young raking up autumn leaves. All who had pipes clenched them between the black teeth, not smoking but merely possessing with their mouths. Many had taken off their cloths, twisted them into a long roll tied over buttocks in the rear and knotted loosely in front to hang swinging before the crotch; this to give freedom to the legs. Three were naked. The men stood on the edge of this quasi-industry.

"I guess the naked ones is the kids. Usually they're modest as all hell. Notice how they never raise their legs very high? And when they have to they hold that skirt thing tight up between their legs."

"Well, I couldn't say how old any of 'em is. I can't tell a guy that's old from a kid and that's no lie. Look at 'em: don't they all look alike to you?"

"And just from their faces you can't tell if they're a guy or a woman. Have you saw any women yet?"

"No, and I haven't heard of anyone else that has either. They're pretty damn careful of their women. As if those ugly bags was anything to be stingy about."

The soldiers were young men; all of them were stripped to the waist and wearing over-large, dirty fatigue trousers. Their light bodies stood in sharp outline against the night-skinned natives. Young and in prime, yet old beside these black men; not uniformly developed like their inferiors, but at the extremes of thin and fat. Concave chests with bleak ribs beneath spare flesh; tiny arms, fragile necks, ugly legs. Fat with drooping chests, folds of chin and belly, bulky arms, stubby legs. Thin men with big bellies; fat men with breasts. The slight were quick but weak; the heavy, strong but slow. Not complete men, city-spoiled, decadent. *Drive past an American beach and see a man of ghastly thinness; there is no compassion for his past illness, his denied opportunity: he is a thin, a dying object, a symbol, and that alone remains true when you have sped past.* The natives were beautiful with strength. They were solid facts against the shadows of the white men.

"They bring these pieces of paper around. Just slick paper with crazy writing on it and say it's Jap money and try to sell it to you for a buck a sheet. You ask 'em where they got it and they say off a dead Jap."

"Yeh, they've all killed two or three Japs. One guy looked me right in the eyes this morning and said he killed ten."

"Oh, they're liars, there's no doubt about that."

"No matter where you go you might be standing on some guy's grave. Huh." They watched awhile in silence, then, saying well-I-guess-I-better-get-back, moved slowly away.

The shouts rose up suddenly, loudly. The men froze in attitudes of attention. All faces turned toward the delta. Then in tentative slowness, there began a general movement. It quickened. "Should I go or not, sounds like excitement, what's up, Curley, sounds like the niggers yelling, you going?" Those who debated then went, and met the more actively curious turning away.

"It ain't nothing. They just found some chickens or birds or something, and they're killen' 'em."

Out of a lull the natives screamed again, began beating a spot on the ground, shrieked laughter. Those on the outer edges danced from one foot to the other in excitement. Then a black thing was thrown high into the

Continued on page 118

Onward Kissing Soldiers

When Joe gets thanked by liberated ladies does he fear the final showdown at home?

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• ARTICLE •

From those newspaper pictures I've seen ever since the invasion, I'll bet our Army will go down as the most kissed in history. In every liberated country—Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg—it was the same story, as G.I. Joe found himself encircled by girls he had liberated: Smack! Smack! Smack! I figure each American division averaged something like 50,000 kisses per square mile of liberated territory.

Even though land areas in Western Europe don't compare with those of Russia, that still adds up to a lot of kisses—and the American soldier will have to explain plenty when he gets home. Of course a Pfc.'s girl can't put him in the guardhouse for three days, but on the other hand his sergeant can't break off an engagement and marry a 4-F.

There are some extenuating circumstances about these pictures. Those I have seen depict kisses of the chaste high-on-the cheek variety. But isn't it likely that direct hits have been censored in the interest of home-front morale? I've never heard that the normal, healthy French Mlle. was poor on marksmanship. Still, lacking pictures, the girl back here has no direct proof—and Joe will have plenty of time to wipe off that lipstick before he gets home.

Certainly he has developed an admirable being-kissed-by-liberated-ladies technique. This may be due to the foresight of our General Staff which, thinking of everything, presumably had printed, months before invasion, a booklet entitled *Correct Etiquette For Personnel Being Kissed In Liberated Countries.* The American soldier's expression, under osculatory barrage, usually treads a discreet middle ground. He doesn't look too bored—that would insult our allies. Yet he doesn't look too ecstatic—that would be sure to get him in Dutch at home. (It's possible photographers were not on hand to record *every* labial salute that took place, though I sometimes doubt it.)

As for the unwary G.I. rash enough to be snapped with a genuinely ecstatic look on his pan, I pity him. I can visualize him, at a certain interval after V-Day, sitting alone with Gertie in the front parlor. He is about to attempt an encircling movement in the best G.I. manner when she suddenly produces a newspaper clipping. He takes a despairing look, laughs nervously, and says: "You aren't going to get excited over that little thing that happened in Tours, are you?"

"Tours! This isn't Tours. The caption says—"

"Oh. Well, they were sort of glad to see us in Orleans, too. You see—"

"Hm, so it happened in Orleans, too, did it? Well, this picture happens to say Reims. Listen, John Henry Robinson, you don't deny that's you that's being kissed, do you?"

"Well, the picture isn't very clear, is it? It could be—"

"The caption says: 'Corporal John H. Robinson of East Lakeview, New Hampshire, Gets Huge Kick Out Of Greeting From Comely French Lass!'"

"Huh. Them caption-writers. I'd give that guy a huge kick if I ever—"

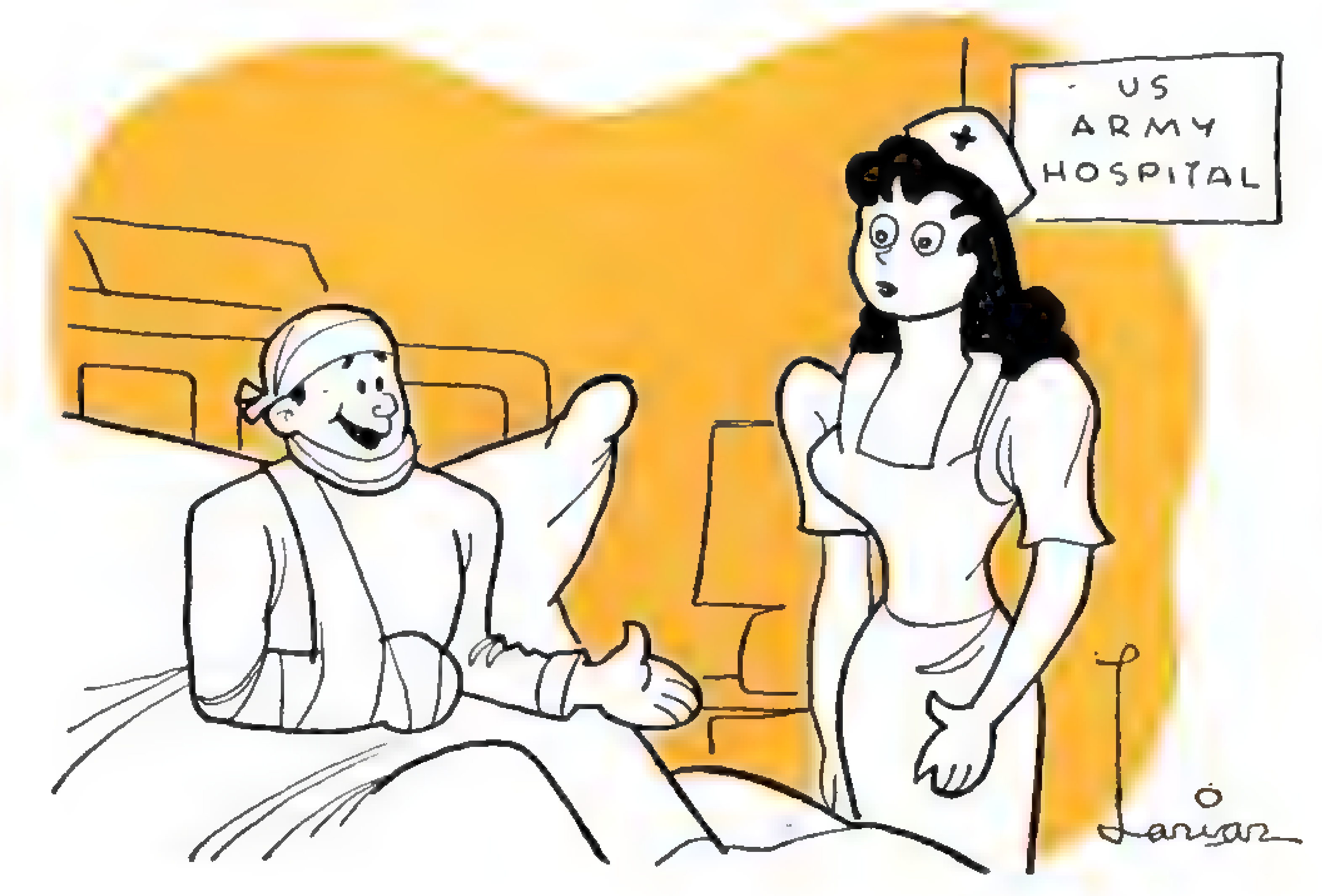
"Well, you don't exactly look as though you were being tortured—not exactly."

Charitably I draw the curtain on this disturbing scene—though they'll still probably marry in the last act, if you're worried.

Let's look at the favorable side of Joe's picture. Almost invariably he keeps his tin helmet on when being-thanked-with-gestures. Obviously those tin helmets should keep down the boiling point of kisser and kissee considerably. And no matter how ardently he is embraced, G.I. Joe keeps his arms strictly by his side. This impression of passiveness will loom large in his favor during that interview with Gertie. It is also in accord with the traditional American hands-off policy toward foreign territory.

When Joe gets home after the war he is going to meet an even larger epidemic of public kissing. Girls in New York, San Francisco and other ports will get first crack at him as he gets off the boat and parades through the streets. Is that fair to the girl in Kansas, Nebraska or other centrally-located parts of the country—to give these coastal dames additional shots at her hero whose face has already been kissed practically raw by bevies of ladies—while she has to wait until the train bears him inland?

But the midland girl has a recourse when she finally gets her favorite Pfc. all to herself again. That's to continue the American system of free competition and prove she can kiss bigger and better than any dame from Montparnasse, Park Avenue or the Golden Gate—and five will get you twenty she'll take it. #



"I leaned too far out of the tank, kissing people"

Souvenir of Wartime Oahu

Dreamy Honolulu is a boom town where grass skirts pay enormous dividends and hot dogs scent Waikiki's breezes

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Oahu is not the biggest of the Hawaiian islands, but it is certainly the busiest. Oahu is busy for two very good reasons: it contains Pearl Harbor and it contains the city of Honolulu. To the first-time visitor, like myself, Oahu in wartime seems like a beautiful place and a crazy place. The island boasts 53,000 telephones. You find this out every time you try to make a telephone call.

The people of Oahu are Americans, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and—of course—all the grades, variations and tonal effects in between. To watch the passing faces on a street in Honolulu is like looking at an anthropology chart through a kaleidoscope. People here like to stress the offshoots on the family tree. They say proudly, "I am one-fourth Hawaiian, one-third Japanese, one-eighth Chinese and seven twenty-fourths white." And they look it. Their torsos range all the way from lean and tough to big and fat.

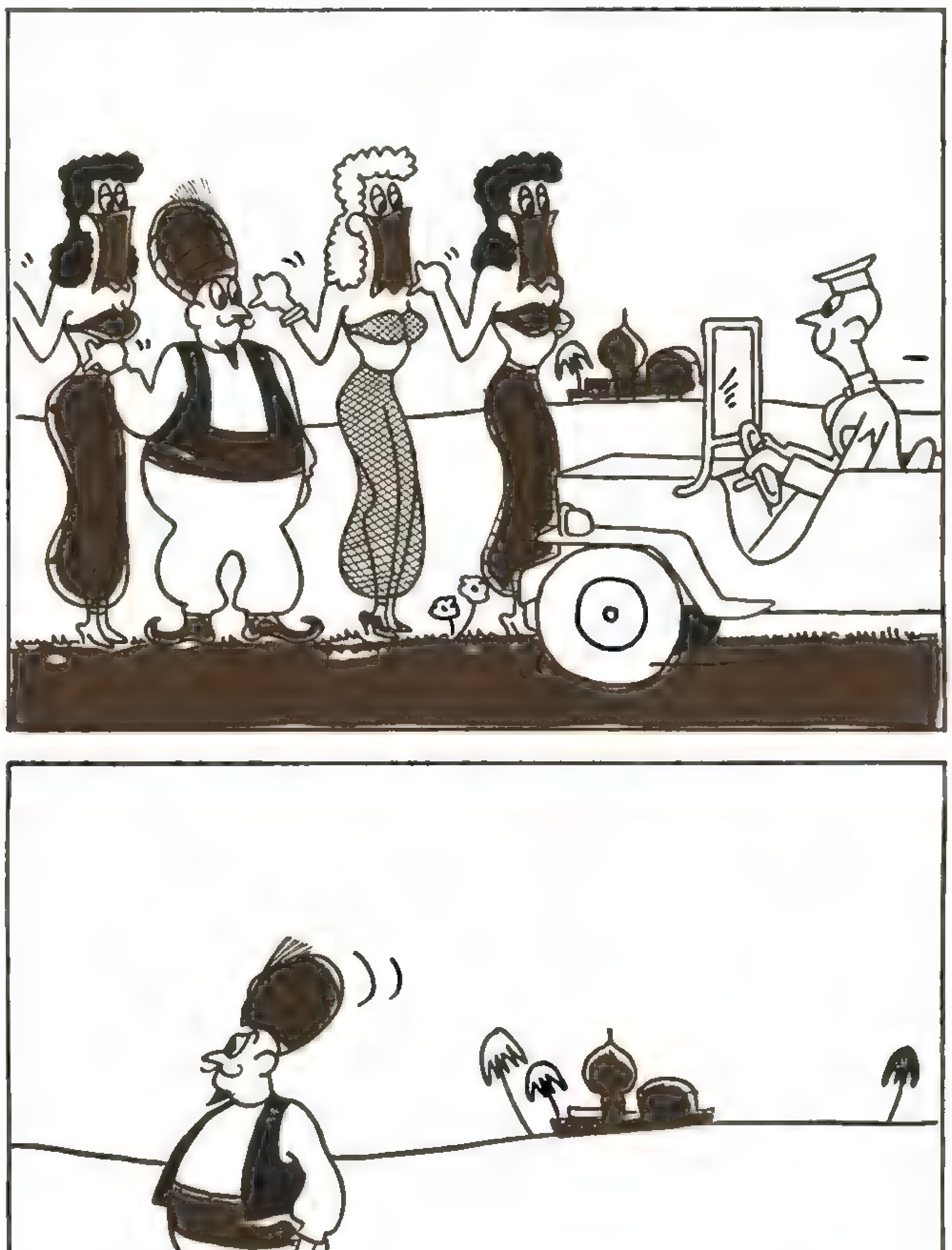
The people of Oahu are a very happy people. There are very few suicides on Oahu. When some unregenerate does commit such a sin against the Chamber of Commerce, he usually does it from the top of the Pali. The Pali is a large ridge. People throw themselves off the top of it. From the top, the jumping-off place, you get one of the great panoramic views of the world. The legend goes that many people have climbed to the top of the Pali fully intending to cast themselves into the abyss. But they see the whole world lying lush and beautiful beneath them, and they decide to give the world another chance. However, if the view doesn't make them change their minds, Nature has another way of discouraging would-be suicides on this happy isle. There is a great wind always blowing at the top of the Pali. Not long ago the whole island was buzzing with the story of the man who climbed to the top of Pali and threw himself off. The wind blew him right back to the top.

The language of Hawaii is the greatest argument in existence for basic English. There used to be such a thing as the Hawaiian language; it's been gradually torn to shreds by invading Americans, Japs, Chinese, Portuguese. The streets of Oahu still retain the old Hawaiian names, and these are sweet and simple sounds, like the thoroughfare entitled ."Likelike Street." The signs on the busses say "Liliha-Puunui" and "Kaimuki-Waikiki." Those are the virgin sounds of the old Hawaiian tongue, strange things to see on a modern bus. On the streets, you talk a different brand of Hawaiian. You take the juice of six languages, stir thoroughly, boil with the tongues of six pidgins, and chew.

The city of Honolulu is a sailor's heaven. Downtown Honolulu, any day of the week, is congested with the white-clad gentlemen of the fleet. They jam the stores, the streets, the theatres. They are constantly on the prowl for souvenirs, and though the Honolulu curio shops are stocked mainly with flotsam, jetsam and junk, the sailors can't buy enough of it. Hawaiian curios, the kind sailors love to send home, bear the trade-marks of the new order. The grass skirts are made of cellophane, the authentic carved wooden bowls are imported from New Jersey, and what's left of the Chinese kimonos were made in Japan.

The island is covered with hamburger and soft-drink stands. Even the most anemic hamburger sells for twenty-five cents and the skinnier hot dogs are a bargain at twenty cents apiece. But all the stands do a tremendous business these days.

There are plenty of steaks on Oahu. A steak in the average hash house will retail for about a dollar and seventy-five cents. A steak in a "decent" restaurant (i. e: one with a tablecloth) will bring up to four dollars and fifty cents, complete with two french fried potatoes, a knife and a fork and a napkin.



Another very lucrative business on the island is the Hula Girl Photo Gallery. ("Step right up, gents, and gitcha pitcha taken with a genuine Hula girl in a grass skirt!") There are many of these emporiums in the heart of Honolulu. An Oahu paper recently ran an ad calling for more Hula girls for one of the galleries. Guaranteed: a minimum salary of 100 dollars a week.

Oahu is the last piece of real estate in the world where the Jap still walks and talks like a human being. Hawaiians know by now that the Japanese population on the islands is loyal and true to the American ideal; they have proved themselves over and over again. For that reason, nobody minds if they retain Jap names on their places of business. Thus, it's a shock to the stranger to see such names as the "Yokohoma Specie Bank" and the "Tokio-Do Candy Store" still around. That sort of thing is commonplace in these parts.

The names of the residents of Oahu, compounded of syllables from English, Chinese, Jap, Yap and Lapp, are interesting. A glance through the phone book is a rich experience in the wonders of philology. Consider, for one, the euphonious handle of Dr. Abraham Kansat Ng. And the interesting case of my good friend Mr. Abung Dung. And the lady known as Esther Oh. The Hollywood influence is also making its presence felt on Oahu in the matter of proper names. On one memorable occasion I was introduced to a young man (he was about three years old) whose name was Rhett Butler Matsumoto.

The beach at Waikiki, made famous by the advertisements in glorious Technicolor and those rascals of Tin Pan Alley, is a very lovely beach. The water is the color of high-priced jade and the surf was made for surf-boards. But it is a good idea to wear rubber boots when you go swimming at Waikiki because the lovely sand is covered with nasty chunks of coral that split your tootsies wide open. It is also a good idea to keep your mouth closed in the waters of Waikiki. For some reason the oceanologists may be able to explain, the water tastes like old soup.

Kalakaua Boulevard, the main drag through the heart of Waikiki,

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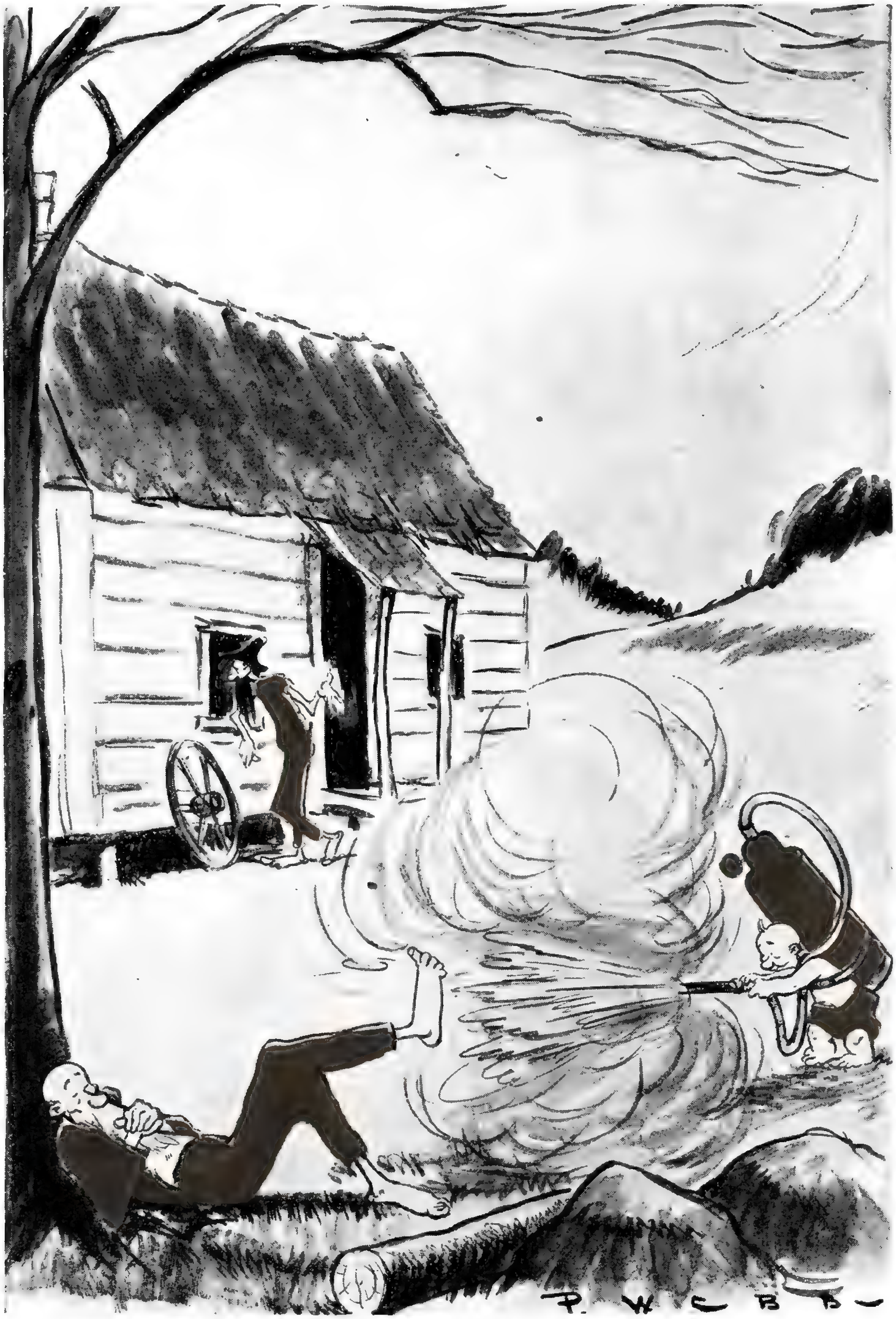


"Look, Willy—Oncle Rafe has built hisself a fancy contrapshun fer givin' a hotfoot"

The Pirate and the General

Creole's story of the day when Jean Lafitte and his outlaws helped General Jackson defend the city of New Orleans

by HOWARD FAST

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

When you come down to it, we had only one pirate. He was all that a pirate should be, and yet so peculiarly American that they still say, down on the Delta: "You understand, the good Jean, he is not criminal, but racketeer, as you might say. He is always making deals. Like a faro gentleman." Then they will tell you what happened on that September 3rd, in 1814, on the lush Louisiana coast. How his Majesty's brig *Sophia* stood into the island and flew a yellow signal from the masthead. She was painted black and red, white bands on the black masts and one white stripe around her; they remember well down there, details the rest of us have forgotten.

The sound of the *Sophia's* signal gun was like a clap of thunder, and pink flamingos darted up out of the marsh. A line of red-coated marines formed at attention on the deck; the bo'sun's pipes twittered and a gig was lowered. Into the gig stepped three British officers in beautiful full dress. They made for the shore, in the direction of a little brick fort that showed among the live oaks, and out came a boat to meet them. Perched in its bow was Dominique You.

The boats came together, and Dominique spat into the water. Held together with hooks, the boats rocked and swayed, and one of the officers, Captain Lockyer, demanded:

"You are Jean Lafitte?"

"No."

"And where is he?"

Dominique shrugged. Naturally, Jean was with a woman. Come heaven, hell or mid-year flood, you could depend on it. Lizette, Claire, Lucille, Marchette, Marguerite, Josephine, Louise—you could go on, believe me.

Another officer, Captain McWilliams of the Royal Marines, said, "I don't like the looks of this. Deal with pirates—"

"He don't like to be called a pirate," Dominique said.

"Will he see us?"

"Maybe," Dominique said.

So the boats went into shore, a beach lined with a crew of pirates. Barefooted, rings in their ears, red handkerchiefs on their heads, yellow sashes, pantaloons. The three officers came ashore and waited uneasily, till down from the fort came Jean Lafitte.

Lafitte was thirty-four, good-looking, tall, sunburned, brown hair and eyes and a comfortable smile. He would have said he was in business, more successful than some, less so than others.

Of business interests there was, foremost, that ugly name piracy; he hijacked ships in the Caribbean and through the Gulf; English mostly, some Spanish ships too. This practice he tended to legalize with the explanation that America and England were at war, and Spain was a nominal ally of England. Some said he didn't hijack American ships because the British blockade kept them in port, but one hears rumors.

To house the steady stream of goods Lafitte's employees brought in, warehouses were needed, and since the pirates could only consume a fraction of the goods, Jean Lafitte was projected into the business of buying and selling. New Orleans was at best a limited market, so Lafitte's flatboats plied the Mississippi; presently his laces, wines and satins appeared in the New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Charleston shops. On the side, having what amounted to a Yankee instinct for enterprise, Lafitte had gone into the iron grillwork business and had also opened a school for fencing. Being one of a family of five brothers, Jean had involved his relatives in his growing enterprises. Marc was a New Orleans lawyer; Pierre checked corsairs as they came and went.

Politics, they explained on the Delta, were not so different then from today, and it was no wonder that Jean became a power in New Orleans. He made deals . . . What else could you do with him; an army could never penetrate the swamps below New Orleans.

He nodded at the three British officers, annoyed that they had come at just this moment, anticipating what they would say, trying to prod at the things which drove him, and finding difficulty in putting them into understandable terms of dollars and cents.

As the fishermen on the Delta remember, "He was a thief, this Lafitte. What else you call him, same as Governor Claiborne in Orleans call him, same as President in Washington call him, dirty thief?"

The English officers, after shaking hands with Lafitte, the thief, were asked to dinner. At dinner, they came directly to the point.

"America," they said, "is done, finished, a transition, something that never started and over with now. You understand?"

Dominique You, also at the dinner, using the same phrase they use today, smiled a little and nodded. "Finished, ah-yah." He was a neat, precise little man who had been a captain of artillery in Napoleon's army; he looked liked a dressmaker or perfume salesman until you saw his eyes.

Jean Lafitte said nothing.

The visiting officer repeated things that everyone knew. In the course of two years' war, America had known only defeat. Her armies ran away. The residence of her President had been burned down to the ground; her shipping was driven from the seas, her commerce ruined.

Dominique You munched chicken; Jean Lafitte's brown eyes were completely noncommittal. The British officer showed that he was informed on more than general affairs, for he pointed out that even while he spoke, Jean Lafitte's brother, Pierre, was in jail, put and held there by Governor Claiborne of Louisiana.

"That is so," Lafitte agreed.

"And the governor," Captain Lockyer went on, "being given a choice of enemies, ourselves or you, prefers you. He knows we intend to attack New Orleans—"

Dominique's eyebrows went up.

"And he prefers to attack you."

"I know," Jean Lafitte nodded. "But how do you find out about such matters?"

"We have our sources."

"And we have our traitors," Lafitte shrugged. "Each has a price, no? What is your offer?"

"A thousand pounds?"

"The governor," Lafitte said,

"I can't come now, ma, want me to get caught in a withering cross fire?"

"he put five hundred dollars on my head. So I put fifteen hundred dollar on his."

"A captain's rating?"

"I'm more like a general right now," Lafitte grinned.

"A pardon for yourself and all your men."

Dominique You slapped his knee and bubbled with laughter. While the three officers stared, Lafitte explained:

"Suppose we go into circuit court, they sentence us to hang—how much water will your pardon hold. You get me a pardon from Washington, hey?"

"We burned Washington," the captain mumbled.

"What else?"

The captain of the brig *Sophia* and the captain of Royal Colonial Marines looked at each other; then they nodded and played their trump card—or, at least, so the people of the Delta swear. Captain Lockyer whispered to Jean Lafitte, yet not so softly but that Dominique You heard it:

"Governor of Louisiana—"

"Ah-yah!" Dominique cried, and Lafitte told him angrily:

"Damn you, shut up!"

Then there was silence; for there is much you can offer a pirate and a thief, legality, money, honor, even a colored ribbon or two to pin on his breast, and all that is nothing but colored icing on the cake compared to power. And what sort of power may compare to governorship of a province so large that none knew where it began and where it ended?

That is the story they tell down there, concerning the events of September 3rd, 1814, in the lair of the pirate, Jean Lafitte. They will add to it other details, how Lafitte wrestled with himself, with the glorious, juicy plum, how the girl, trying to persuade him, brought ghosts out of their graves, Benedict Arnold and others, to prove that neither class nor family is exempt from the lure of betrayal.

How Dominique You wondered, "But are we Americans? We are French, but in Paris they would jail us. In New Orleans they would jail us, in Washington, too, they jail us. With some people you can make a deal, but go try make one with the crazy Yankees."

"Maybe with freedom you don't make deals," Lafitte mused.

"Freedom! Go get your brother from jail first."

And two days later, they were still at no decision. Not only the fate of Louisiana, but the whole unfolding fate of America rested upon the pirates' decision. Down there, they point out:

"This Lafitte, he is dirty thief, no? So how you figure it? Maybe he love country, no? Sure as hell, he don't love Washington!"

The British officers left with the promise that in two weeks the pirate chief would make his decision. In two weeks he sent a letter off, not to the commander of His Majesty's brig *Sophia*, but to Governor Claiborne at New Orleans.

"Monsieur,

"I address Myself to you with confidence for an object on which can depend the Safety of the State. I offer to return to this State many Citizens who perhaps have lost to your eyes that sacred title. I offer Their Efforts for the Defense of the country. This point of Louisiana that I occupy is of Great Importance in the present Situation. I offer Myself to defend it. I am The Lost

Continued on page 130

Going to Sea in an Oilcan

Tankermen live with danger in highly inflammable ships that feed the war

by **PHILIP HARKINS**

• ARTICLE •

Oil is the blood that flows through the veins of any war machine. Deprive the machine of oil and it quickly creaks to a stop. In Western Europe it is refined oil, gasoline, that kept our great Armies hammering against Germany. In the Far East it is oil and gas that keep our Navy lunging against Japan.

And this is why the tanker is the most important ship afloat. Without the tanker our great 8th and 9th Air Forces are grounded, our armored divisions stopped cold, the planes on our carriers' decks just so many sitting ducks. Those air enthusiasts who are fighting the war of 1945 with the imaginary equipment of 1988 talk glibly about flying oil and gas over vast distances. They might look at the record in China: in China gas is flown in over the "hump," over the Himalayas, the world's highest mountains. It is flown in from India and Burma in huge transport planes, but the catch is that the amount of gas used in flying over the "hump" leaves precious little for our Air Force in China. And that is why the tanker is such an important ship. And that is why this story about a North Atlantic convoy and Third Mate George Pettigrew, a tankerman, is worth recording.

The fog was so thick that the convoy had trouble forming after reaching the secret rendezvous. A fog buoy trailing a spout of spray 150 feet off our stern warned the next ship in line, which the inevitable rumors had identified as a "Limey trooper."

The big ships groped along, sounding with their whistles deep-throated ominous warnings that boomed through the blinding wetness which enshrouded the ships. Standing at the rail we vainly tried to see the other ships in the fast, fourteen-knot convoy.

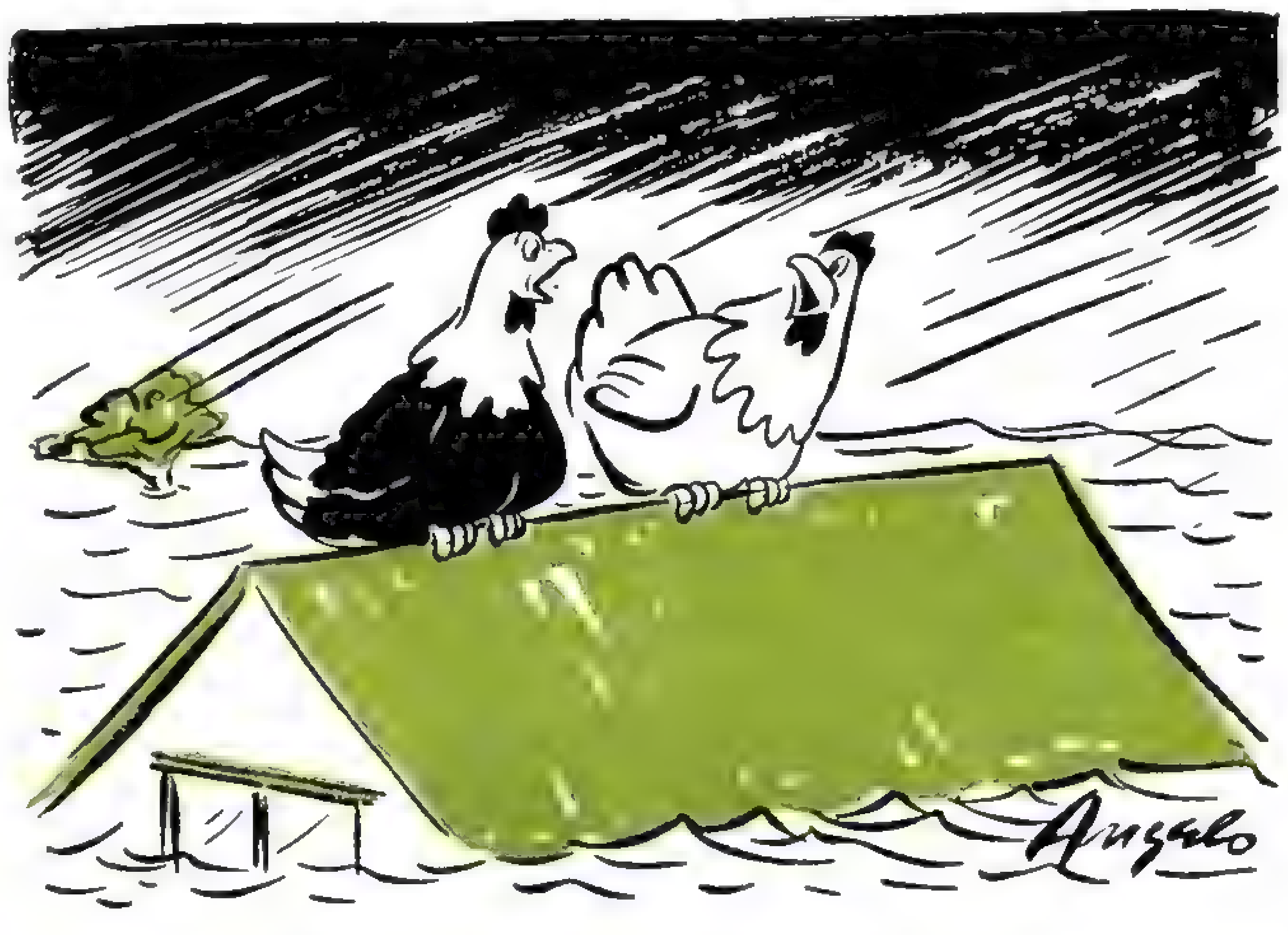
In the morning when the sun burned through the fog, the convoy's ships miraculously appeared, pitching along in beautifully symmetrical lines to port, starboard and astern, and to our surprise the majority were tankers.

"Fast enough to keep up?" replied our third mate to a question about the tankers' speed. "We'll be lucky to keep up with them."

The tankers seemed to have no trouble holding position as they rode along over the sparkling green water, loaded down to their marks with hi-octane gas for the Allied Air Forces, fuel oil for our warships patrolling the French coast, with just plain gas for our tanks and trucks. Not only were their services needed abroad but in the convoy itself, and one day in mid-Atlantic the sprightly DE's (destroyer-escorts that formed a protective screen ahead) dropped back two at a time to nestle up to a fat tanker and re-fuel.

The third mate, an ex-tankerman, was George Pettigrew, a graduate of New York University and the Merchant Marine Academy. You might imagine a mate on a tanker to be a rough, oil-stained fellow. Mr. Pettigrew is young, good-looking, clean-cut and neat. He is the new type of Merchant Marine officer.

Tankers are dangerous ships, as Mr. Pettigrew knows, with or without the menace of submarines. The oil or gas is always swishing around in the tanks, an invitation to a holocaust. Anyone who smokes on a tanker invites a swift clip on the jaw. With their inflammable cargo, tankers can quickly become enormous roaring Roman candles, horrible death traps. But there is another danger aboard tankers, the danger of deadly fumes from the cargo.



"I wonder if an egg will float"

Once Mr. Pettigrew was standing near a tank top watching the gas churn down into the tank from the hose that ran ashore. From time to time he would lean over and peer into the tank to judge the depth of the cargo—each time his lungs would absorb a small quantity of poison. Suddenly he found himself lying flat on the deck looking up at a circle of anxious faces. The fumes from the cargo had done their insidious work. Luckily Pettigrew had not fallen face forward into the tank. The second time Mr. Pettigrew was overcome by fumes, he again was lucky and toppled backwards, and this time his head struck sharply on a valve. "That really hammered the lesson home," said Mr. Pettigrew with a small grin, "I had had my fill of tankers. A third reason I got off tankers was absence of shore leave—in three months I had six hours ashore."

Tankers are notoriously quick on the "turn around"—the time spent in port—because they are so easily loaded. Cargo ships may take a week or two, giving the crew a pleasant rest or to some members an uproarious binge, often in a lovely port, but tankers slide swiftly in and out of ugly oil ports, placed for safety's sake far from the bright lights and boulevards of civilized cities.

"A typical tanker port," said Mr. Pettigrew, "is a grimy dump

Continued on page 116

Big Red: "The Mostest Horse"

Man o' War and his rival were running nose to nose for the Dwyer Stakes till the giant horse made that forward leap

by GRANTLAND RICE

• COMMENTARY •

This day, over twenty-four years ago, back in 1920, was to be Big Red's major test. Big Red was better known as Man o' War. On this day, in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct, Big Red was to run against Harry Payne Whitney's John P. Grier over the mile and one-eighth route. It was super-horse against super-horse, and Man o' War was conceding John P. Grier 18 pounds, 126 against 108.

There was a feeling long in advance that this was to be one of the great horse races of all time. It was. Man o' War, son of Fair Play and Maluba, owned by Samuel Riddle, trained by Louis Feustel, could look back on over two centuries of flawless pedigree. His only defeat as a two-year-old—the only race he ever was to lose—had come from Upset at Saratoga the year before, when everything in the way of raw breaks and ragged luck happened to him that should only have happened to Hitler.

But the Whitney starter, John P. Grier, trained by James Rowe, had been working in record time, and I can name you more than a few big gamblers who went broke backing him at five to two. They were still not quite sure that Man o' War could be as good, or as great, as he proved to be. At any rate, there was a sweep of feeling in the big crowd that track history was in the making—track history that has never been equalled or approached.

They were off. Clarence Kummer, riding Man o' War, broke with Big Red's usual thunderbolt rush. But Ed Ambrose on John P. Grier matched this first wild charge to blend the two horses into one picture.

Now they were under way—and still they were head and head. While the odds were against John P. Grier this afternoon, he was matching pace for pace the best that Man o' War had to offer. They came to the first quarter in 23 and 2/5 seconds, dizzy time by any standards. And still they were eye to eye.

Now they rushed to the five furlong pole in the sensational time of 57 and 2.5. A handkerchief could have covered both noses. Without a split second's faltering on either side, they came to the six furlong spot, still head and head, still stride for stride, in the world's record time of 1.09 and 2/5.

Here was the horse race of all horse races. You can imagine here the heart-cracking excitement of those who had backed one horse or the other. Six furlongs—a world's record—and neither had slipped a stride. Then they came on to the mile in 1.35 and 3/5, equalling the world's record, still racing as a team, still head and head, eye to eye, stride for stride.

Who would break first? The stretch alone could tell the story of this historic race. Here were two horses that had been breaking records from the first jump through the killing mile. Neither had been able to pick up as much as half a length. They might have been a team painted on canvas.

But now they are in the stretch—the crucial point of every contest, no matter what the game. Before the race, owner Samuel Riddle had given Clarence Kummer just one order: "Lay alongside of Johnny Grier—use the whip only when you need it. Just once is enough—if you have to."

As they came to the sixteenth pole, John P. Grier put his nose in front. At this moment a wild shout came up from the big crowd—"Grier wins—Grier wins—Man o' War is beaten." And just at that moment Kummer, Man o' War's jockey, responded to orders.

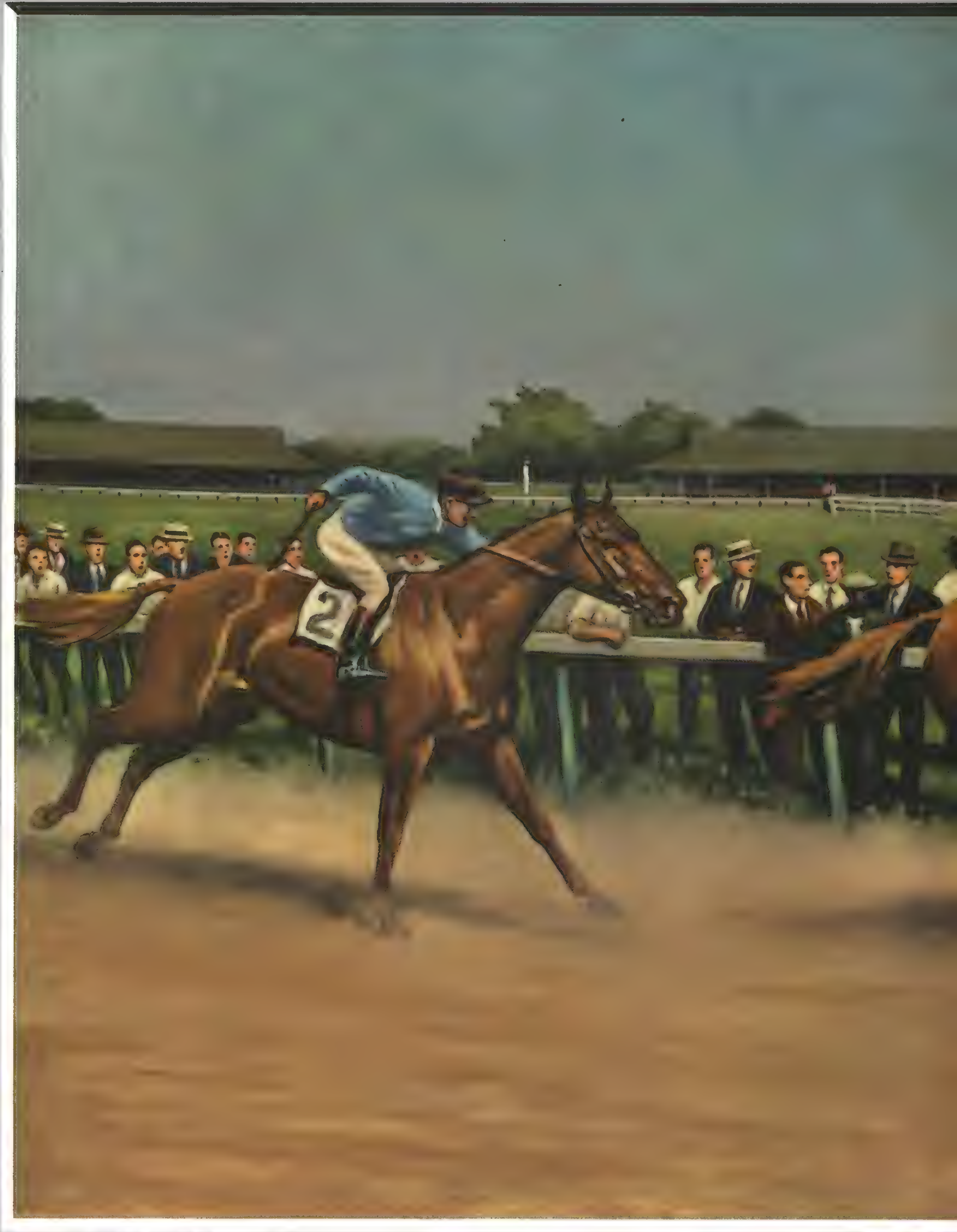
He called upon the whip. As Kummer struck Big Red, the giant horse took just one great forward leap. He became a thunderbolt. Kummer later admitted Man o' War almost shook him from the saddle. With a stride of twenty-four feet against the normal thoroughbred's stride of eighteen or twenty feet, Big Red went to the air. From his position back of John P. Grier, himself a great horse, Man o' War with that one whiplash took a full half-length lead. He was something shot from a gun. In just one jump he was out in front, charging on to beat John P. Grier by almost two lengths as he gave racing a new world record.

Man o' War had run the mile and sixteenth in 1.49 and 1/5. Carrying 126 pounds, he had smashed the record for the distance set by Borrow in the Brooklyn handicap three years before, when Borrow carried only 117 pounds.

This was Man o' War's greatest race. In his racing career of two years he met no older, no handicap horses. He faced no such competition as Exterminator through five or six years. But he was the greatest of all time as a two- and a three-year-old. He was the king of all sires, with a record crop such as this: Crusader, Mars, American Flag, Scapa Flow, Edith Cavell and War Admiral, to mention only a few.

But Big Red's greatest performance was against Johnny Grier, Harry Payne Whitney's favorite horse, when both continued to break world's records until Kummer called on the whip down the stretch—and Big Red went on to a new world's record.

The criterion is that through twenty-four years they are still comparing thoroughbreds with Man o' War. Man o' War and no one else. For here was the Thoroughbred Thunderbolt, in all racing history—"The Mostest Horse." #



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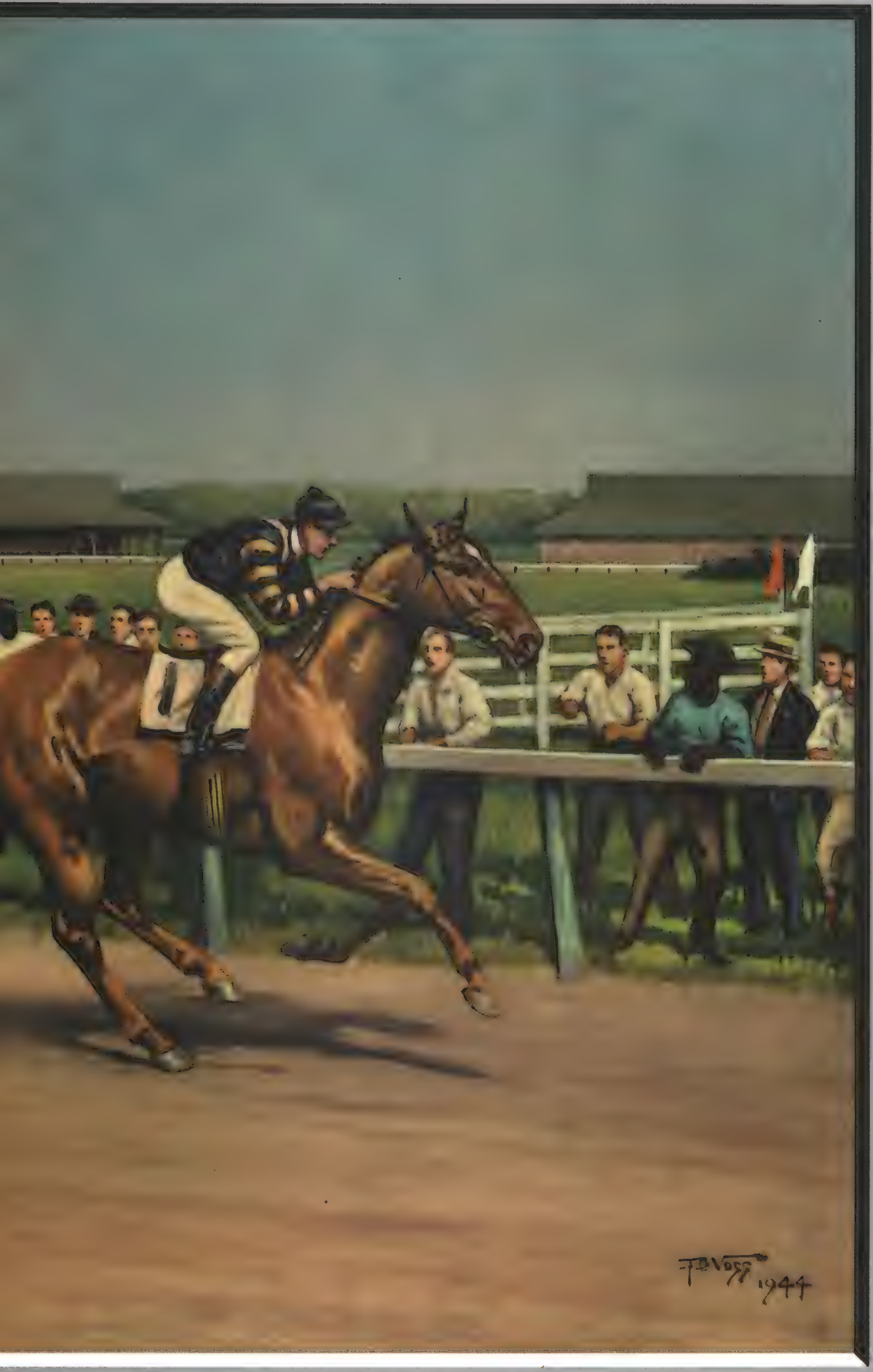
MAN O' WAR BEATING JOHN P.

(In the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct, July

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQU


F.B.Voss 1944

GRIER *by Frank Voss*
10, 1920)

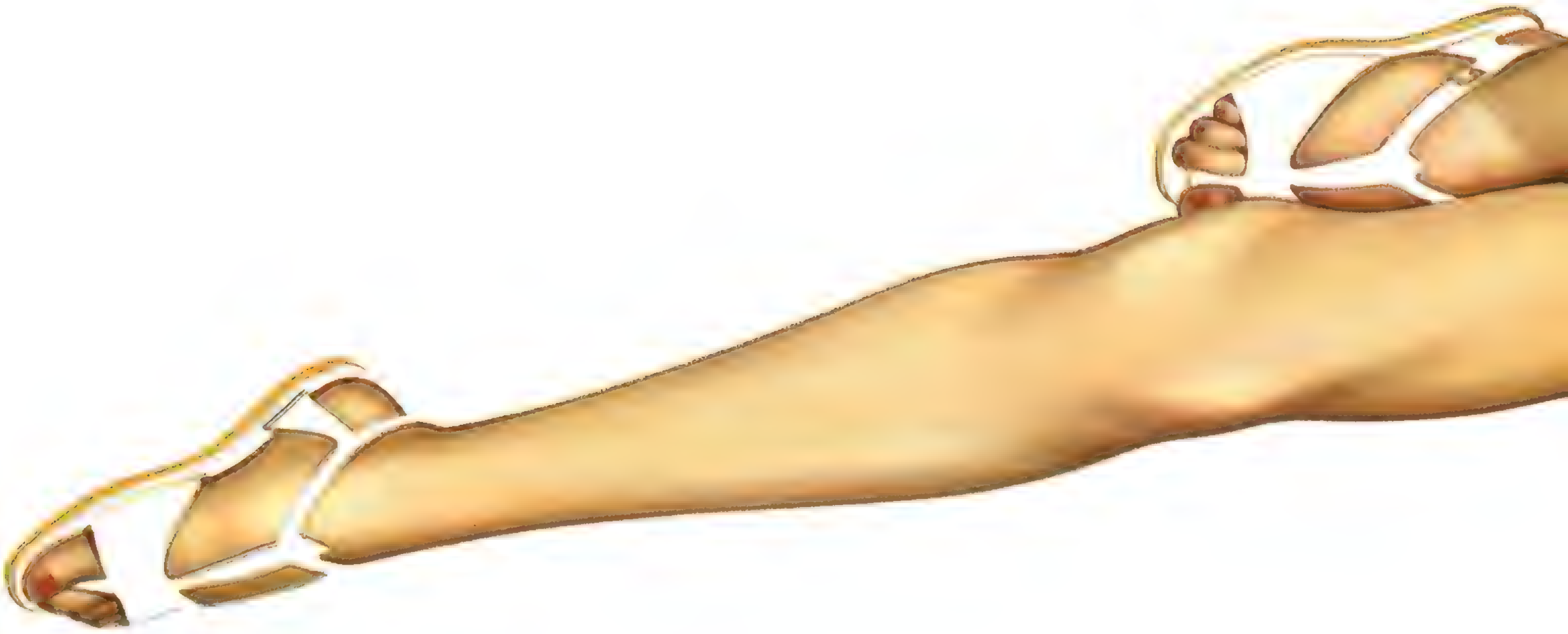
IRE

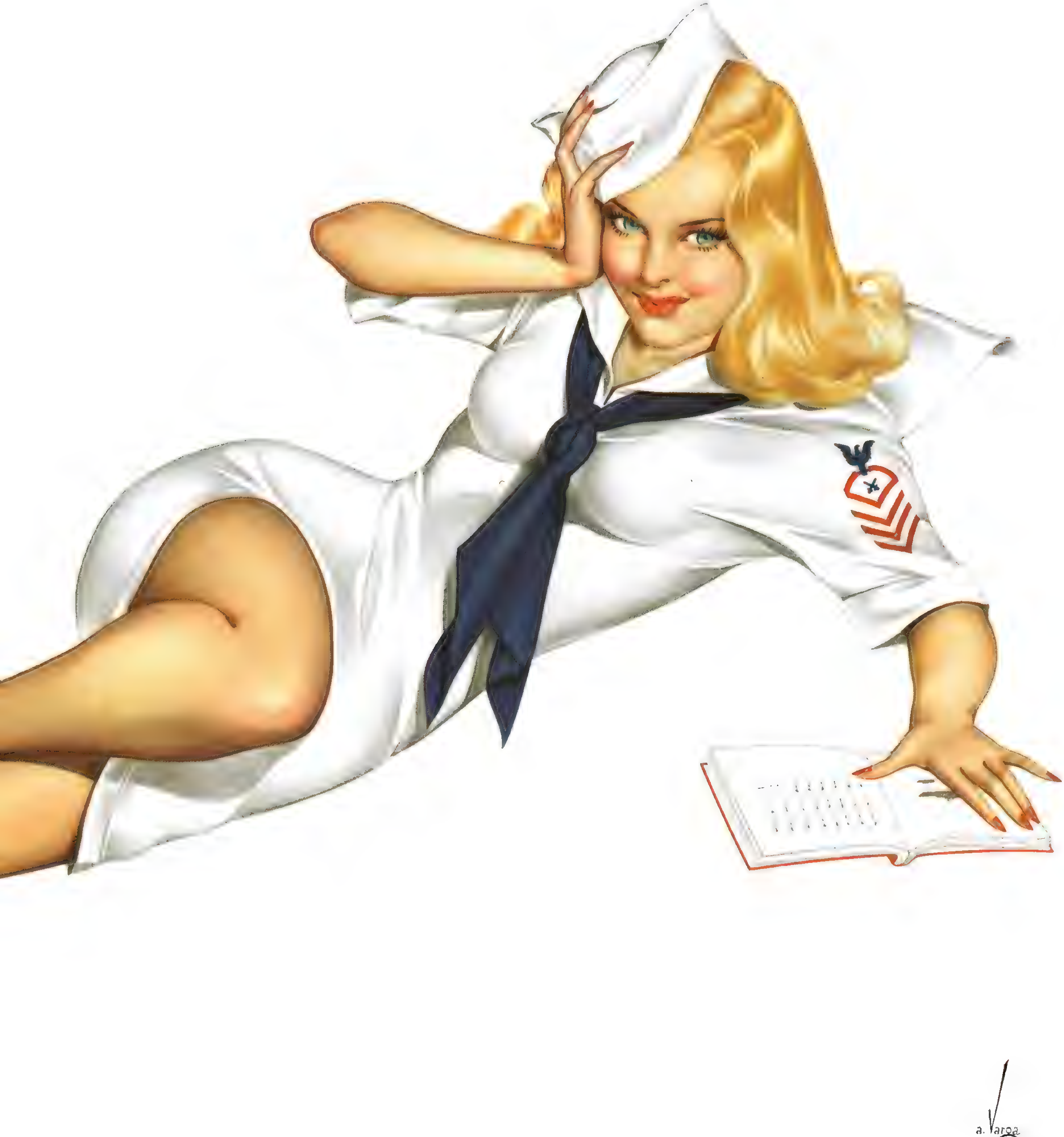
GRAVY FOR THE NAVY!

I've oceans of chances
To plunge in romances
With flyers and valiant Marines,
And lads in the Army
Are willing to star me
In all of their amorous scenes;

But my heart-annoyer
Is on a destroyer
And fighting for all he is worth . . .
So, my signal is "No"
To each sugary beau,
For I've got the Salt of the Earth!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK




a. Varga
Esq

Incident in the Time of Nick

It was terrible to stand by and watch a tough guy and a big shot like the boss get stung by the same dame twice

by JERRY DAVIS

• FICTION •

I WAS sitting on the edge of my chair, rooting for the boss to stop clowning around with those flowers. I had to talk to him . . . I had to make him understand—and there wasn't much time left.

"You're fixing those posies for your own funeral, Boss," I said, but Nick didn't pay any attention. He was too busy getting the joint dolled up for that dame. She'd be slinking through that door any minute, and poor Nick would get the business again.

"Get smart, Boss," I pleaded, "don't let that dame take you."

Nick walked right past me and flicked one of the black keys on his desk phone.

"Chill a bottle of that '28," he said, "and send it up about nine."

"Listen to me a minute, will you please, Nick?"

"Listen to what? You've been singing that broken-down song all day," Nick said. "Now don't bother me. I'm busy."

"Yeah, busy turning this joint into a love-nest for May, 'cause she suddenly can't live without you anymore. She lived without you in Hollywood two years."

"Shut up, Chuck. I'm sick of listening to you."

Damn it, why couldn't Nick see through that dame? She had him drugged right from the start.

I remember the first day he walked in with her a long time ago. All she had was a nice pair of legs, a pocket full of pawn tickets, and a healthy appetite, and in a couple of days she was walking around like she owned the joint. She talked Nick into backing a show for her, and it cost him plenty. Then she got the bug about pictures. She was going to have a career if it took every quarter Nick had.

May went to Hollywood on the boss' dough, and left him sitting around trying to keep his chin from dragging on the carpet. The boss knew an agent for pictures named Al, and May went right to him. She called Nick regular in the beginning; then she quit altogether. Now he was ready for the sleigh ride again.

I followed the boss over to the mirror.

"Look, Nick," I said. "Al called you from Hollywood. He told you May was two-timing you with that actor out there, didn't he? Okay, you stopped sending her dough and that was that."

"Then what are you beefing about?" said Nick, fixing his tie.

"I'm beefing about what Al told you when he called you again, last week."

"So what? All Al said was that May's actor friend was hitting the bottle and his company didn't pick up his option. So what?"

"But, Boss, it all adds up. May was getting panicky out there. She figured that ham might get another contract and sail along in the big dough forever, then again he might not. But, Boss, you're *always* in the dough. May figures you're a sure thing."

Nick wasn't even listening. He went on puffing up his tie so it would be nice and pretty for May.

"You're a sucker, Nick!" I said.

He spun away from the mirror fast, grabbed my lapels and kept jabbing me under the chin.

"This is Nick you're talking to, see? Nick!" The boss eased off and shoved me into a chair. I kept my mouth shut and he went back to the mirror.

"What time is it?" he asked.

" 'Bout eight-thirty."

The light bulb over the door flashed on, but it wasn't as bright as the smile on Nick's face.

"That's her, Chuck. Let her in."

There was Queen May, all dressed up like a Christmas turkey.

"Hello, May, you look great," I lied.

She passed me by like I was a hole in the air and headed straight for Nick. She threw her arms around him and gave him a kiss that melted him right where he stood. As she kissed him she kicked her leg back, like dames do in the movies, and I wished for Nick's sake that May was half as nice as those beautiful legs.

She settled back in Nick's chair, where I'd never dare sit, and crossed her legs over the edge of the desk. She tossed eighty minks over the back of the chair, and sat on the ones in the coat. Nick jerked his head over at me.

"Honey, you remember Chuck, don't you?" he asked.

But May was too busy trying to look sexy in that chair to look at me. She just waved and said, "Sure. How are you, Stooge?"

Then they sat chinning, and the way she pumped the boss about business made me sick. Nick just sat there beaming like she'd brought all the love in the world back to him.

"Listen, Baby," he said, "you've got to do something for me." May went over and started kissing him. It was terrible. "You've got to call that actor and tell him off, once and for all."

The Queen looked hurt. "But that's all over, Nicky."

"I know, but I want to hear you tell him off right now."

Nick looked over at me, like as if to say, "I'll show you." And I looked right back at him, like as if to say, "So what?"

"Go ahead, Baby," he said. "I want to hear you tell him off."

I could tell May was looking for an out. But with Nick's eyes boring into her, she picked up the phone like it was a time bomb, and gave long distance the number. Then she slid back into the boss' chair to wait.

Nick lit a cigarette and stared at the phone. It didn't take long to make the connection.

"Hello, Martin? This is May. I'm in New York. I'm with Nick . . . That's right—my first and only love. I just called to tell you that you and I are through . . . finished, get it?"

All the time this actor was raising hell on the other end, May just kept looking at Nick with that I-love-my-Daddy smile.

Then she started yelping back. "I don't care what you can give me now. I never gave a damn about you in the first place."

Nick grinned and told her to wait a second. May clapped her hand over the phone.

"Tell him he's a ham," Nick said, lapping it up like a kid with his first ice cream cone.

May waited till she could fit the words in. "You're a ham!" she said, and the two practically fell under the desk laughing.

The phone slammed down on the other end. That actor guy was all washed up . . . no kidding! But May didn't care. She and Nick were laughing so hard they could hardly get the receiver back on the hook.

"How's that, Baby?" May said, laughing with all her might.

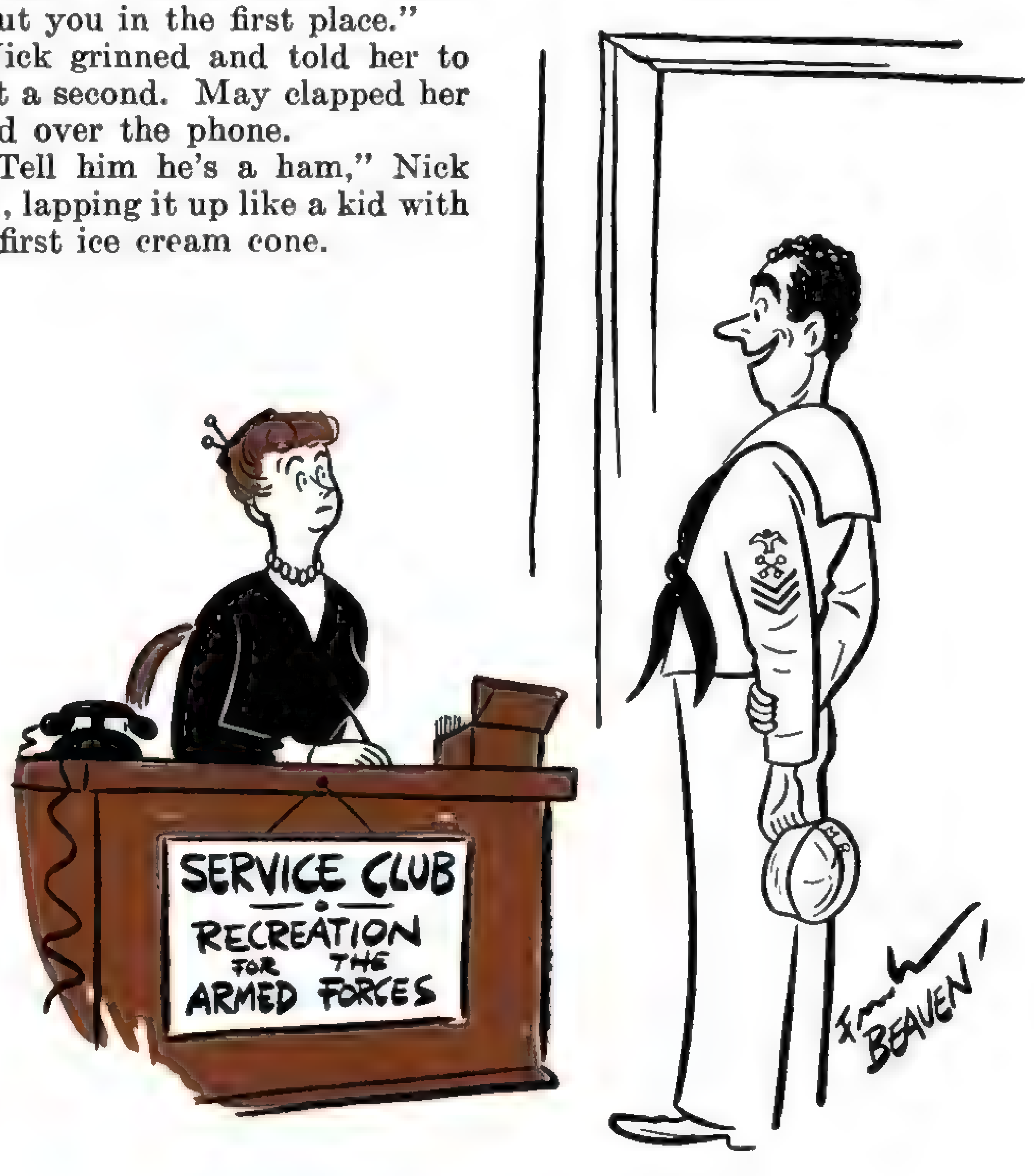
"Great," said Nick. But he wasn't laughing anymore. His face looked like it had just gone dead on him. "Now, beat it!"

I rapped the side of my head to make sure I wasn't hearing things. May must have thought she was hearing things, too.

"Beat it?" she asked, "What do you mean?"

The boss couldn't even look at her anymore. He turned his back on her and looked at me.

"Chuck," he said, "see the lady to the gutter." #


SERVICE CLUB
RECREATION FOR THE ARMED FORCES
Frank BEAVEN

"Yes, ma'am, I've heard of Gypsy Rose Lee—isn't she an author or something?"

The Monarch's Last Tanto

One cannot remain a jai-alai champion at the age of thirty-six, and his first dishonorable game was to be his finale

by ROBERT SYLVESTER

▪ FICTION ▪

The Monarch started forward as soon as the hard, white ball struck the frontwall. He picked up speed, turned into the granite sidewall and took three quick steps up its perpendicular height, like a man running up a short flight of stairs. The ball was coming back at him along the sidewall, high and hugging the surface the way extra spin will make them do, but he trapped it in the curved basket and shoved himself clear of the wall with his feet. He wanted to make his return throw while he was still plummeting back to the court, but he felt the ball bounce crazily around in his basket and then fly out onto the court.

These new pelotas were too light, he told himself in disgust. They weren't anything like the sound, true Basque balls which could be depended upon not to try any fancy Cuban tricks. These Havana pelotas acted just like Cubans. You never knew which way they were going. The Monarch blew in disgust and signaled for time out. He walked over to the low bench off the rear of the court, savagely ripping at the long binding cord which laced the curved cesta—a reed basket woven to a supple frame—to his thick right hand.

He made a brief show of examining his cesta for flaws. Actually, the cesta meant little to him, flaws or no flaws. The giant Negro who made cestas for all the Havana players, weaving them out of flat reed and cutting the leather gloves to tailored measurement, made his cestas by the dozen. He had none of the personal feeling for one that a ballplayer, for example, feels toward an old glove or bat. The Monarch used cestas as extravagantly as he used bath towels in the shower room. Once he had smashed nine cestas during a single thirty-point game—some by accident and some out of sheer temper.

But he made a pretense of examining it closely while, actually, he was studying to see how his legs were behaving. He stood very still, for a minute, and assured himself that his legs hadn't started any telltale trembling. He looked carefully at the back of his right hand, ridged by the tight binding of the glove cord, and noted that the hand hadn't started to swell. It was important that he know about these things, tonight. Tonight of all nights. He mustn't overestimate anything tonight.

He leaned back on the bench, sweating healthily, and looked up the court. It stretched before him to the frontwall 250 feet away, its green walls rising to the high-netted skylight of the huge auditorium. Up forward his nimble frontwall partner, the blue-shirted Armando Martínez, walked jerkily back and forth. Down at midcourt his white-shirted opponents, Piston and Guillermo, stood and talked things over, bobbing their heads up and down and talking in Basque.

At his right, where the concrete of the concha floor ended in the red foul line and met the wooden floor of the auditorium, the vertical wire screen protected the tiers of customers. Down close to the floor level the customers stood in knots around the bookmakers, arguing and betting, and the tiers ran sharply up to the high boxes under the eaves, where Havana socialites and visiting Americanos del Norte sat in their boxes and drank what the messengers brought them.

The Monarch sensed that everything was in its place, but he didn't bother to make sure. There really wasn't anything about this jai-alai concha—or any jai-alai concha anywhere in the world—that he didn't know all about. On this one he could about tell by the sound of the ball striking the frontwall just about how it was going to act on the rebound. And he could close his eyes on any part of the court and know just how many steps he could run before he'd crash into the vertical screen. He had been at it for twenty-five years, a quarter of a century. A long time.

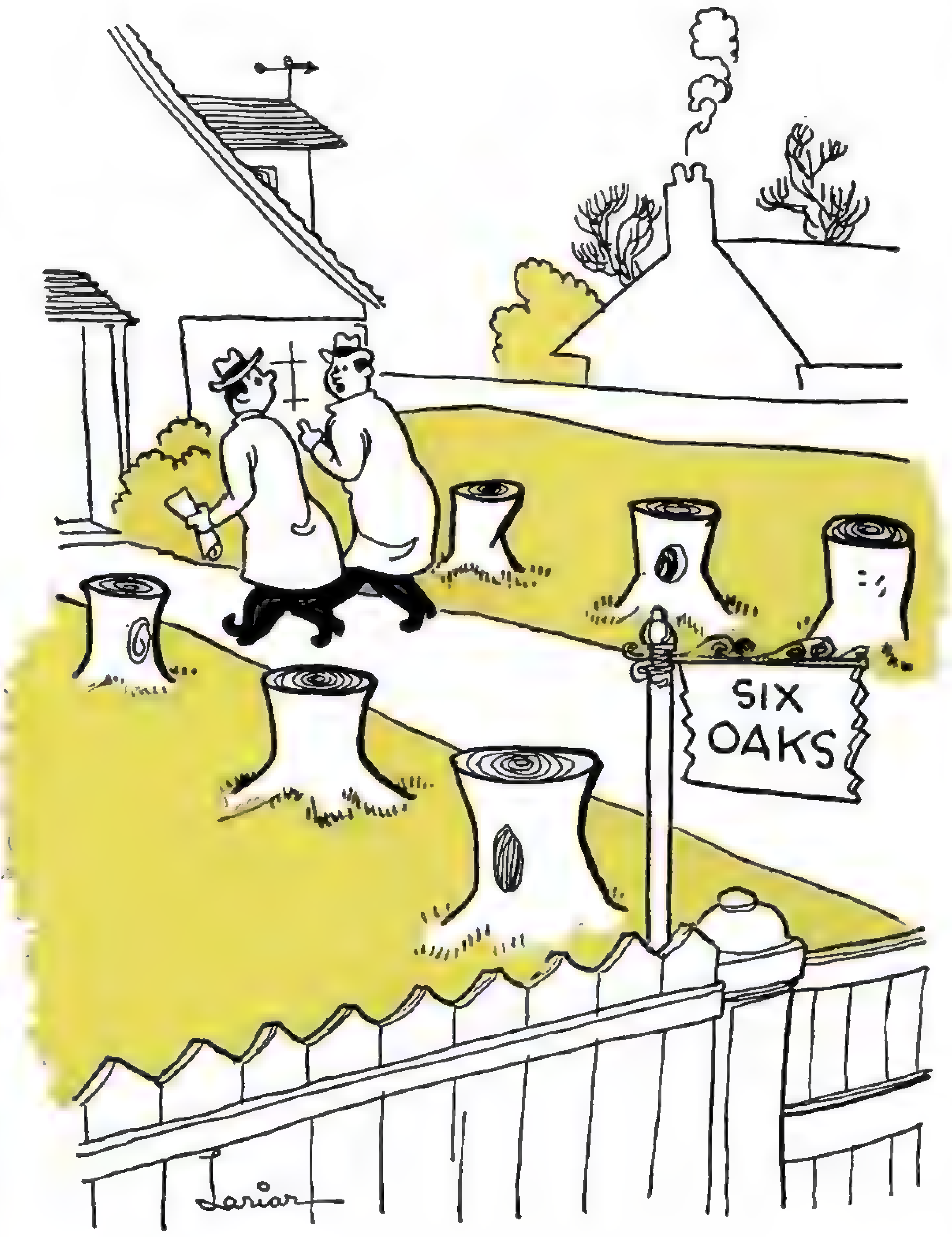
Too long, he thought, just to make himself feel better about what he had agreed to do. Had anybody else been an established professional pelotari, or player, at the age of eleven? Had anybody else been undisputed champion for fifteen consecutive years? And wasn't he still a famous, if fading, star at the advanced age of thirty-six? Well, then, nobody could say he hadn't been in it long enough or given it all he had, either.

But somehow this reasoning didn't make him feel any better. The habits of twenty-five years aren't much more easily broken than the granite of the concha, and no matter how he argued with himself it still didn't make him feel any easier about the fact that tonight, in what would be his last game, he was playing crooked. His first crooked game, and his last one. Tonight The Monarch was abdicating, stepping down after long and honorable service. And even though nobody else in the world would ever know that he abdicated dishonestly, that still wouldn't alter the fact that he knew it.

"I will think about all this later," he told himself. He strapped on his cesta and walked back on the court. Guillermo—The Ox—was playing backwall against him, and he came down the court with his short, deceptive steps. The Monarch watched him closely to see just how far he came. At The Monarch's age it was wise and worthwhile to make a study of the opponents' positions. Piston, The Ox's frontwall partner, edged over to his own right and scowled darkly, testing the pelota which had just been thrown into the game. Piston didn't want a pelota that was too fast. The Monarch was thirty-six years old, but he still threw a ball like a bullet and nobody wanted to give him a fast one. Better use a slower ball and let the old devil chase it around on his tired legs.

The Monarch watched Piston trying to find a dead ball for a minute and then looked up the court for his partner, Señor Armando Martínez, belovedly hailed in the Havana press as The Cuban Flash. The Flash was sprawled out in the center of the court, arms and legs extended, in the attitude of a martyr who rests from superhuman effort. The Monarch sneered in irritation.

"Señorito," he told himself. A fancy little man. He strapped on his cesta and looked up at the



"How's your coal holding out?"

scoreboard. It read: Blue 26—White 26.

* * *

"Must you wrap your life in the cover of a pelota," Miguelito Quintero had sneered at him as they sat drinking the pale Cuban beer. They had chosen a table apart from the others and Miguelito had leaned forward, talking with speed and animation while Chinita, saying nothing, studied him enigmatically with her lovely, mysterious eyes. The Monarch had listened a long while, looking from one to the other and then out across the Malecón toward the darkened ships in the harbor and the darker bulk of the Morro Castle against the ocean sky. For a moment his thoughts had wandered to the amount of treachery which had been plotted within and without those tragic old walls, and he had started a mirthless smile. Chinita had reached out and grasped his hand, pressing it a little as if to emphasize Miguelito's words.

"Don't be a Gallego all your life," Miguel had yapped. "What has the game ever done for you? Maybe you think this Cuban management will give you a nice, fat pension, now that your usefulness had ended. Or maybe you think that nobody can see that you are almost through. Maybe that's it. Or are you depending upon the Montepío to take care of you in your old age?"

It was the mention of the Montepío, which The Monarch had helped to found, that had brought him to at least partial surrender. There had been 275,000 dollars in the Montepío treasury in Barcelona at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. It was an accumulation of dues and fines and payments sent home by Basque jai-alai players in Mexico and Cuba and Peru and Shanghai and Manila and Florida and, also, from all over Spain. It was money which assured every old or crippled pelotari of a decent pension. Money from an organization which took care of its members and kept them honest, too. Protected them from just such treachery as was being plotted with Miguelito, and disgraced them when it couldn't protect them.

The Monarch had laughed briefly, and silently, when he had thought of that part of the Montepío treasury which was rightfully his. Where was it now, he had wondered? In some lobster's pocket. Or buying more bullets to kill more Basques. Or maybe spent for the shells which destroyed Guernica, that fine old Basque city which had sent so many fine young Basques out onto the conchas of the world.

Thinking his troubled thoughts of the Montepío, he had turned and looked at Chinita. She had lifted her head and looked fully into his face, her black and faintly slanted eyes warming him as they always did.

"There are other places in the world, my heart," she had said softly. "We could go to Mexico and watch the bullfights. Miguelito is intelligent. We must think about us, you and I."

He had hesitated only a moment or two longer, but that had been enough to win him at least a partial compromise with his conscience. Miguelito had sighed in disgust.

"Well, then," he had snapped, lighting a cigarette, "if you can't get any sense in your hard head, then listen to our second offer. Play to win, but play it our way. At least you will keep your honor"—here he had sneered faintly—"if you win, even if you win crookedly. We will have to do some other fixing and we can't make so much money this way. But we can make enough. You want to listen?"

"Estanislao," the Chinita had said softly, pleadingly.

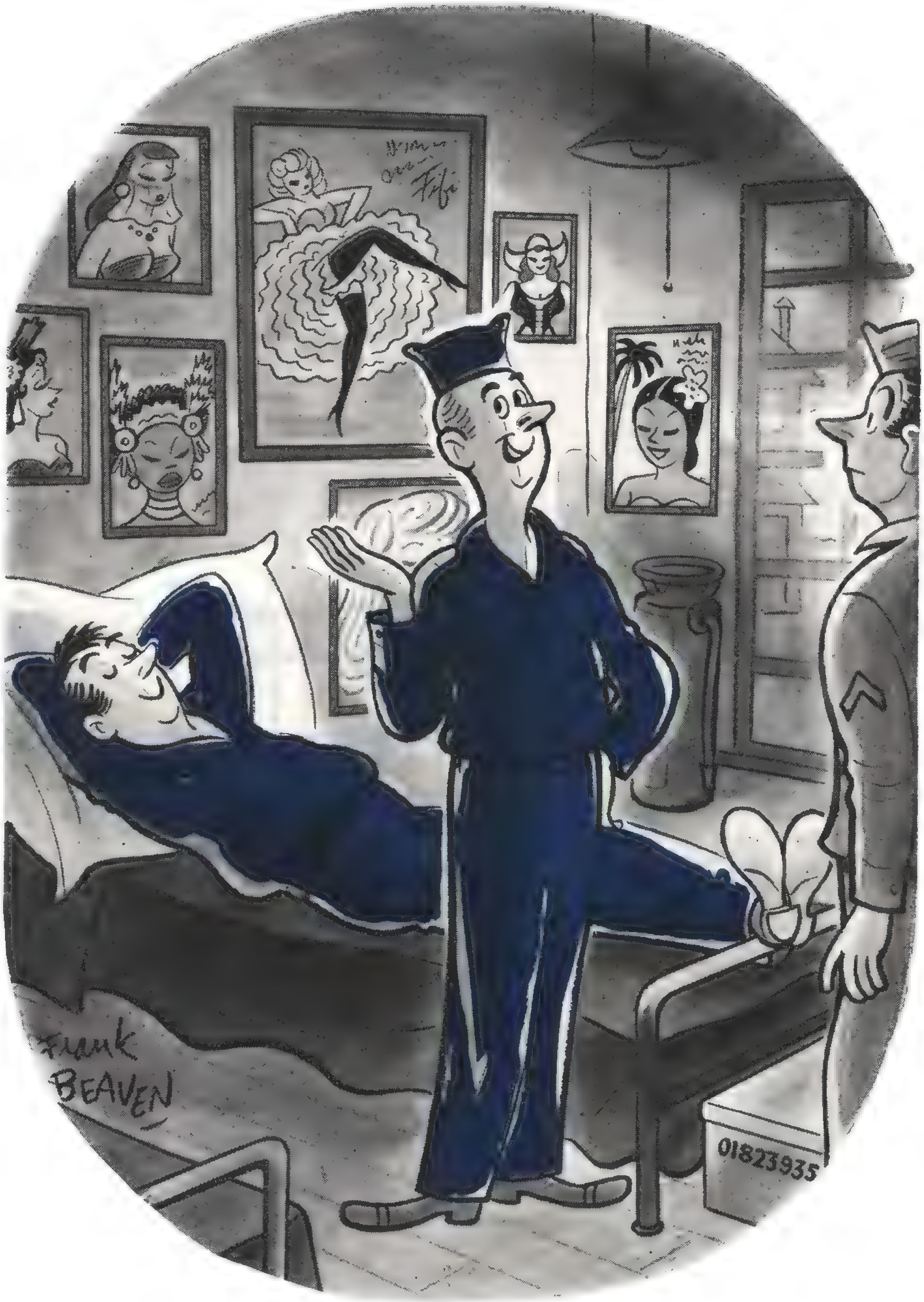
"Tell me this other plan," The Monarch had demanded. His hand had trembled a little when he poured the cold bottled beer into the glass. He wasn't sure, then or later, whether he had trembled at the realization of how badly he would soon need money or because, for the first time in his life, he was joining hands with the thieves.

* * *

Piston bounced the new pelota once or twice, ran at the serving line and rocketed a curving service against the frontwall. The ball came back on an angle and glanced off the sidewall before striking the floor. It came at The Monarch knee high and he was on it like a cat. He was going to win this point. He had to. This was one night when he had to win and lose points according to somebody else's schedule. It wasn't easy, but it had to be done.

He stopped the pelota backhanded and let the momentum of his run carry him forward. He swept his cesta shoulder high and whipped it forward sidearm, like a left-handed batter swinging at a high pitch. He hoped he had put enough spin on it to make the ball come back and strike too far forward for Guillermo to take in the

Continued on page 179



"Has he been abroad—has he been abroad! He can ask for a date in seven different languages!"

What Makes a Criminal Lawyer

American softness toward the accused paves the way for such spellbinders as Giesler, Darrow, Rogers and Fallon

by LLOYD SHEARER

• ARTICLE •

Since it is axiomatic that in time of war morals go down and the incidence of crime goes up, the American criminal lawyer is again having his day, and the public is once again finding itself interested in the lives, careers and tactics of the men who made and are still making the practice of criminal law what it is in this country—an exciting, thrilling battle of wits between politically-ambitious prosecuting attorneys, zealous defense counsel and outmoded laws of justice.

The greatest criminal lawyer in the United States at the moment is a fat-faced, double-chinned, half-bald, kindly man named Jerry Giesler. By virtue of his successful defenses of the two great Hollywood stars, Errol Flynn and Charles Chaplin, Harold Lee Giesler is recognized as the man most responsible for the contemporary renascence of criminal law procedure in the public eye.

While Americans may admire, respect, and even elect crusading district attorneys, they are traditionally partial to the attorneys for the defense; and it is therefore such men as Jerry Giesler, Clarence Darrow, Earl Rogers and Bill Fallon who have captured their hearts and headlines.

These four men, three of whom are now dead, are probably more responsible for the manner in which criminal law is practiced in our courts today than any other group of individuals in the hectic history of American jurisprudence. It was they who contrived, conjured, created and produced much of our contemporary courtroom technique, and it is in emulation of them that most enterprising young barristers now set their trial behavior patterns.

It was Earl Rogers, for example, who introduced the technique of cross-examining every prostitute as if she were a princess and vice versa. Clarence Darrow, on the other hand, proved to doubting skeptics that if in his final plea he could make the jury weep, he would obtain an acquittal. "Wild" Bill Fallon, playboy lawyer de luxe, was one of the first to specialize in confusing witnesses so badly that their testimony sounded virtually unintelligible, while Giesler, a protégé of Rogers, is best known for his artful cross-examination of feminine witnesses, and the subtlety with which he gets the jury to believe that his client is being persecuted.

From 1900 to 1944, these four attorneys saved the lives of more than 350 clients. Fallon handled the trials of 126 defendants charged with homicide, and not one was convicted. Darrow, not quite so busy in his long and colorful career, saved 88 who were similarly charged, while Rogers, defending some of the most brutal cutthroats California has ever weaned, chalked up 111 acquittals and hung juries. Giesler in his thirty years of practice, has managed to defend successfully each year at least two or three persons accused of homicide, but does not remember the exact figure or even care to approximate a total.

They have furthermore been recognized by both laymen and legal students as the greatest criminal lawyers this country has produced this past hundred years.

Which of these four men ranks as *the* greatest American criminal lawyer is largely a question of individual opinion. So astute a judge of attorneys as Dudley Field Malone says, "Clarence Darrow was the greatest criminal lawyer of them all." Darrow, when he was being defended by Earl Rogers on bribery charges in California, told newspapermen, "Rogers is a far better lawyer than I am." Fallon fans insist, "There was no one even close to Bill..." while out on the West Coast, every courtroom habitué would have you believe that Jerry Giesler is infinitely more capable than the aforementioned three.

To understand why Giesler in 1500 cases has lost only about 30, it is necessary first to know something about the man who is most responsible for Giesler's success, his one-time boss, Earl Rogers.

Rogers was never well known East of the Mississippi, but from 1900 to 1919 it was said of him in California that he never lost a case. This, of course, was untrue, although Los Angeles policemen, when arresting anyone charged with murder or some other heinous crime, always made it a point to advise the accused, "If you're guilty, hire Earl Rogers."

This gave Rogers the reputation of being both omnipotent and crooked, neither of which he was. The only son of a Methodist minister, he became an attorney because he couldn't make enough money as a newspaperman. He was admitted to the California bar in 1897, and like most unknowing young lawyers, began his practice by trying to collect bad debts. This, he soon discovered, was as unremunerative as journalism, and since the Los Angeles red-light district was a breeding ground for homicides, he decided that many of its residents would from time to time need legal defending, and it was from there subsequently that many of his early clients came.

One of the first of these was Charles F. Mootry, a pander who was accused of murdering "Virtuous Minnie," his wife. From the evidence which existed at the time, it seemed like an open and shut case of first-degree murder.

In fact the evidence appeared so overwhelmingly convicting that many of Rogers' friends insisted that he have nothing to do with the case. This, more than anything else, convinced Rogers that he must defend Mootry. Not only was the publicity value of the trial great, but he realized that in the event of an acquittal, he would surely achieve sectional, if not national prominence.

Prior to that time, most attorneys took jurymen as they came, but it was Rogers who introduced the policy of questioning each juryman thoroughly, accepting only those he thought might prove favorable to the defense. This is now a time-honored technique in all our courts of law.

Rogers, oddly enough for this trial, agreed to a selection of twelve holier-than-thou churchmen on the jury. The District Attorney, C. C. McComas, felt certain that these twelve good men and true would quickly convict the sordid defendant who swaggered into the courtroom

"It's not necessary to set the alarm—we'll get you up!"

and all through the trial chewed gum, ate fruit, winked at the audience and in general carried on in a manner befitting his profession.

Rogers, a shrewd cross-examiner, failed to produce one bit of favorable evidence for his client during the entire trial other than to bring out in a deposition from a St. Louis actress that "Virtuous Minnie" had once said she would prefer death to deafness.

The prosecuting attorney pointed out that Minnie wasn't at all deaf at the time of her death, that suicide was completely out of the question, that Mootry had murdered Minnie for her house and lot, and that was that.

By the time Rogers arose to make his final plea to the jury, practically every person who was in court that day conceded that Mootry was a dead chicken.

A tall, graceful, sharply-dressed character, with a rich, musical voice, Rogers went to work on the jury. "John Burbank" he said, calling one of the good, church-going jurors by his full name, "you will ever remember those unforgettable days when you courted your little girl in that little Illinois town. Of course she is still your sweetheart, always will be; but the thrill of that moonlit Sunday night when you sat holding hands on the steps of the First Methodist Church of Chillicothe will never be forgotten."

Such a manner of addressing the jury was virtually unheard of at the time. The customary procedure for a lawyer summing up his side of the case, was to read a speech from three or four sheets of paper. But here was Rogers, stalking back and forth in front of the box, talking to these men as if they were his close friends.

He painted in picturesque prose the sordid life of the red-light district. He pointed out what Minnie had been before she married Mootry. He contrasted the respectable life of the jurors to the disreputable existence of the protagonists.

"Charles Mootry had no such blissful background for his romance," Rogers wailed. "No church steps were his to sit upon as he held his sweetheart's hand. No; when he met his fate, when he realized that he cared for Minnie with a love that surpasseth understanding, she was an actress in the tawdry Club Theater, resort of only dissipated and immoral men.

"But he took her away from her sordid surroundings, gave her his name, and brought into her loveless life the only love she had ever known.

"Which of us, had we suddenly found ourselves loving a girl in such an environment, would have ignored her past, would have taken her to the altar and there entered with her into the holy bonds of matrimony? . . . What greater proof could we ask of his love for the girl he wed? And, brethren, men who love greatly, no matter what their moral or social degree, do not slay those they love."

The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty on the first ballot, and immediately Mootry was at Rogers' side. "Truth will triumph, Earl," he blabbed. "Truth will triumph."

Rogers looked at the man whose life he had just saved, and there welled up inside him a nausea and a hate and a repugnance. "Get away from me, you slimy

Continued on page 172

There Ain't No Justice

Some matters are too personal for an ex-convict to discuss with the warden

by CHESTER B. HIMES

• ARTICLE •

When I am in this joint ten years and have been flopped many times, I figure the parole board won't release me, so I try another avenue. Then suddenly after eleven years the parole board lets me go.

I am so excited I am on the train before I realize my oversight. Right away I go back.

I approach the hack on the gate and say, "I have left some possessions here; I would like to get them if you have no objections."

"No ex-con can come back without they have a pass from the governor," the hack declares. "However, I will take you to the warden."

"No. I do not wish this matter to go beyond you and me," I say, pressing fifty bucks into his palm.

"Since you have put it this way," he says, "tell me where you have left your possessions and I will gladly get them."

"They are in a hole in the floor underneath the commode in cell No. 8 on range 3 in Stone City," I say. "If you pull the commode forward you will see the hole."

In an hour the hack comes back. "I have found the hole all right, but I have not found anything in it. Did you say cell 8 on range 3 in Stone City?"

"That is where I left them, I know," I say, "because daily for two years after the parole board flopped me I took them out and employed them more or less."

"Well, I am sorry about your possessions," the hack sympathizes. "However, I noticed the hole is considerably larger than is required for a convict's possessions. In fact, it is almost large enough to go through."

I see no point in this small talk. "Let us forget we even mentioned this," I say over my shoulder.

However, I am not convinced that he has looked carefully. So that night I borrow a ladder a painter has left beside a house, and also some rope. I put the ladder against the wall and climb up on top and let myself down into the yard by means of the rope. The wall guard flashes his spot on me, and yells, "Where do you think you are going?"

"I am the electrician," I say.

"Why didn't you say so?" he says.

"I am saying so now," I state.

He lights me on across the yard and I reach cell No. 8 on range 3 in Stone City without another tip. It is empty, though I see someone has been there. When I try to pull the commode forward it will not budge because the hole is filled with concrete.

While I am thus engaged the guard shift changes and the night hack begins to take count. Not wishing to be discovered in such a predicament, I jump into the bottom bunk and cover myself with a blanket. When the hack passes the cell he sees me, says, "Thirty-one," and then goes on counting.

In a few minutes there are signs of confusion down at the lower end of the range where the hack is turning in his count to the night captain. I look up and see that both the hack and the captain are taking the count again. When they get to the end of the range the confusion increases, and there are signs of what might be a rumpus.

I hear old man Potts, the night captain, beefing, "I have took count in this stir for thirty years and sometimes the count has been short; but this is the first time I have known the count to be long."

Now hacks from all over the institution are coming down the range taking count. Finally, I hear the warden tell the hacks to open each cell and take out each convict and identify him so as to find the stowaway.

When they open my cell I simply say, "It is me, Oscar Harrison, warden. You remember me."

"I remember you well," he glares. "I remember it was only day before yesterday that you left here. How did you get back?"

"Well," I say. "I was informed I could not be permitted to come and seek some possessions I left behind, excepting I had a pass from the governor. I do not wish to disturb the governor when I only need some rope and a ladder."

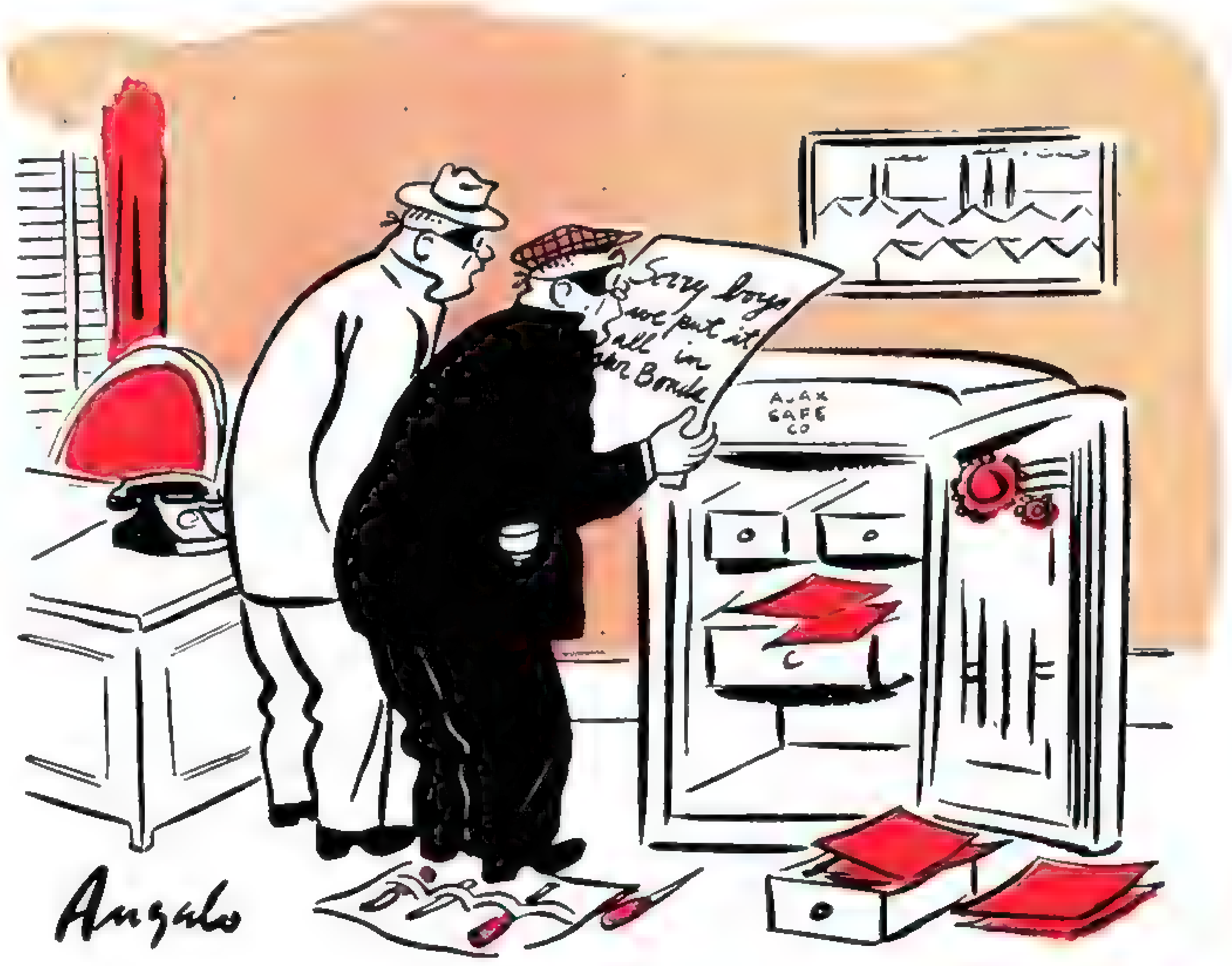
"I have your possessions," he states. "In fact I was just about to mention them to the parole board, since they consist of a hammer and a chisel."

"But," I argue. "I have made my parole and do not wish to get mixed up in any jail breaking, I only came back to take them from harm's way. I hope you are not mad about me paying you this little visit."

"I do not object to your choice of entrance," he declares. "What alarmed me for the moment was the matter of the tools. But you know, there is a penalty of five years for jail breaking, and the law don't designate whether it's breaking out, or breaking in."

"What kinda law is it that works two ways?" I protest.

But they give me five years anyway. ‡‡


Sorry boys we put it all in War Bonds
AJAX SAFE CO
Angelo

The End of Indian Summer

Three unhappy bridegrooms had gone to a land where even a Triumphant sleuth did not hope immediately to find them

by MAURICE BAUDIN, JR.

• FICTION •

Had not a clerk raking through old company correspondence observed an identity in the handwriting of three quite unrelated letters, the matter might never have come to light. The letters were dated several years apart, and each stated that the writer, widowed some weeks before, had just discovered a policy which her husband had carried with Triumphant. In no single case were the facts suspicious. Only when Triumphant became aware, belatedly, that all three settlements had been with one woman, did circumstances seem pointed.

An inquiry provided information concerning the habitual widow. Marguerite Gillespie had taught French in a high school in a small city until her fiftieth year when, after a nervous breakdown, she retired early on a pension. Almost immediately she revived sufficiently to be married to a Mr. Johnson, retired dealer in plumbing supplies. After their justice-of-the-peace wedding, the two left for a short trip. Three days later the report came that the bridegroom was dead and that his ashes, at his request, were to be scattered from the air over a large lake where he fished in the summer. His death was a mild shock to his friends and business acquaintances, and they had not suspected him of having a poetical streak. Mrs. Johnson, it was understood, was too distraught to face scenes of the origin of her short-lived happiness, and would travel quietly alone.

When next she reappeared in the record several years had elapsed and many miles covered. Miss Gillespie was living quietly as a retired school teacher, understood to be the possessor of a modest competency beyond her pension. None of her new friends was aware that she had ever abandoned her maiden name. Her neighbors of this period still remembered how assiduously Mr. Martin, real estate man, retired, had courted her, and spoke of the lovely autumnal quality of the romance. The marriage was quiet and was immediately followed by a little journey whose end Mr. Martin did not live to see. His final request was that his ashes be scattered over Wildfree Acres, a subdivision he had helped develop and which had dominated his conversation for years. The wish had to be ignored because of the residents' protests. What alternative disposition the bride made of the remains was not known. In absentia she sold her house and properties of Mr. Martin, and never returned to the spot where love had burgeoned so briefly.

It was three years after, when she was fifty-seven, that Miss Gillespie's course next emerged from limbo. She was moving in academic circles then, in a quiet university town. The theory of mutual friends was that Emeritus Professor Mathews, author of a monumental work entitled *The Flora and Fauna of the Yosemite Valley*, married her because of her adeptness at arranging his botanical notes for publication. It was sad that his death came untimely on their wedding trip before he could utilize her talents. His ashes were scattered by plane over the Yosemite Valley, where it is to be hoped that at least some of them fell on the flora and fauna. His bride was too shattered to return to the university town.

The deaths were too alike to be regarded as natural or accidental. The Company believed, once it had spotted Miss Gillespie as the common denominator, that, from the similarity of the courtships to the poetic if slightly monotonous dispositions of the last earthly remains, the melancholy sequence of events proclaimed itself as the work of one mind and that not God's.

The inquiry traced Miss Gillespie to her present home, in a town named LaFayette, and Mr. Rogers, trustworthy member of the investigation staff of the Claims department, was sent to LaFayette, although there seemed little chance of reopening the case.

HATS
Lariar

"Look, George, that's what we've been fighting for!"

Mr. Rogers arrived at LaFayette in the capacity of a manufacturer's representative. The first thing he did in his hotel room was to look into the telephone directory. There was her name, Marguerite Gillespie, Church Street.

There was no difficulty in locating her. The difficulty would be in the approach. He had to know her situation and her plans and win her confidence if he were going to uncover anything to break open those past murders. She would be keen. His first job was to establish himself as a legitimate, visiting businessman. So for a few days he talked hardware specialities up and down Main Street, used the Elks Club, and wrote letters publicly on his hardware company stationery.

She probably had a little capital. She would be greedy. Perhaps the best way would be to work into a business deal with her, if he could ease into it naturally. She owned her house. He found that out by talking real estate and the development of the town with the hotel proprietor. One of the few newcomers was Miss Gillespie. She was around sixty but spry, the landlord said, a mighty nice lady, mighty nice old maid. The town was bound to grow after they widened the state highway, the landlord said.

Mr. Rogers talked about the highway for awhile and then started back to his favorite chair, only to observe that it had been usurped by another man. His eyes met the stranger's for a second time, and he felt a distinct shock of recognition—and recognition not of person but of profession. Impossible for anyone in the game as long as he to mistake that air of deliberate aimlessness, those eyes that watched without staring. And yet, why should the home office have sent another detective to LaFayette?

For the man must represent Triumphant, their insurance company being the sole loser in the case. That had been checked automatically in the hope that other victims might contribute other facts. Mr. Rogers could only conclude that the home office was watching him. He was sore. When he turned at the door to glance back at his rival, and the man winked, his suspicions were confirmed. Scorning the overture, which seemed to invite a collaboration of which he wanted no part, he went to his hotel room where for a short time he brooded.

As its would-be purchaser, Mr. Rogers knocked at the door of the little colonial bungalow on Church Street, in the middle of the afternoon. His first sight of Marguerite Gillespie was his first surprise. Faded sweetness, eyes large and sad and a little humorous, were qualities omitted from his Medusa-like preconception of the fatal woman. Nor did he, on seeing her, expect a cordial response to the story of his passing and admiring the house.

In no time he sat in the parlor near a small table whose sole display was a large tome entitled *The Flora and Fauna of the Yosemite Valley*. Mr. Rogers had just been introduced to a silver-haired old gentleman with a gold watch chain, a fine profile and a slight stoop. This was Mr. Raymond; and all the detective's instincts warned him that he saw the man destined—would the woman never stop?—to be Miss Gillespie's next husband.

"You wouldn't be interested in selling your house?" Mr. Rogers hazarded. "It's a nervy thing to ask," he went on quickly, "but I'm sort of taken with the place. I thought you might—" he stopped. A transformation had taken place in Miss Gillespie. Her look of delight indicated that she regarded his coming as providential.

"Well," she said, her eyes shining, "I really don't know what to say. It hadn't crossed my mind to sell, but still—" She showed her pleasure as she turned to Mr. Raymond. "What do you think, Charles?"

Mr. Rogers' heart thumped. So the land lay that way already.

Mr. Raymond, from his chair, gave her a courteous little half bow and a gentle smile. "That I leave entirely to you, my dear. My one concern is your happiness, and as for material considerations—" he waved them away. To remove himself from the discussion he picked up *The Flora and Fauna of the Yosemite Valley* and began to turn the pages. A chill ran down Mr. Rogers' spine.

Miss Gillespie gave a smile that took in both her guests. Mr. Rogers felt swayed in his belief of what he knew. She looked so frail, frailer even than Mr. Raymond, more silvery yet than he. The detective was touched. It's Indian Summer, he thought.

"Mr. Raymond and I plan to be married," Miss Gillespie said simply, and Mr. Rogers came with a jolt to earth. "We don't know where we'll live. We're free to go where we like, and I think the climate in LaFayette is bad for Mr. Raymond."

The old man looked up and smiled roguishly. "There's but one reason I've stayed so long, and it would keep me here always. You know what it is."

Miss Gillespie flushed. Her eyes sparkled as if she had taken a strong drink. She smiled appealingly at Mr. Rogers, who grimaced mechanically back. The sinister had overcome the seemingly tender, and the detective's one concern was to save a deluded old man from murder most foul.

"You know," Miss Gillespie shyly confessed, "we haven't a plan. Nothing, that is, beyond a simple little wedding trip."

Mr. Rogers nodded. He understood perfectly. No need, of course, to plan anything beyond that. He said gruffly, "I'm sure I wish you every happiness. And about the house—I don't want to hurry you. I'll be at the Manor House for a few days, and you can get in touch with me there. Now in case you don't decide till after you've left town—." That would be too late, he thought. He must take some step before then. But what?

"In that case," Miss Gillespie said eagerly, "Burtons will be my agents. Burtons down on the Square. I bought the house through them, and have found them very pleasant." She sighed happily. "Very gentlemanly and obliging. I had expected," she continued ruminatively, "to spend the rest of my life in this little house. But now—" she smiled, and her glance rested for a moment on Mr. Raymond.

"But now," Mr. Rogers supplied mentally, "you have a chance you didn't expect for one last fling, and you can't turn it down." All he said was, "Thank you for your kindness, Miss Gillespie. And you know where to get in touch with me." He rose from his chair.

Mr. Raymond put down the book and advanced with cordially outstretched hand. The detective forced words of congratulation while Miss Gillespie blushed lightly. The old man glowed. With his fragility, his fine features and parchment-like skin and his happiness, he looked like eternal goodness; and Mr. Rogers pitied and resolved to save him.

"To some," declared Mr. Raymond, "it comes early, and to some never. To some it comes late, and perhaps they are the luckiest." He beamed fondly on his fiancée. "Now what was that French statement we ran across?"

"I've been giving him French

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ACE LAUNDRY
DRY CLEANER
McKAY

Latin Americans Are Different

While we are baffled by their political philosophy, these neighbors deplore our strange religions and racial prejudice

by JAMES PAUL STOAKES

▪ARTICLE▪

When the president of Nicaragua called upon his good friends, the prostitutes of Managua, to break up a political demonstration a few weeks ago, they jumped at the chance to show their loyalty. Pouring into the downtown streets they found hundreds of black-robed women—respectable mothers, wives, daughters—quietly parading in protest against the recent mass arrest of six hundred of "Tacho" Somoza's political opponents. Screaming, cursing, spitting, the trulls attacked the horrified women, finally dispersed them. The leader of the harlots, skinny, blue-eyed Nicolasa Sevilla, owner of a cut-rate brothel, was subsequently entertained at the presidential palace.

For eight years President Anastasio Somoza has made Nicaragua his racket. Cattlemen, gold-mine operators, those who deal in mahogany, cinchona bark, milk, hides, tallow, cement, liquor—all pay in devious ways for the privilege of staying in business. "Goddammit," says Somoza in his heavily-accented English, "I want to make sure that my family has enough to live on after I die."

President Somoza is only one of the more candid and ingenious members of the notorious Latin American club of dictators whose membership includes Carías Andino of Honduras, Vargas of Brazil, and, until recently, Martínez of Salvador and Ubico of Guatemala. Probationers of the same club at the moment are Guardia of Panama, Trujillo Molina of the Dominican Republic, Angarita of Venezuela, Morínigo of Paraguay and Farrell of Argentina.

Turnover among the probationers is high. In Peru, for example, after the deposition of Leguía in 1930, six presidents held office within the span of a few months. Five of them resigned, two after four days each; the sixth was assassinated. Cuba has had nine presidents since 1933, Bolivia eight since 1930, Venezuela three and Paraguay five since 1931.

Of the six nations in Central America only Costa Rica, with a population of about 700,000 people, can be described as democratic. Of these three island republics in the Caribbean and the ten South American republics, over half are dictatorships.

Few of the dictators exhibit as much resourcefulness as Somoza in maintaining their regime. Tradition favors using the army, or as much of it as can be kept loyal. In Salvador last April a rebellion broke out against the rule of President Maximiliano Hernández Martínez, who had himself seized office in 1931 at the cost of fifteen hundred lives. He suppressed it ruthlessly. Ten army leaders were court-martialed and shot within forty-eight hours, and fifteen civilian leaders were executed within a week.

But the next month the rebellious citizenry, resorting to ingenuity instead of force, called a national sit-down strike. Students stayed home from school, shops closed, transportation workers stopped working. The nation was paralyzed. For a few days Martínez temporized, then fled to Mexico.

In June a similar strike, which the Latins call *brazos caídos* ("arms down"), drove Jorge Ubico of Guatemala from office. Perhaps a new popular weapon for dealing with tyrants, even smart ones like Somoza, has been discovered.

Clearly the term "republic" applied to the Latin American nations tends to mislead us as to the actual character of political organization south of the Rio Grande. But it works the other way, too. South Americans tend to interpret our government in terms of their own system.

Last January an American businessman living in Brazil wrote to a friend in the United States severely criticizing certain policies of the Brazilian government. Brazil, the largest Latin American nation both in population and in area, is amiably disposed toward the United States and probably would not knowingly do anything to antagonize our State Department. However, when the Brazilian censors noted the contents of the American's letter, they reported the writer to their superiors. He was arrested, thrown into jail, and held for three days incommunicado. Word finally reached Mr. Jefferson Caffery, the American ambassador at the time. He at once protested, and the Brazilians released the American. But they were amazed at the protest. "Why," they said, "we didn't think you'd mind. The Democrats are in power in your country, and this man is a Republican."

Throwing a man into jail for belonging to the wrong political party is common practice in many Latin American "republics." Scattered through Central and South America are thousands of political prisoners. Living in exile are several deposed presidents and dozens of former government officials.

Even a relatively stable country like Colombia cannot avoid political disturbances. Colombia has not had a revolution for forty years. It has had one of the freest presses in Latin America. In 1934 it achieved the remarkable feat, unique in Latin America, of shifting from a Conservative to a Liberal administration without bloodshed. But President Alfonso López, now serving his second term after an interval of four years, twice has been impelled to resign and seen his offer refused by the Senate. In 1943 he took a leave of absence of several months, ostensibly to accompany his wife to the United States for medical treatment. He has, in other words, given not the slightest indication of trying to establish a dictatorship.

Nevertheless, last July, while witnessing a military review in the remote town of Pasto, he was seized by an ambitious little clique of rebellious army officers who held him for three days before despairing of their attempted rebellion. And this in spite of the fact that the citizens of Colombia have every reason for faith in the effectiveness of their democratic processes! The tradition of office seized and maintained by armed force dies hard in Latin America.

The Argentinian revolt which led to the present regime of President Edelmiro Farrell occurred in June, 1943. I happened to be in Bogotá at the time, and seized the opportunity of getting the Latin American reaction from Dr. Guillermo Hernández de Alba, a distinguished historian, author of a dozen books and frequent contributor to South American periodicals.

"There are two points you should bear in mind," Don Guillermo told me. "First, a revolution in a Latin American country does not usually mean a civil war. Often it is a mere *coup d'état* resulting in a change of administration at the top, but having little effect upon the course of events in the country as a whole—a substitution of Tweedledum for

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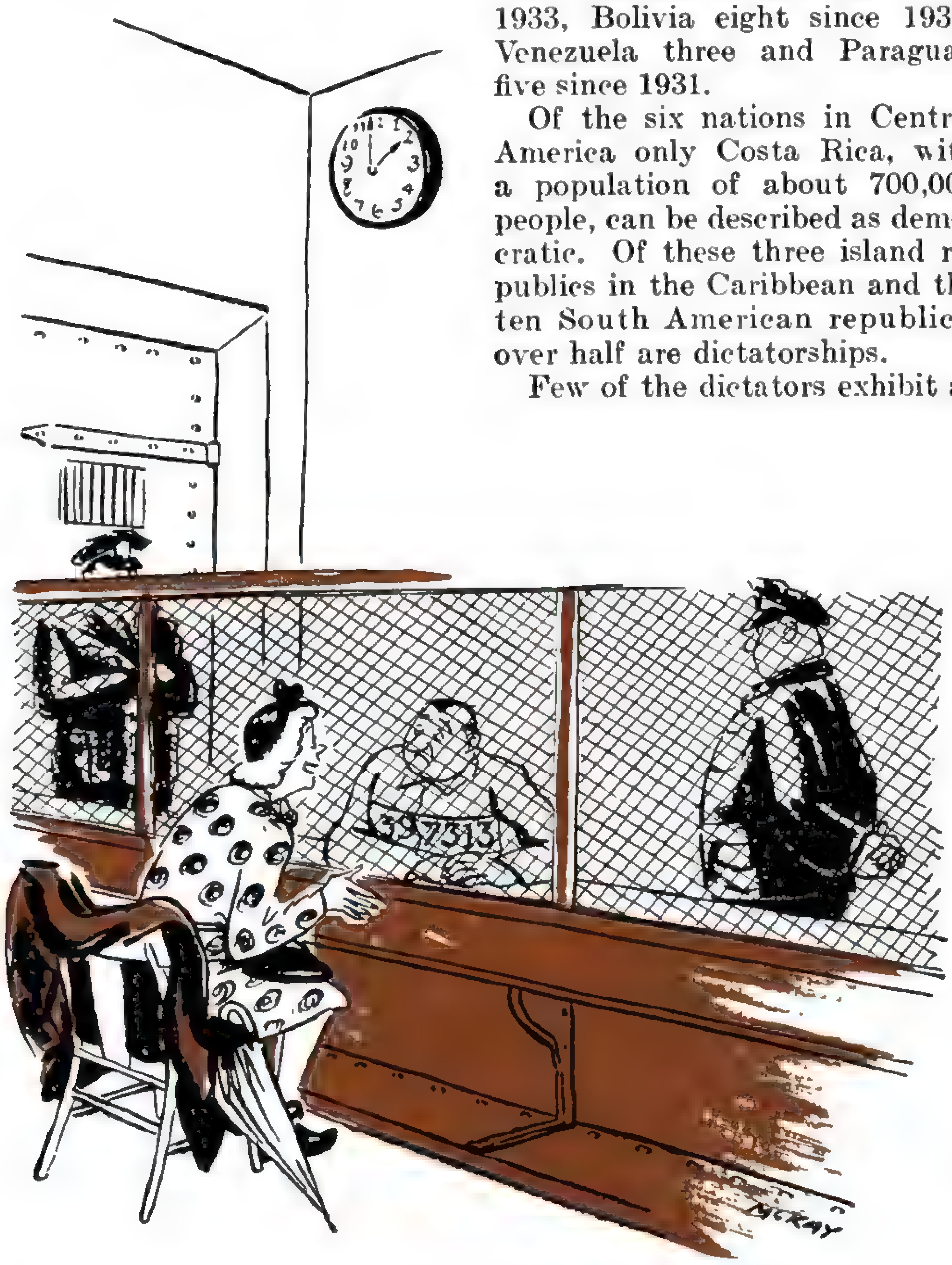
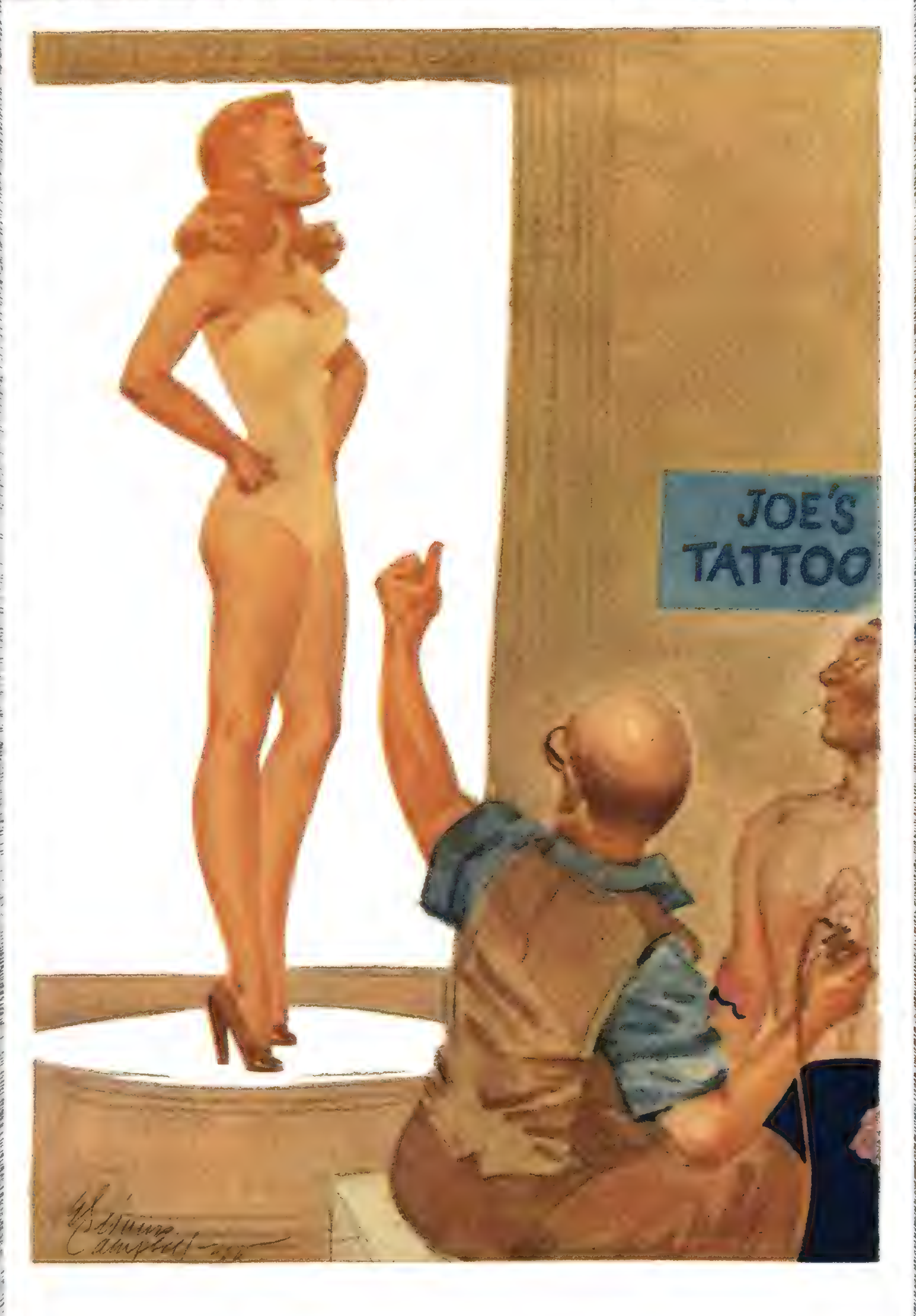


"I saw your rock garden and when you get home dear, I want one just like it"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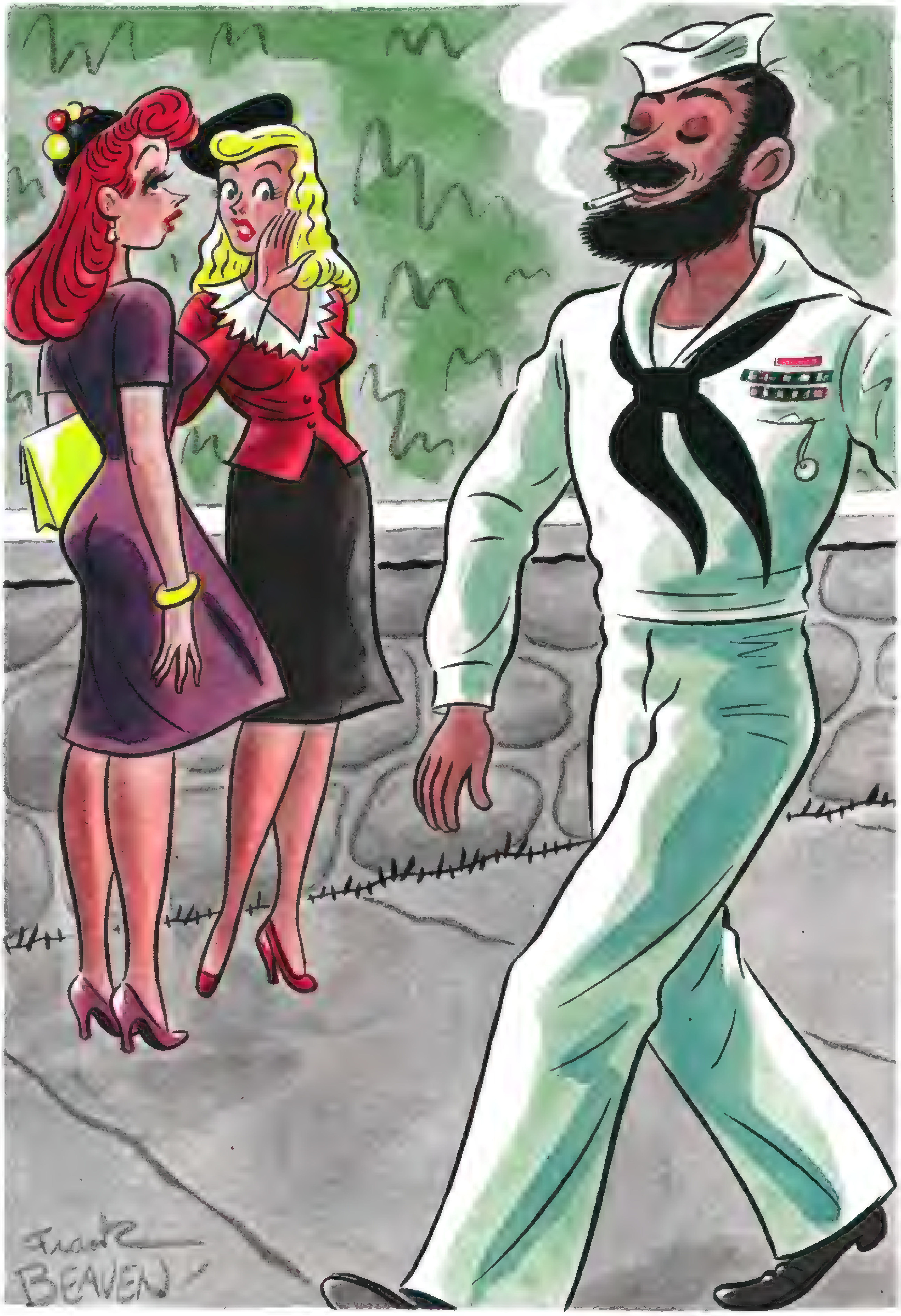
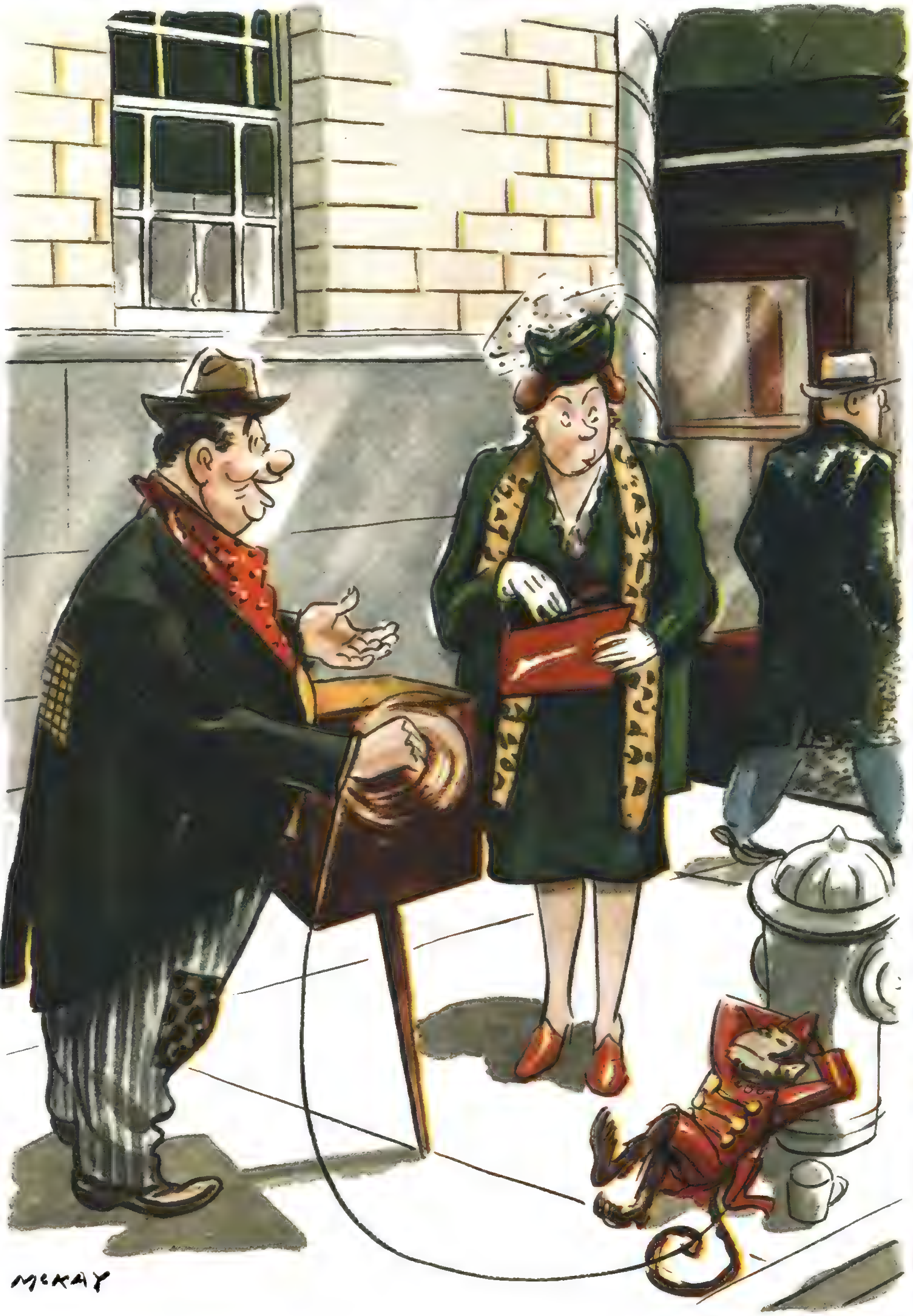

Frank BEAVEN

"They say he does very well kissing women who have never been kissed by a man with a beard"



"He's still on his lunch hour—but I'll take the nickel"

This Man's World

Of interviews past and current: young Rudyard Kipling's with Mark Twain, and your correspondent's with Frank Erne

by PAUL GALLICO

• OPINION •

Did you ever know that Rudyard Kipling once visited and interviewed Mark Twain and sat worshiping and trembling and twisting his hat in this presence?

I came across the fact in browsing through *From Sea to Sea*, a volume of travel essays and correspondence written by Kipling between 1887 and 1889, and the picture fascinated me. For these were veritable giants of modern literature, and it was the little British reporter and newspaperman, then a boy of twenty-three, who humbly sought out the great American, and paid his respects.

Kipling introduced his account of the visit as follows:

"You are a contemptible lot, over yonder. Some of you are Commissioners, and some Lieutenant-Governors, and some have the V.C., and a few are privileged to walk about the Mall arm in arm with the Viceroy; but *I* have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar—no, two cigars—with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed, I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downwards. To soothe your envy and to prove that I still regard you as my equals, I will tell you all about it."

It happened circa 1889 while Kipling was visiting the United States. He had already written *Soldiers Three, Plain Tales From the Hills* and *Under the Deodars*. From Buffalo, New York, he set forth upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of the man who had given the world *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

By good fortune, he was directed to Elmira, some two hundred miles from Buffalo. Kipling arrived there at midnight and the next morning engaged a hack and set out to find his hero.

And find him he did that sunny, midsummer afternoon, at the house of Clemens' brother-in-law. And there these two great men met and shook hands.

Kipling does not report his own greeting to Mark Twain, but we can guess at his words from his account of what Twain said. Kipling writes:

"Then things happened somewhat in this order. A big, darkened drawing room; a huge chair; a man with eyes, a mane of grizzled hair, a brown mustache covering a mouth as delicate as a woman's, a strong, square hand shaking mine, and the slowest, calmest, levelest voice in all the world saying:

" 'Well, you think you owe me something, and you've come to tell me so. That's what I call squaring a debt handsomely.' "

" 'Piff!' from a cob pipe [I always said that a Missouri meerschaum was the best smoking in the world] and, behold! Mark Twain had curled himself up in the big armchair, and I was smoking reverently, as befits one in the presence of his superior."

And I see Rudyard Kipling as Mark Twain must have seen him, young, eager, his eyes shining with excitement behind his steel-rimmed spectacles, his face red both from embarrassment and the burning suns of India, his stocky figure clad in a tight-fitting suit, a bowler hat twisting and turning in his fingers as he introduced himself to the famous author and mumbled the words with which he was trying to tell the Great Man of the debt he felt he owed him for the great joy he had taken from his writing.

And Kipling was still to write *The Jungle Books* and *The Light That Failed, Captains Courageous, Kim* and *Barrack Room Ballads*.

Mark Twain may or may not have heard of the young man who was assistant editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, and the *Pioneer*, two publications in far-off India, and who had written some short stories about three British soldiers named Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd. But it was flattering to have a boy come fourteen thousand miles to see him, and he must have said: "Come in, come in. Have a seegar!"

And Kipling went in and sat on the edge of a chair and pulled on the gift stogie and basked in what was up to then the greatest moment of his life, and used his observant eyes and his wonderful ears as he never had before, for later he wrote about that moment:

"The thing that struck me first was that he was an elderly man; yet, after a minute's thought, I perceived that it was otherwise, and in five minutes, the eyes looking at me, I saw that the grey hair was an accident of the most trivial. He was quite young. I was shaking his hand. I was smoking his cigar, and I was hearing him talk—this man I had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away.

"Reading his books, I had striven to get an idea of his personality, and all my preconceived notions were wrong and beneath the reality. Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion when he is brought face to face with a revered writer."

Why does the discovery of this meeting so enchant me? Perhaps because I so love and admire them both and shall have to wait for the Hereafter to tell them so. When I was a boy, I hero-worshiped Mark Twain. And when I grew older, I hero-worshiped Rudyard Kipling. And reading the lines that Kipling wrote about Twain, a half a century ago [Mark Twain was then fifty-three] I fall in love anew with both my heroes and sneak into the darkened drawing room where they sit smoking, and gaze with awe and affection upon these two who were honest men and divine artists.

What a unique meeting, for they were both in their way frontiersmen of two great and growing empires, poets of expansion and, withal, simple men.

I watch Sam Clemens striding about the room, permitting himself the gentle human indulgence of playing Great Author to this worshiping neophyte from faraway India, savoring the flattery, but surely savoring too with understanding and intuition the power of the bespectacled youngster with the keen eyes and brown military mustache that vied with his own ferocious Western handlebars, and who sat so nervously in his presence. For they talked for two hours, and Mark Twain must have been interested.

And I see Kipling, his greatest songs yet unsung, soaking up the warmth of this man whose mind and skill had so touched him as he had touched millions upon millions of others, hoping somehow by this human contact with greatness to delve into a secret that was already his.

This boy knew how to hero-worship, to let himself go in fulsome admiration, and for that I admire and envy him too. For this is what the little Englishman said of the big, tawny American:

"He spoke always through his eyes, a light under the heavy eyebrows; anon crossing the room with a step as light as a girl's, to show me some book or other; then resuming his walk up and down the room, puffing at the cob pipe. I would have given much for nerve to demand the gift of that pipe—value, five cents when new. I understood why certain savage

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◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Norma Richter

Cheek to cheek with a pink satin future, Norma gets that way by right of her particularly bonny beauty and a heaven-sent ability to "fall into" a pose—which photographers will tell you is something you have to be born with.

Norma has been falling into chic postures for the past year in high-fashion clothes, but vigorously denies she is sophisticated. She's crazy about sports, especially swimming, tennis, golf and riding. As a matter of fact, her first modeling job was outdoorsy. She had told the photographer she was from Sheepshead Bay. "Can you row a boat?" he asked. She assured him she could. "Okay. We'll use you for the water shot—and bring an oar. We haven't been able to find one." She brought it.

Norma really is from Sheepshead Bay—Brooklyn to you—and has learned to stand up under the teasing that Brooklynites endure. She admits to the characteristic accent, says it "sneaks out" if she isn't careful. She's never read the book about the tree, but hopes to some time. She really likes Brooklyn, and not because she hasn't seen anything else. She's traveled all over the United States and Canada with her family, and was in Australia in 1939. Many Australian fliers and soldiers look her up, and she can't remember how many personal tours she's conducted to the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building.

What she likes best to do on an evening out: "Just *dance*." What she likes best to do in her spare time: "Just *sit*."

Miss Richter on Men: "A girl wants a man to think faster, move faster and act more forcefully than she can. The day of the caveman hero is gone, thank goodness, but still . . . the minute you let a girl know she's boss, you've lost her respect and *her*. But don't be too possessive. Affection in private . . . yes, indeed! In public, relax that jealous ownership. You won't stand for it from a girl. Why should she like it any better?"

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Height:* 5'9"; *Weight:* 122 lbs; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 24"; *Hips:* 34"; *Age:* 21; *Type:* Blonde Willow.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAL REIFF

Return to Pleasant Waters

A man yearns to find boyhood haunts unchanged: the cool, muddy creek, the hill fragrant with wild strawberries

by PAUL STRAHL

• FICTION •

"HERE it is Thursday, and you haven't taken us to Fisher's Farm *yet*." Paul and Tom stood before me, a defiant committee of the whole, ready for a showdown.

The problem required tactful maneuvers. Telling the boys about my boyhood, before the family fireplace on dull winter evenings, is pleasant relaxation; but reliving the scenes with them on hot summer days is a task fraught with dangerous probabilities.

My counter proposal, a fishing trip to the bayous along the Wabash, was voted down unanimously, as was a suggestion that we visit the new oil wells over near Griffin.

Tom, the six-year-old psychologist, clinched the victory. "Dad was only practicing on us." He was addressing his brother. I no longer existed for him. "The stories about the fun he had at Fisher's Farm were what he wanted to write in his old novel. It's just like the time he told mom a big yarn about winning a lot of money on the horses to see how she'd take it. Boy, was she mad!"

Thirty minutes later we were walking through the heavy dust of the old country road that led out to Fisher's Farm. The farther we walked, the more nervously anxious I became. The old farm undoubtedly had changed. The boys would be disappointed. I was asking too much of nature. Time erases scenes. But here we were, coming out of the cut in the hill. In a moment the house should appear above the yellow clay crest.

I felt a lift of elation. There was the old log house, windows crisp-white curtained and a thin, white line of smoke rising from the summer-kitchen chimney. I half expected Grandma Douglas to appear at the front door as we approached. The old well was there with its overhead pulley and chain and the wooden bucket swinging free just beneath the pulley.

"May we draw a pailful, Dad?" The boys were intrigued. Away they romped at my nod.

Even the gourd hung by a spike driven into a log near the back door. As I reached for the cup a man appeared in the doorway.

"Hi, there, Sluefoot," he said, laughing. The sound of his words brought George Forney at once to mind. No one except George could have said "Sluefoot" in that derisory, tantalizing tone. It was the way he had said it when we fought battle after battle all over these hills.

George had always been mean to me. When we would meet, as I was returning from Aunt Minnie's with the quart of evening's milk, he would twist my arms until the lid would drop from the tin pail. When the brick sidewalk and my clothes were all spattered white, he would run down the street, laughing and calling me "Sluefoot." George lived over in what the folks called the "New Edition." I couldn't see anything new about it, but dad said a few new houses had gone up there when he was a young man. The name stuck longer than the fresh paint because all the houses had been weather-beaten ever since I could remember.

An old, rutty, dirt road angled off to the left after you passed the last house of the New Edition and this road ran out to Fisher's Farm. Fisher's Farm was the most wonderful place in the world for a ten-year-old. It wasn't really much of a farm. It had an old broken-down stable that housed two Jersey cows and a black, short-legged, thick-necked bull that we all called "Grouchy." It had an old log house where Grandpa and Grandma Douglas lived. Grandma Douglas would always have some cookies flavored with sweet anise. She'd be sitting on a little platform that she called the front porch. I could hear her rocking chair squeaking while I climbed the red-clay-walled cut that led up to the house. She would take her clay pipe by the stem and hold it in her mouth for a few puffs to get it going good; then she'd give it to me to hold and disappear into the house for a handful of cookies.

But it wasn't only for the cookies that I went to the Fisher's Farm. In the spring, the south slope of the hill just back of the pear orchard was fluttering green with wild strawberries. "We've been lookin' for you," Grandma Douglas would say, "The strawberries is turnin' red." I'd go back to the well-curb and let the bucket down for a cold drink to wet the cookies in. The water made the anise sweeter. Then I'd go back and fill my stomach with wild strawberries. That was a banquet that a boy could enjoy—a banquet of the spring—down on his knees in the sandy clay, searching for the berries, reddest where exposed to the sun, but with a spot of white at the bottom to give a wild, green, tangy taste.

LOST & FOUND
McKAY

"Have you seen anything of an hysterical mother?"

Sometimes George would sneak through the orchard and come tearing down on me. I'd barely get to my feet before he would catch me with a flying leap. Because of my bad foot I couldn't outrun him. He'd roll me down the hill, then he'd sit on my back and hit me over the head with a stick and make me eat dirt.

There were lots of blackberries and dewberries in the orchard. When blackberryin' time came, Dad would send the girls with me because if I went alone George would spill my berries and walk on them.

The most fun I had at Fisher's Farm was swimmin' in the creek. The land sloped down from the orchard, through a field of tangled briars and hazelnut bushes, with deep yellow gashes where heavy spring rains washed dirt to the creek. A good path led to the swimmin' hole. We called it "Fisher's Hole." George wouldn't start anything at Fisher's Hole because older boys were always there. He was the kind of guy that was a good fellow when older boys were around. He would even be nice to me. One day he asked me to help him make a slickery-slide in the clay bank. I'd stand belly deep in the creek and throw water up to him with cupped hands while he rubbed the clay slick and pulled roots and sticks out of the mud. He showed me how to dab handfuls of mud on the cheeks of my rump and pointed out a sharp stone in the edge of the slide that it would be best to avoid. Sometimes we'd go down alone and sometimes we'd go together—

George in front and I in the rear, with my legs wrapped around his body. We'd hit the water with a big splash, swim around a bit, then climb up for another slide.

I never saw George much in midsummer. Dog days came and Dad wouldn't let me go to the creek, but wheat harvest was in full swing and I kept busy following along behind Mr. Hunter's binder and catching young rabbits as they ran out of the narrowing strips of unmown wheat. Mother fried them in country butter. They tasted sweet and tender. Then threshin' time would come and I'd have to get out at four o'clock in the morning. I would drive the team while Arlie, Mr. Hunter's hired man, would load bundles.

Arlie was smart. He would keep his eye on the sun so that he could manage to be driving in with a load of bundles about half an hour before dinner. That way we'd have her unloaded into the thresher and be washed up for the first table. There'd usually be some banter from the women folks about me bein' pretty young for a threshin' hand, but Arlie would brag on me and the women would break their necks to wait on me. You never saw so much fried chicken and sliced cold ham and creamed new potatoes and buttered peas. Each man got a pie: gooseberry or blackberry. I took gooseberry only once. It was at Elmer Smith's. The next day I didn't thresh. We'd get through the company in about ten days and I'd add about that many pounds to my skinny frame.

It was coming home from Hunter's one evening that George gave me the worst beating I ever had. There was only one street back of our house, between town and Hunter's farm. I'd walk along this street until I came to Aunt Haley's cow pasture; then it was only a few steps to our horse-lot fence.

I was walking along the back street that evening, watching the thin dust shoot up between my toes every time my foot would plop into the wagon track. I was interested in the dust. Many clean-wheat wagons, going to the elevator with their loads, had made the dust light and powdery. I was so engrossed in the dust that I did not know George was close until I heard him running only a few steps behind me. I threw my body to one side just in time to avoid his headlong rush, then ran with everything I had, but he caught me just before I got to the hole in the pasture fence. We rolled over two or three times in the deep bluegrass that grew along the sides of the roads everywhere. By accident my right hand fell on a heavy, short chunk of wood. As I rolled over on my back I heaved the missile at George's head. It struck him squarely and hard. The blow stunned him. I scrambled to my feet and made for the hole in the fence, but he came to just in time to grasp my foot. We both scuffled for the club, but he got it. I fought and kicked with all my might. He finally got a double hammer lock on me and I was done for. He'd hit me over the back of the head and yell, out of the corner of his mouth, "Take another one, Sluefoot." Then he'd laugh and turn my head to one side and spit tobacco juice into the corner of my eye. After a few such blows my head throbbed in terrible pain. The last thing I remembered was the pain and the burning in my eyes from the tobacco juice and the mocking, stinging "Sluefoot."

When I awakened, I was lying on the couch in the living room. Mother was bathing my head with cold water. Pretty soon Doc John came; he ordered me put to bed. Mother was taking on something awful about what ought to be done to "that rapscallion." Dad tried to shut her up by saying that he would talk to George's dad. Then she told him what to tell George's dad. The doctor finally sent her to the kitchen to heat some water. The coal-oil stove was a slow heater, and there was no one in the kitchen to listen, so she was quieted down some before she returned.

It was almost time for school to start before I was able to leave the house again. I wanted to go out to Fisher's Farm to get some of Grandma Douglas' cookies, but I was afraid to go near George's house. When the autumn wore along, I began almost to taste the ripe, brown, juicy pears that I knew were hanging thick all over Fisher's orchard. I'd seen them while going to the swimmin' hole.

On Saturday morning I kidded myself into believing I wasn't afraid of George and headed for the orchard. When I got even with his house, he came out of the front door. I started to run. "Sluefoot!"

"Hey, wait!" he called. "Sluefoot, wait!"

I kept running.

"I won't hurt you, Sluefoot, wait!"

The way he said "Sluefoot" now sounded a lot different from the

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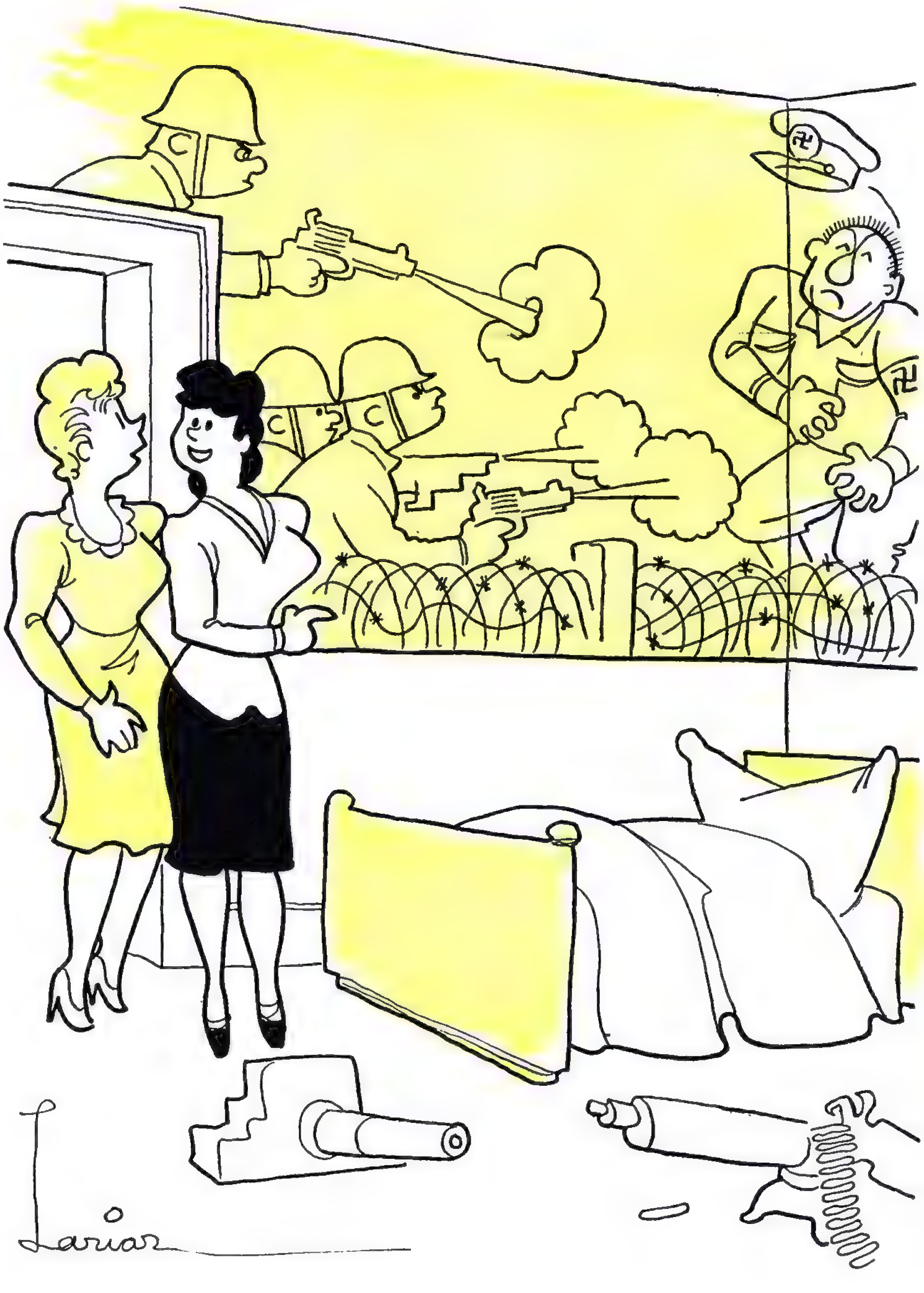

"We wanted bunnies, but Junior had the last word"

The Wild Buckskin Stallion

Arab was range-wise and beautiful to watch and, though small, he beat every horse that challenged his supremacy

by JACK TOOKER

• SPORTS •

THE wild horses of southwestern United States were originally of Arabian stock introduced by the Spaniards about four hundred years ago. In some cases they retained their original characteristics, but the majority of them became inbred and stunted, with short mane and tail. We called them broomtails. But in every case they retained that almost unbelievable sturdiness of the original stock. They can do more work, go farther on less food and water than any horse in America today, which is rather unfortunate testimony in the cause of good breeding.

In the open country it sometimes requires a small herd of domestic saddle horses to capture one wild horse. Sometimes several fine saddle animals are ruined for life during a wild-horse chase, and after the wild horse is caught he is found to be a "runt" of no value to man, but of considerable value to himself in preserving life as nature intended he should. The best method of capturing wild horses is to trap them at their watering places. Then, those of value may be taken for domestication and the rest liberated or shot if they are in such numbers as to be a menace to the range.

The wild buckskin stallion of Paccatch Mountain, whom I always called "Arab" in a spirit of admiration, was a small animal, weighing not more than eight hundred pounds. He was range-wise beyond credence, and swift as the wind, the most savage piece of horse flesh in Northern Arizona. I was a member of many a doughty band of riders during the years that Arab was a prize for a cowpuncher to dream about. We sometimes had as many as twelve of the best and fastest horses that could be secured in a day when they bred real cow ponies. When one horse tired, another would take his place, until all were run down. And Arab would still be comparatively fresh and running strong. The same stamina is true of most wild horses; however, usually after a day of hard running, their feet wear down to the quick and they go lame, when they can be easily captured. But the buckskin stallion had round hoofs like a burro's, hard as flint, and they never went bad on him. We cornered him in boxed canyons, on mesas edged with high cliffs, where it seemed impossible for even a goat or mountain sheep to escape, but that little horse always used some trick to elude us and render our efforts worse than futile.

A horse is one of God's best gifts to man, and I believe he is first in point of service, and second only to the dog in unselfishness and faithfulness. As for intelligence and cunning, the horse is easily equal to the dog. Speed alone could never have saved Arab from capture, but he had everything else including brains. For one thing, his choice of company was incredibly cunning. He never tolerated any horse in his herd except a buckskin, and he would go miles to steal a domestic animal—mare—of that color. It may have been vanity that he always picked on buckskins, but more probably it was to deceive his enemies, for it was not easy to pick him out of a herd of buckskins. In capturing these mares for his herd, fences meant nothing. Under cover of night, he would jump a fence, round up a herd, drive them before him with his terrifying teeth and practiced hoofs. His screams and furious attacks almost invariably stampeded the herd, and they would run blindly into the fence, tearing it down with the weight of numbers. Then Arab would cut out the mare he wanted and drive her to his herd. Such mares were seldom recaptured and when they were, Arab would watch his chance and claim them again. He was worse than an outlaw, having never known any law but his own, and we were convinced that nothing short of a bullet would ever stop him. Of course he could have been shot, but cowmen admire a brainy, fast horse and nobody had the heart to kill Arab.

The buckskin's range was southwest of Ash Fork, on the open meadows, the plains and in the cedar brakes between the mountains just south of the Santa Fe Railroad. Antelope ranged here, too, and were often seen by passengers from car windows. Heavy snows fall in the high country above the desert, and it was a well-known fact among the cowmen that nothing was ever seen of Arab and his herd after the first snowfall. They always vanished utterly and were not seen again until the thaws in the spring.

"Boney" Smith, so-called because of his angular silhouette, owned most of the land where Arab and his herd ranged, and several times he had lost mares to the tawny swain. I once asked Smith where he thought the buckskin herd went in winter.

"Danged if I know," he replied. "Guess they must just hole up like bears do until cold weather is over."

One winter, when lions were bad in that section, I undertook the job of killing them off, or at least thinning them out. Often when the dogs were resting after a hard chase, I went deer and antelope hunting to secure meat for myself and the dogs. In that way I saw pretty much of that range country, and while I always looked for Arab and his herd, I never saw a sign of them.

Flat-topped Paccatch Mountain was about halfway between Ash Fork and Seligman and several miles off my regular hunting grounds. One day, when I had time to spare, I conceived the idea of climbing that mountain, as its ruggedness promised a haven for lion. It had been a volcano ages before, as were many mountains in Northern Arizona. The peak was steep-sided, covered with huge lava boulders, loose cinders and areas of lava which had cooled so quickly as to leave sharp edges that made the ascent painful. There was no use trying to ride up that wall, so I tied my horse and made the climb on foot. No white man with whom I had ever talked had explored the mountain, and everyone, including myself, thought it was flat on top as it appeared to be at a distance.

Imagine my surprise when I reached the upper edge to find that I was standing on the rim of a huge basin. I was struck with the unreality of this undreamed of pit in the top of Paccatch Mountain, for it was entirely devoid of snow which covered the plains below. And further, though I scarcely could believe my eyes, there was rich green grass growing everywhere and thriving vegetation found only at warmer altitudes in Arizona. I stood as one in a dream before I was conscious of objects moving before me in the distance. At first I thought they were deer feeding, but soon discovered my mistake. There before me, in placid contentment, grazed the vanished buckskin stallion and his herd. Twenty-six mares and several colts, in grass a foot high. They did not see me and the wind was blowing from them, so they could not get my scent. I finally located Arab on a high

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of June Vincent

SHE was born blonde and ambitious. She's from Boston and her real name is Dorothy June Smith. Her papa is a preacher, and she doesn't smoke or drink. She's shy, speaks gently and dresses inconspicuously. But put her in front of a sound camera and things happen. Her voice takes on volume and authority. She is convincing as a rough-talking, hard-drinking, waspish lady flier, or as an elegant opera singer. Hers is a dual personality. Hurrell presents this Kodachrome of June Vincent and calls it *Portrait of an Actress and Her Sister-self*. June knows what she wants and is getting it. At nine she knew that she wanted to be an actress. So she wrote her own play, just the vehicle for her talents. During her teens she fanned the footlight fever by playing in summer stock and by intensive dramatic lessons. Broadway was her next objective. So she landed on Broadway. The turning point of her dramatic life, was *The Family*. It was in this that a Hollywood talent scout saw her. *The Family's* loss was Universal Studio's gain. She is now signed at Universal and has just finished an important part in Abbott and Costello's *Here Come the Co-Eds*. "I'd never played comedy on the screen," says June, "and so I thought co-eding with Lou Costello would be an education in humor." It was, and now June wants to be a comedienne . . . so the chances are she will. However, if she keeps on getting assigned to heavy parts, she'll not be disappointed. Miss Vincent's philosophy does not allow for disappointments. She just doesn't believe in disappointment, and she has never known a low period in her life. Although she's a minister's daughter, she doesn't always adhere strictly to the truth. Once, when she was put off a plane and desperate to get to her destination, she didn't undeceive a TWA executive whose name was Vincent . . . he thought they were cousins. She was married a year ago to Ensign William Sterling . . . he's a flier. He flew 3,000 miles to ask papa Smith for his little girl's hand. While he's in the Navy, she's intent on her career. June is fragile looking, with a whim of iron.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Anton Bruehl

The Prince of Pitchmen

Recounting some adventures of Jack Murray who is, by his own admission, the great supersalesman of all time

by DON CARLE GILLETTE

• ARTICLE •

A BUNCH of old-time pitchmen, driven temporarily into war plant work by a lack of gadgets to peddle, were cutting up jackpots in the lobby of a Buffalo hotel not long ago.

The talk worked its way around to the aces of the fraternity and lingered on New England Jack Murray, widely hailed as the most versatile, talented and erudite sheet writer (subscription salesman) in the game. Jack has been hailed for other things, too, but that comes later.

"New England Jack Murray," observed one admirer, "is the Orson Welles of pitchdom."

"You mean," corrected another veteran with the easy hyperbole of his profession, "that Orson Welles is the New England Jack Murray of radio."

At least where showmanship is concerned, Murray is easily the peer of Welles. Whereas Orson dazzled his movie fans by racking through the windy moors of the *Jane Eyre* set on a large horse and wearing a long black cloak, Jack once jolted the people of Massachusetts by hiking through that state leading his Mexican burro, Jill, by what looked like a rope of pearls. Around his shoulders was draped a gold and jewel-studded blanket and under the blanket was his jimswinger coat, lined with paper money of the United States, Europe, Mexico and the Confederate States of America. Jill stepped along daintily carrying a banner which read:

> The sun is my beacon while
> I stride,
> And the stars I use as a lantern
> guide.

If Murray is less widely known than Orson Welles, it is due chiefly to the great differences in their media of expression. Orson has the advantage of radio, screen and stage. Jack is confined to the audience within personal sight and sound, plus readers of his occasional contributions to the *Pipes for Pitchmen* column of *The Billboard*, the fraternity's meeting place, idea exchange and safety valve.

A few years back, when claims and counterclaims over the pitchmen championship were profuse, a snide rumor got around that Jack Murray achieved his sales records by using a stooge. It was charged that on all his canvassing rounds the chief claimant to the salesmanship crown was preceded by an advance agent with a line of signs reading: "NO PEDDLERS ALLOWED."

On the sidewalk in front of every house where the alleged agent made a sale, or where he noted such a sign already posted, he was supposed to make a red chalk mark, so that when Jack came along he would not waste any of his expensive time on these unproductive prospects. In that way, Jack was able to hit his high percentage and volume of sales.

So the story went. But here is an eyewitness report, corroborated by Jack himself, on how he overcomes such manifest resistance.

One beautiful spring morning Jack was canvassing house-to-house in Massachusetts with his line of assorted publications. As he stepped with his gentlemanly tread upon a front piazza of a corner house, he was confronted by a sign reading:

"Notice to Agents, Salesmen and Peddlers: the occupant of this house does not want any of the following articles: magazines, brushes, hosiery, toilet goods, underwear, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, furniture polish, fly killers, bug powder, radios, ladders, life insurance, or anything else. If you have anything to sell, do not ring this bell."

A sign like that aroused Jack as a gamy trout would a fly caster. It stirred his curiosity and stiffened his determination.

Looking about judiciously, Jack saw a beautifully landscaped lawn, twenty young fruit trees not over four years old, thirty hens in a coop, a tidy two-car garage, and the name on the front door plate, C. H. Cameron.

Attacking this garrison from the rear, Jack rapped loudly and with authority. A comely woman answered the call.

Said Jack, "Good morning, Mrs. Cameron. I am John J. Murray, the tree man from Rochester. I called to inspect your fruit trees. The Japanese cucubola worm, an insect that destroyed millions of trees in the United Kingdom, has invaded this country and I have been sent to check up and see if it has got around here yet."

Said the lady, warmly, "I'm glad you called, Mr. Murray. I have a Maidenblush apple tree over here that is already half dead. Can you tell me what is killing it?"

The subscription-selling champ tenderly examined the poor little apple tree. After reflection he said:

"Madam, here is the trouble. The Pennsylvania vole or common field mice have torn into its heart. But it is not too late to save the tree. You are fortunate that I got here in time."

Jack then prescribed the proper treatment for the ailing tree, made a brief address on trees and flowers and how to rid them of vermin—and sold her a three-year subscription to a garden magazine!

Jack says he does not have to bother with the hard-shelled trade if he doesn't want to, because he has no trouble finding plenty of people who are eager to buy. But he likes to tackle one of these defensive prospects every now and then just to see if the old fight is still here.

He enjoys meeting the introverts who put out such defiant signs, and letting them be enriched by a brief contact with the world's greatest salesman, as he unblushingly calls himself.

John J. Murray claims Rochester, New York, as his birthplace. He scoffs at unlucky numbers, pointing out that two of the greatest men the world has ever seen were born on April 13. Thomas Jefferson was the other one.

At seven, Jack started his selling career by peddling flypaper from door-to-door. At sixty-four he is still selling paper, though not that kind. He can write his name with either hand, and with his left hand he can write his name backward. While thus engaged he also answers questions.

In reading matter, he passes up light fiction but is a keen student of literature about Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Archimedes, Moses, Aristotle, Alexander the Great and Socrates.

And Jack finds that he compares quite favorably with the characters he reads about.

"Socrates was the smartest man of his day," he concedes, "but I can whirl him around on the top of an English walnut when it comes to selling subscriptions.

In 1928, Jack set the all-time one-man record on subscriptions by making 1,132 sales in a single month. Shortly before that, during a special week in Boston, he sold 716 subscriptions at $3.85 each in a space of seven days.

Several years ago, in Rumford, Maine, Jack ran into S. S. Willix, a well-known New Hampshire sheet writer who had heard a lot about Murray and was inclined to doubt much of what he had

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◆ **THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN**

Easy on the eyes and ears

OPPOSITE, five somethings to sing about—who also sing in Edwin Lester's production of the operetta, *Song of Norway*, based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg. The show, which curtsied on the West Coast, set up shop on Broadway last fall and has more than held its own among the sky-rocketing hits. Besides the strong, thrilling themes of the familiar Grieg music, theatregoers welcomed a first-class operetta production in which cast and costumes didn't have the musty air of being dug out of warehouse trunks.

Standing is Helena Bliss, who sings the role of Edvard's childhood sweetheart. As his wife, she waits patiently while he whirls through sophisticated circles of European society and at last comes home to peace and the music of his native mountains and fjords.

The comely ladies of the singing chorus are: left, Mary Bradley, age twenty-one, from Los Angeles, who admits her long braids are attached with hairpins; rear center, Mary Walker, twenty-three, also from the City of Angels; rear right, Kaye Connor, nineteen, from Vancouver, Canada, who can make a violin sing; and rear above, the only real Norwegian in the show—Karen Lund from Hartford, Wisconsin, twenty-one, and very popular with the cast because of her Scandinavian skills of massage and coffee-brewing.

Miss Bliss is proof that we can grow a superlative variety of operatic singer right here at home. Born in St. Louis, she tossed aside her school books when she was a freshman at Washington University, for concentrated musical studies in New York. She had experience in two Broadway musical comedies, when she was signed by the Philadelphia Opera Company. After this, she returned in triumph to her home town for a summer with the famed "Munie Opera."

A lyric soprano, with a voice that flutes through three octaves, Miss Bliss is proficient in French, German and Italian; also on a golf course and tennis court, and in the kitchen. And when the big, brown eyes of a horse look into her big, brown eyes, the horse backs down, for she's won a proud string of blue ribbons for her horsemanship.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

The Odyssey of Old Specs

No animal lives more dangerously nor takes more punishment than a coon, and Specs grew to be a credit to his kind

by PAUL ANNIXTER

• FICTION •

It was mid-March, too early by a matter of weeks to be abroad, and the young raccoon was most unhappy; lean and cold and brittle of fur. Not another coon was stirring throughout the entire length of Big Tamarack swamp. He knew. He had wandered half the day, and a thankless business it was in a birdless, frogless world.

He sat on a log surveying the immemorial silence and loneliness of the swamp woods. Like all his kind and his kind are all bandits after their fashion, he was masked with a band of black circling each bright, canny eye and running back to the ears. But the young coon's mask was a good shade blacker than usual with a distinct bar crossing the nose like a pair of huge spectacles, setting off the silvery fur above and below. It was this that later gave him the name by which he was known in the district.

Young Specs didn't know what had got him out of his hollow tree so early, but he did know that he was strangely metamorphosed. He had gone to sleep a little over two months before as a mere stripling, and had slept himself, so to speak, into man's estate. Like a good many of us who are not coons, that transformation was not a little disquieting. He had grown more than an inch over all, while he slept. Even his feet had grown and he had taken on girth; his delicate catlike whiskers were longer and more luxuriant and his chief pride, his black-and-white ringed tail, had become a very plume of vanity. He had even achieved something in the way of long pants, the thick fur on his short legs having developed into heavy chaps that reached almost to his black feet. Result: he was in love, in love with a raccooness he had never even seen.

It was a strange and wonderful sensation. It made him feel, in spite of his loneliness, that the world was his oyster, though how to open the thing was a mystery. Natural knowledge, however, that evanescent sixth sense that flickers on in the wiser among us when the other five are at fault, told him what to do about it. He trekked.

It was not until the fourth day, however, that he encountered another coon, a grizzled old bandit, abroad early out of sheer cantankerousness. Young Specs hurried forward eagerly. He wanted to join up with the old fellow, but the other warned him off with a long, hard look and a growl. Specs growled too, and the sound of it left him with another bit of self-knowledge. Even his voice had changed.

Specs felt his youth terribly. He was not to be spurned, however. Here was one of his own kind, not the answer to his dreams, yet grunt, growl and whisker an exact copy of himself. He fell in behind, content to dog the other's footsteps, sensing the promise of adventure, romance and full, crowding life in store.

He was right. The old one was the goods, an experienced coon-about-swamp, and no better mentor could have been found. He covered the swamp in a great five-mile circle, and in four hours Young Specs learned more than he had in all the rest of his life. He had foolishly believed the winter woods devoid of food. But the old coon knew a dozen handy wrinkles. He visited every dead tree in the swamp, prying into all their crannies for grubs. In one of these he rammed an arm in to the shoulder and rifled a squirrel's nest of its sleepy young.

On the edge of the swamp he tarried a long time on a bank that was honeycombed with wood-mouse runways. Here a fellow had only to sit and wait until dinner ran into his paws. Young Specs, a dozen feet away, began to do a bit of mousing on his own. Suddenly the old coon was on him, tooth and claw, before he had time to throw himself on his back. He was bitten and mauled and driven whining into the thickets.

Next day he was hanging about waiting when the old one appeared. He followed again at a safe distance and that day his education reached its climax. The old boar stole by circuitous ways to a lonely backwoods farm. Time and again he turned and threatened the youngster with mayhem and worse, but Specs could not have turned back if he would. He had been born to take part in just such forays as this; it was his heritage and he knew it with every drop of blood within him. He knew the danger that threatened, yet he followed even closer as the old one slipped beneath the rail fence. He heard subdued squawks from a henhouse later, and then the roar of a dog, and it was as if he had done this thing by himself a dozen times before.

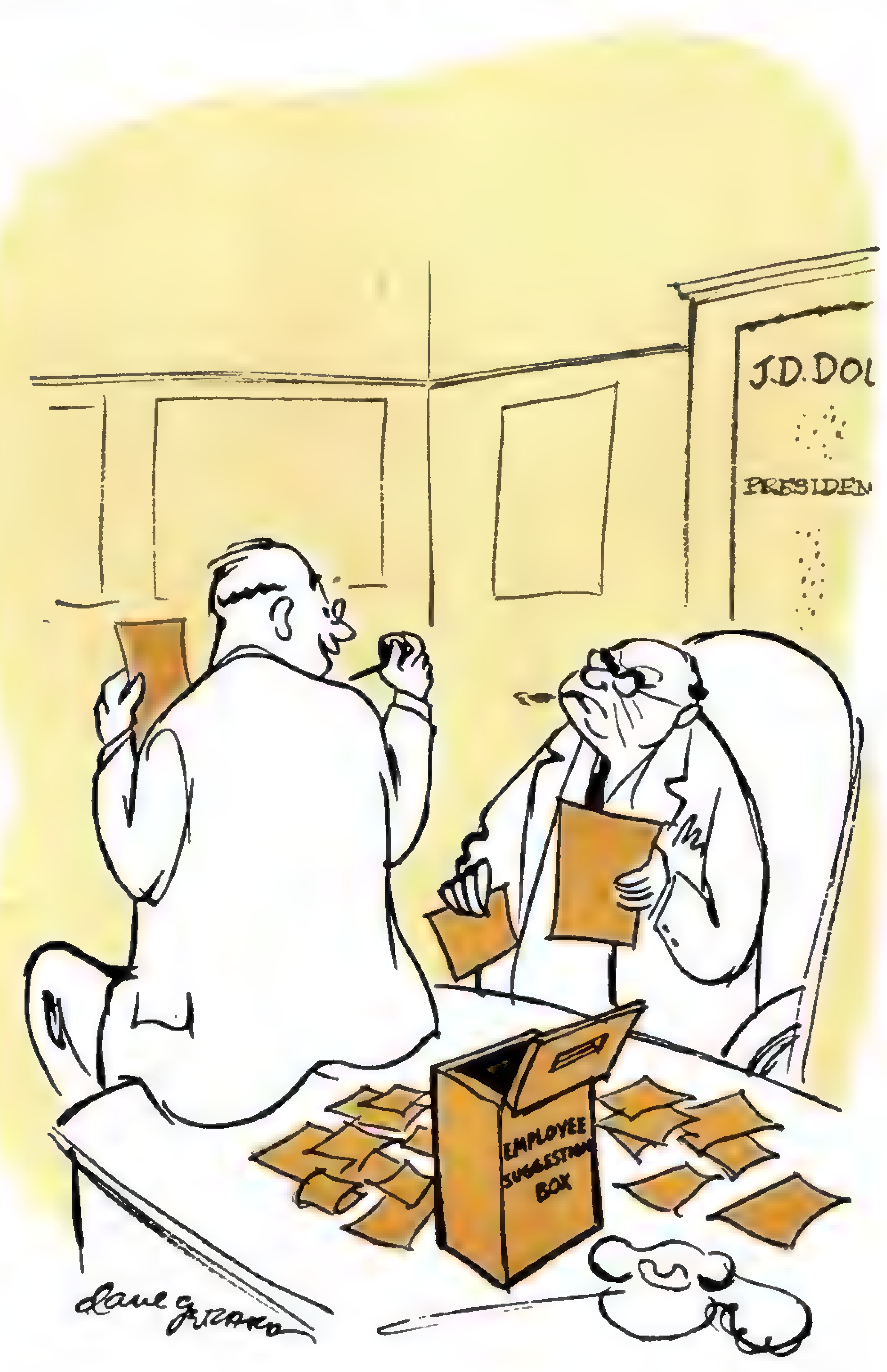
He was waiting when the boar rushed desperately into the woods with a plump hen dangling from his jaws. The dog luckily had been chained, but very shortly they were apprised that he was loose. No water in March in which to lose their trails, and snow would not do. So they fled, backs humping like measuring worms, thick fur rolling.

The dog's high yapping gave him away as a tyro. He was dangerous all the same, coming fast, with the farmer probably behind him. The old coon waited till the last minute before stuffing his kill in a hole beneath the tree root. Up the trunk of an ancient maple they climbed, but the boar halted on the lowest branch for the dog to come up.

Without an instant's hesitation he launched himself at the mongrel as he came beneath the tree. He struck true, gripping with all four paws. Specs launched himself downward, too, his belly thumping the hard ground for his pains.

The dog was twice the size of the coon, yet in strategy the coon was his master at every turn. No animal in the world can take so much punishment with apparently so little pain as a coon. Each time the mongrel appeared to get a killing grip, the coon slipped the hold by turning within his heavy, loose hide.

Back and forth they threshed, Young Specs dancing about them in a frenzy. They broke apart and Specs flung himself into the breach, eager to do all a youngster could to help the old highwayman. He was seized by the neck and shaken like a muff. The old one



"Here's an anonymous one that's sort of for you personally, J. D."

saved him from being shredded to bits. Then the dog, with a dozen bites in his hide, beat a yelping retreat, the old coon riding his shoulders for a hundred feet like a fiery leech.

Later Young Specs sat within three feet of the old one as he ate. He was even allowed to mumble over a discarded wing of the hen and cloy his mouth with feathers. Apparently he had not been found wholly wanting, and the full mystery of life (or so he then thought) seemed open to him.

Warm weather came almost overnight. The hillsides wept freshets, big paint-green frogs held choir practice in a thousand pools, and the greening woods were populous with all manner of creatures, all intent on the sweet and secret errands of spring.

The oversize moon they kept in those parts to light love on its way was a spellbinder, and Young Specs recalled what had got him out of bed at least three weeks too soon. He prowled and prowled, by night and by day, knowing only that he must see behind the ranges—must! What he looked for was not clear to him, but everyone else seemed to know. The woods and the very air were prescient with it. The polygamous rabbits knew; Rufa, the dog-fox, smiled it at him as he slipped swiftly after his coy, red vixen, and the profane and bossy squirrels, sitting on their knothole doorsteps, barked to the world at large that Young Specs, a very great fool who didn't even know what it was all about, was passing on his silly, lonely way.

Still, it was a whole month before Specs found an answer to it all. She was a small, captious creature with a cunning, pointed mask and bright, canny eyes. She had ideas that leaned toward feminism and there was disdain in her dainty, picking gait. Older than Specs, she led him a chase that was not at all merry before condescending to set up den-keeping. But like all her kind she made life spicy. There was no peace around her, but there were short blissful periods of delight that seemed more than to make up for dire discord.

With the coming of late summer all the raccoons of the region began banding together by common accord. The frogs and young birds were going now, but there was rich, milky corn to be had in the fields of the farmers, to say nothing of chickens. Young Spec's education had gone forward apace, and now he took his place as a proper coon among the big and coonly coons of the swamp.

Followed two parlous months of pillage and depredation in which the coon gang of nearly a dozen, deviled the dogs of the district and racked their wily brains for new ways of scotching the farmers. Those were the nights! Most of the coons in the band were shrewd, battle-scarred veterans; all of them were born with a hatred of dogs in their blood.

Nightly they raided farmyards; tore down standing corn and climbed orchard trees to fling down hundreds of apples they never ate. As the Hunter's Moon began to ride high in the sky a peculiar madness possessed the coon gang. One frosty night they engineered a nine-foot tunnel and got into the well-stocked cellar of old Deacon Soames, a rich farmer, while the Deacon's chained dog yapped and raved but thirty feet away. He was too used to yapping at the moon, that dog, so nobody paid any attention to him.

In the first grey of dawn the Deacon himself looked out of an upstairs window and saw a whole line of coons emerging from the tunnel, loaded down with salt pork, bacon and barreled eels. Stanch church member that he was, the Deacon's language as he rushed downstairs almost brought on another hot spell. In the dark he could not locate a gun, so he rushed outdoors yelling like a banshee. As he did so the last coon was just emerging from the tunnel with a side of bacon in his jaws. That coon happened to be Specs himself. The Deacon flung himself bodily on him, gripping both hands back of the thief's head in an endeavor to hold him down. But as long as Specs could get traction he was able to drag the old man along. Notably tightfisted, the Deacon hung on and as he was not overly large, he was carried, nightshirt and all, for forty-five feet by actual count, into the frost-rimed, treble-welted blackness of the hardwoods before he let go.

This incident, when related next day at Hod Archer's store, was the cause of the biggest coon hunt of the season, which took place that night. The Deacon was there with his hound, and Sam Wetherwax and old Sol Wire, Al Sloane and the Ballard boys with their two famous coon dogs. That hunt lasted until dawn. Two coons were treed and done to death and one of them was the grand old boar who had been Spec's initiator. Special luck attended Specs that night. He had sought a hol-

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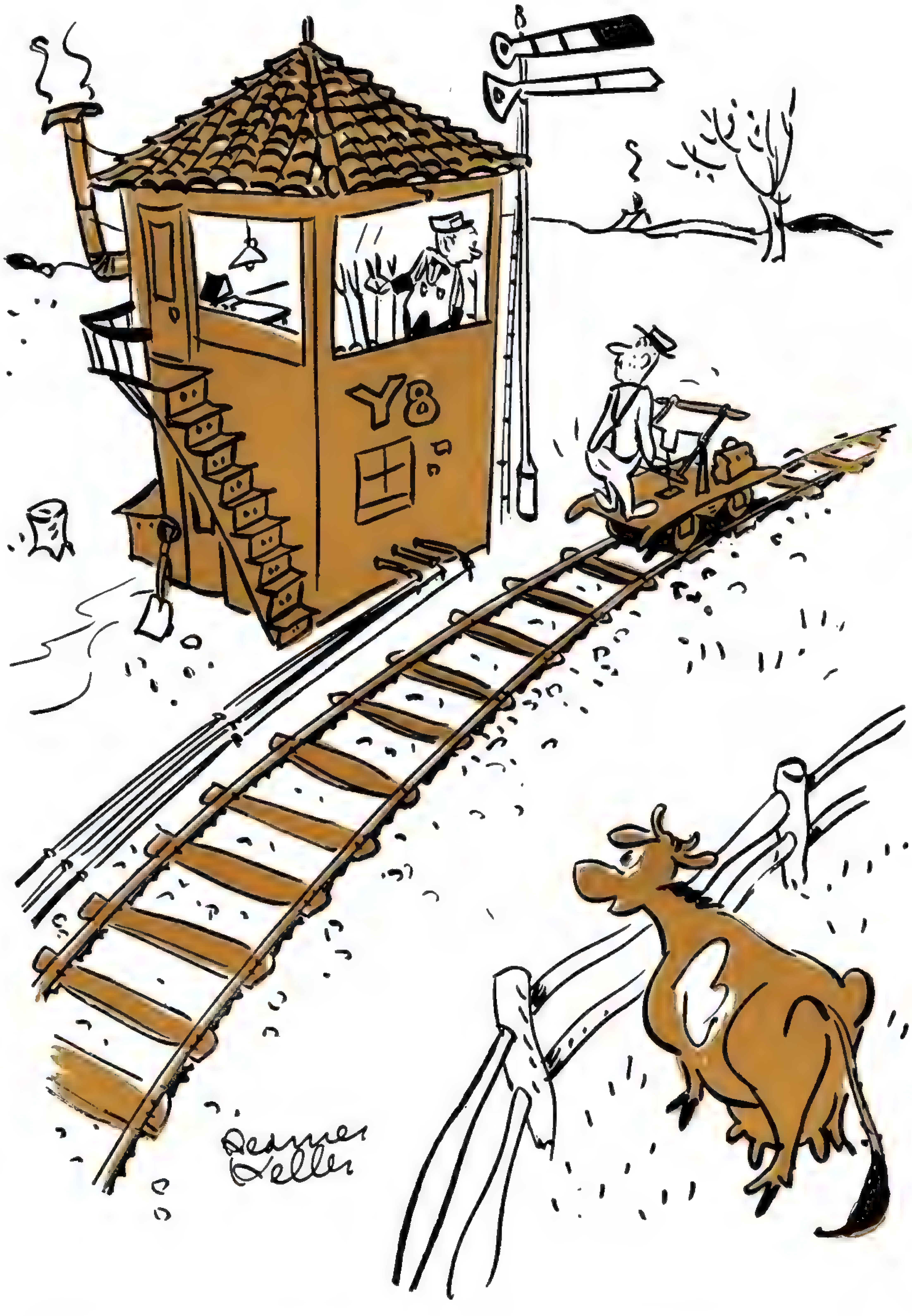

"The 4:31 is right behind you so don't stop to talk to anyone"

Big-League Hopper from Hastings

Little Johnny Hopp kept his eye on the baseball until he arrived as a batter and fielder for the St. Louis Cardinals

by GEORGE WISWELL

• SPORTS •

There was a Brown on first, none out, and Gene Moore at the plate in the first inning of the fourth game of the 1944 World Series. It was a bad spot for the Cardinals and things grew blacker the next instant when Moore sizzled a low liner over second for a sure double. Or was it? Out in center a fast-stepping fielder was streaking for the wall. He was looking straight ahead and legging it for all he was worth. No one in Sportsman's Park would have risked a nickel on the fielder's chances to make that catch, but 40,000 persons held their breath just the same. The speed was incredible, the timing perfect, and a miracle took place. Glove and ball got together a few inches from the wall and big-league baseball had a new hero.

The name was Johnny Hopp, and the catch was considered by some experts the most crucial play of the Series in that it kept the Browns from establishing a lead and turned the offense over to the Cards. To Johnny himself it was simply the kind of ball he earnestly tries to play everyday, which is one reason why he wrote off the 1944 season with a .336 batting average and only one error, a record which sufficed to place him among the top five players in the majors.

The story of John Hopp might be a case history for emphasizing the rewards of diligence. Between small-town life in Hastings, Nebraska, and a good living as one of the nation's finest athletes, lay a long snarl of obstacles that had to be picked through with patience, hard work and devotion to a definite goal. He never had more than a passing acquaintance with luck, counting on his own mind and muscle to take him where he always felt he belonged. In Johnny's mind, being a ballplayer is more than salary checks, Series cuts and your pictures in the papers. It is a way of life that lasts all year round and has its climax every sunny summer afternoon on diamonds all over the country.

It's a way of life that began more than twenty years ago in Hastings when Johnny's father, then a traveling man, would return from eastern cities with tales of the big leaguers and the wonderful baseball they played. The cotton-thatched kid at the table would put down his fork and stare dreamily at his peas, which can look reasonably like baseballs to an eight-year-old imagination. Already he knew what he'd like to become.

So he pushed athletics hard. He took part in any game he could find. Instead of walking upstairs he sprinted, and exercised his fingers when he was sitting still. If he was going to be a ballplayer he needed strength and co-ordination. To encourage this, Papa Hopp supplied his son with the best equipment he could provide—a boxing ring in the barn, bats, gloves, baseballs, basketballs, skates, footballs and, most important of all, five brothers. Johnny would have found it tough *not* to grow self-reliant and strong with five brothers around the house challenging him at everything from marbles to weight lifting. Donning the gloves for a few grudge rounds in the barn was one way the Hopps had of settling differences. The results of all this activity are a matter of incomplete record. Five of the six boys have already made reputations in sports.

First came Albert—nicknamed "Ruff" because he was—who started things off in a big way athletically by starring in football, basketball and track at Hastings high school. For two consecutive years he was selected for All-State teams in both football and basketball, and in college he averaged seven yards each trip with the pigskin. It was a splendid record, and Ruff and Papa Hopp dangled it as a target before the younger brothers, defying them to do as well.

Johnny was next and by being late to approximately 1,117 of his mother's locally famous meals, he was able to develop his small body into 160 solid pounds of speed and endurance. He, too, added to the family laurels in high school competition and the Hopp clan's record stood at two hits with four batters on deck.

Harry, third in line, smiled condescendingly at the accomplishments of his older brothers and went thoroughly about the business of bettering them in everything they had tried. Besides being an All-State fullback, he once booted a seventy-four-yard punt, an unofficial high school record. In basketball he was the key man on the Hastings squad; for nineteen successive games he averaged twenty points a game. To round out his efforts he broke the javelin record set two years earlier by Johnny. At the University of Nebraska he concentrated on the gridiron and became such a driving, battering, tireless ball carrier that after a game against Oklahoma the Sooner coach gloomily dropped the remark that "Hopp showed us more football as a sophomore than anyone I've ever seen." It was just one of many judgments testifying to the accuracy of Harry's nickname, "Hippity." He went on to play pro football and concluded the 1943 season with the Detroit Lions as a leader in scoring, kicking and ground gaining.

The fourth son, William, had a bad siege of pneumonia as a child that set him back and kept him from competing with his brothers, but the fifth one, Wallace, picked up the baton and scored twenty-six touchdowns his senior year for Hastings high, which by this time was assuming the character of a Hopp athletic farm. Wallace plays a spectacular round of golf and many friends have urged that he take it up professionally, but when the war's over he intends to finish his last two years at Nebraska and play more football.

Number six, and possibly the last, is Clifford who at sixteen years is playing fine football, but is using his spare time to develop and perfect his batting eye. He hankers for the big leagues and, if the spirit of the family competition continues, he'll be gunning for Johnny's record with the Cardinals.

Currently, Papa owns a tavern in Hastings, Ruff operates a steak house, Harry is an athletic spark plug at the Bainbridge Naval Training Station, William is in the tank corps in France, Wallace is in the medical corps, Clifford carries the ball for Hastings, and, of course, Johnny's ringing the bell in baseball. That, briefly, is the unfinished box score on what will probably go down as the most famous athletic family of our time. This much is certain: the Hopp household is the kind of environment that breeds record breakers, and the proof of that pudding is Johnny.

As athletes go, he is undersized, but even when he's relaxed you can see the evidence of perfectly trained muscles. He moves quickly and with effortless control. Conversationally he is a gem among ballplayers, who are notoriously uncommunicative. He talks easily with a slight Nebraska twang and impresses you as a purposeful fellow, likeable, friendly and ready to deliver the goods in a pinch. While

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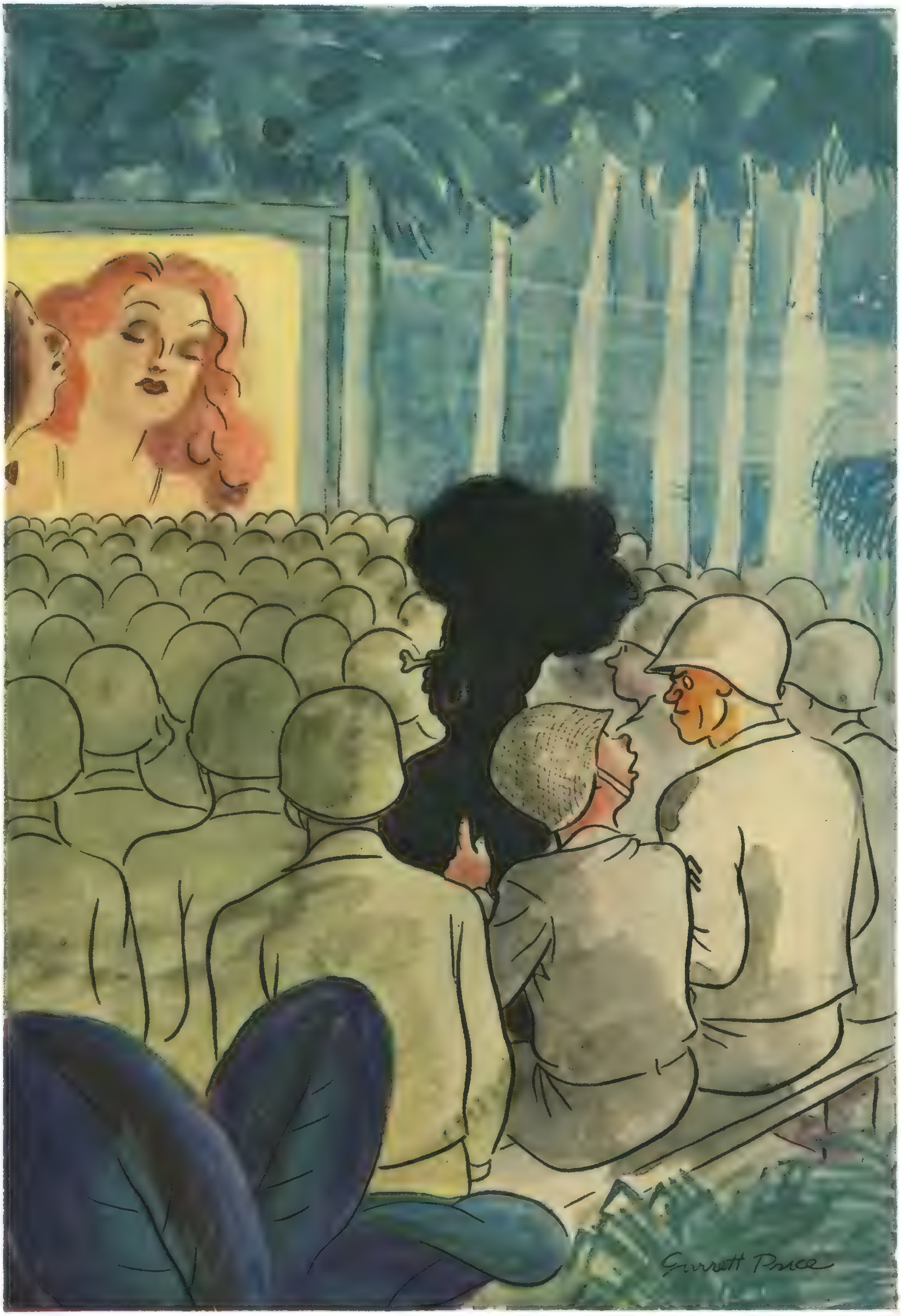
NUMBER SEVEN MAKES HER OWN LUCK ➧

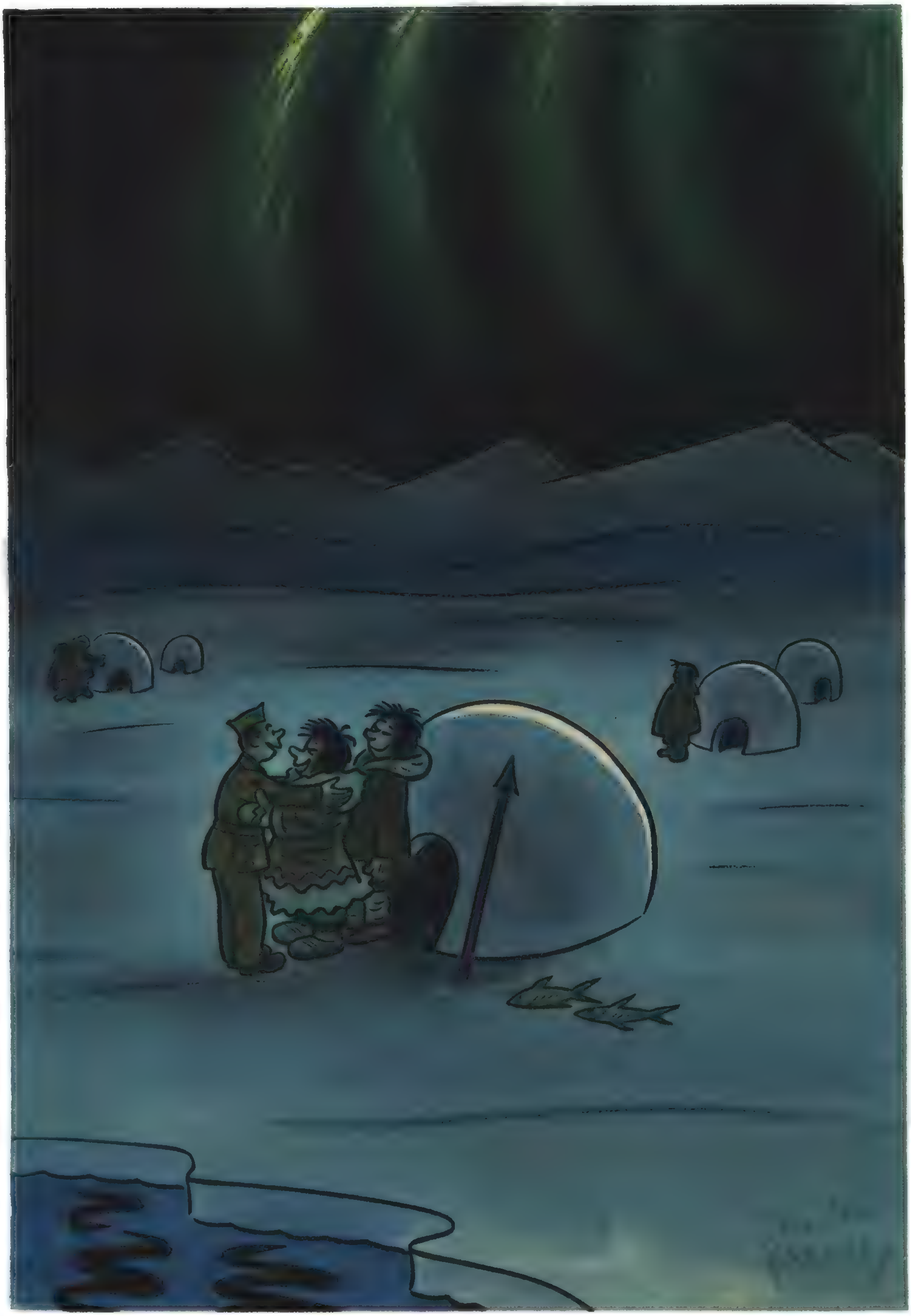
Toni Seven, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

She's the best-known unknown in Hollywood, this almond-eyed gal who wants to go places on her own; June Millarde, daughter of two cinema history-makers, the late Harry Millarde, director, and the late June Caprice, actress. Every week some 2,000 servicemen request her picture, yet she's never been in a picture . . . a moving picture. She decided to make a name for the movies instead of the movies making a name for her. She went into a huddle with Russell Birdwell, who publicizes movie queens and refugee royalty. Birdwell wrinkled his brow which is more profound than photogenic and presto! A name . . . Toni Seven . . . was created. Toni was what she called herself as a little girl, and seven has been, is, and always will be the number she wishes on . . . which makes it a natural. The odd-number name made people curious to see her face. Obliging editors put her picture in the papers. Now the public and producers are clamoring for her, but she's waiting to make her move in the movies when the time is right. Says she without conceit: "Mother and Dad left me so much of themselves it is only sporting I try to make the most of my inheritance. I'll use everything they left me except their name. That's why I chose a new one of my own." Her inheritance is abundant . . . beauty and ability . . . a pin-up figure, a sultry voice, plus money and good sense. One of her theories, and she has dozens, is that acting is a profession like law or medicine . . . something you go in for young and spend years studying. "Having a pretty face and knowing the right people aren't enough," says forthright Number Seven. "Hollywood is full of also-rans who qualify on both counts. It's not honest to take an audience's money without giving it something in return." On the subject of men, she has theories too. Says the Number, "Love isn't a game, it's a vocation. There are too many people who consider themselves postgraduates in the art who couldn't find their way through a game of post office. To me love is something you must give, not take, in order to get. Playing the field is not for me; I'd much rather pitch."

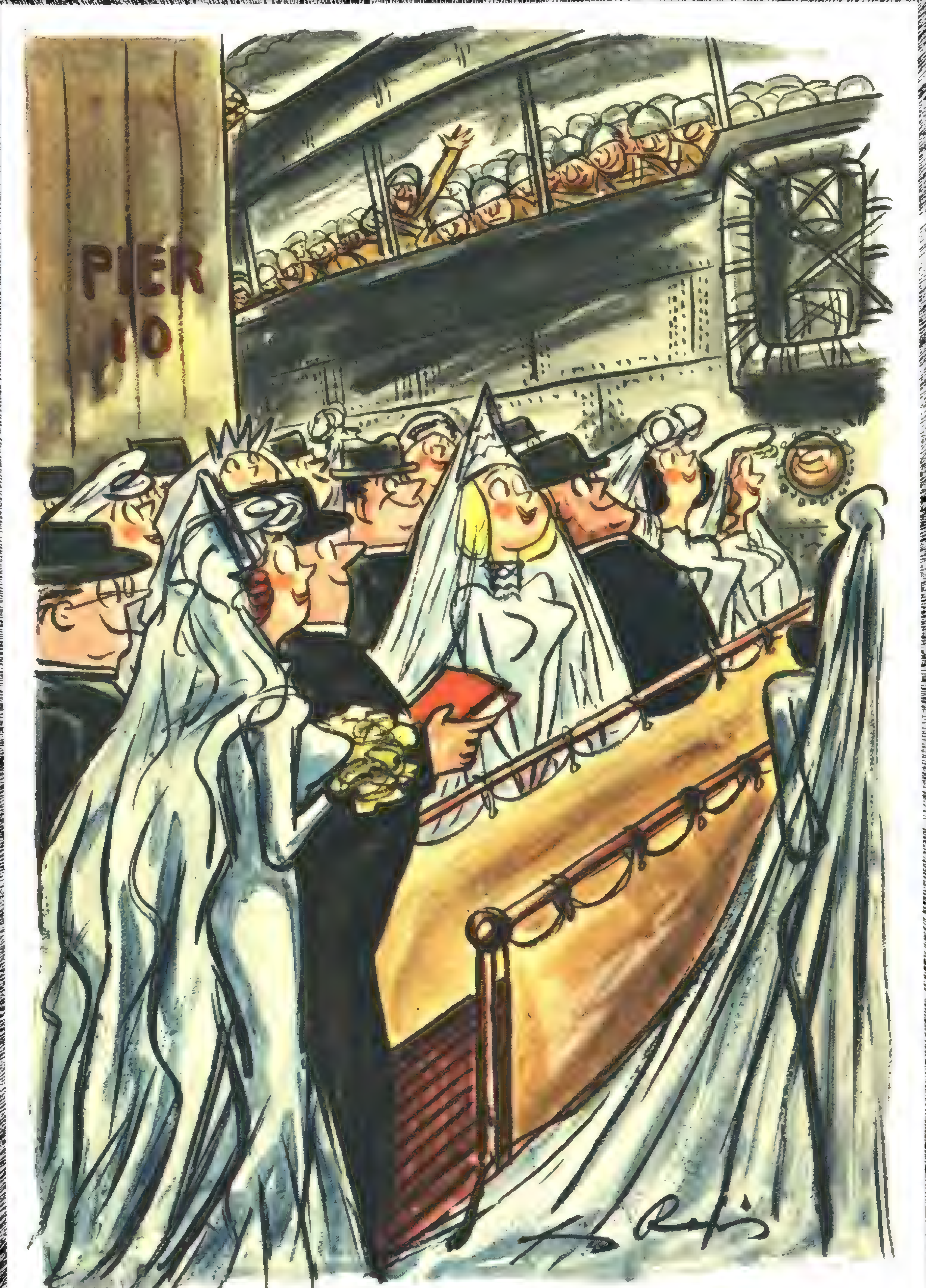
PHOTOGRAPH BY WAXMAN


Garrett Price

"Will you ask him to move over a little, Sarge?"



"Home sure looks good, Mom"


PIER 10

Miss West and Mr. Proust

Raising the question of how happy the creative artist should be and noting the sway of the fellow in the gallery

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

About ten years ago, when the Four-Five Year Plans of the U.S.S.R. were flourishing, a brilliant Soviet leader said, merely as an aside, that when the complete Communist state had been established, art would disappear. No one bothered to stop Communism in order to save the arts. I seem to recall that Joseph Wood Krutch was a little perturbed; I was pleased, thinking that most of the artists I like, being rather below the salt in the intellectual world, would survive.

The reason the Russian gave was: in the perfect state there would be no strain. Art is the result of tension, of maladjustment between man and society. No strain, no art. Q.E.D. And not bad, either.

A few weeks ago I made some notes in these pages about popular entertainment and politics. Not only that writers, comedians, sculptors, movie directors had thrown themselves with fury into an election; but that a social sense was coming through our songs and dances and radio gags. I don't remember whether I mentioned songs in *Bloomer Girl* as one instance; the throb in *The Eagle and Me* comes from the meaning as well as the tune; and this is as good a place as any to praise Yip Harburg for the really powerful drive of his lyrics.

Most of these artistic gents are fighting for a better world. Do they know they invite their own extinction? Years ago people warned writers not to take up social causes because "you can't mix art and propaganda"; then they urged artists to take up social causes, because "an artist can't live in an ivory tower." Now the warning is: "don't perfect the world if you want to keep your job."

You and I, when we go to a movie, or hum a song, or look at a magazine cover, are not aware of trouble in our souls; and don't give a hoot about trouble in the soul of the artist whose work we enjoy. We think we sing because we are happy, even when we sing sad songs. Then someone proves how wrong we are. Look at all the Mammy songs in America! Don't they express some sense of guilt? Look at all the wistful songs about rivers and plantations. Aren't we expressing a longing to get away from it all? Those lush pin-up girls—aren't they a symbol of some deeper dissatisfaction? Not to mention Cecil B. de Mille's opulent interiors and the hysterics of jitterbugs.

It sounds convincing. It isn't hard to believe that Salvador Dali paints in order to get rid of some inner horror. A great European critic said that all modern art is nothing more than "relieving the artist's personal neurosis." But when a music publishing house tells a composer on its list it's time he turned out another hit, I think the boy gets to work for money. The result relieves not his neurosis but his poverty. I'm sure Irving Berlin is provided with the usual assortment of human ills, yet he writes enchanting songs when he is happy as well as when he is sad; and the neurotics with bad consciences in Hollywood aren't as important in the final making of pictures as the boys and girls who relish their work, success and prestige, sure that their way is the way the whole world ought to be.

Maybe when most of the arts became business, they stopped being a private matter, a relief for the artist. (Victor Hugo once said that "art is the divine excrement.") When art became business, it had to follow the course of industry and commerce—it had to go into mass production, to please a general average. Paradoxically the crass money side of the arts may be slowly curing the artist. Not making a man out of him, exactly, but forcing him to understand what men and women are.

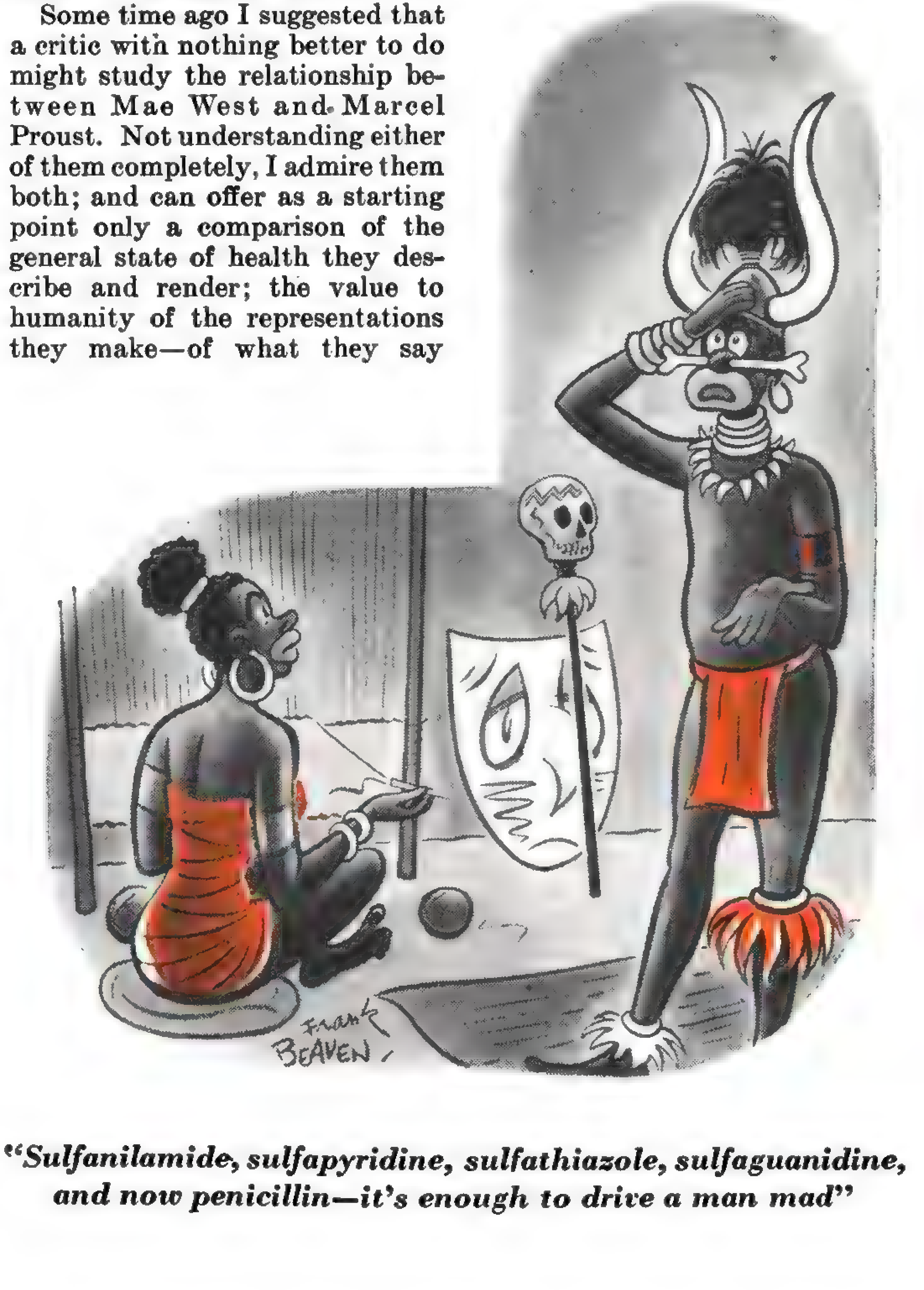
The artist brought up before radio and the movies, or educated to think them pretty low, resists his new salvation. He says our baseball games and ice carnivals are not art; he says that he has a mission. But he doesn't refuse the gentle accolade of the Book of the Month Club, and he will enter a competition for the best song or painting. This is all to the good, indicating the cure is beginning to take. A shock to one's pride is often the starting point on the road to health.

Up to now, the art-artist, to use Red Hylan's lovely phrase, hasn't exactly clasped hands with the barn painter, writer of radio jingles or provider of gags for a slapstick movie. But if the differences between them are being made up by the powerful application of that non-stinking ointment called money, aren't we likely to have some excitement? The neurotic artist, the man of superior intellect, the visionary and the seer, has often enough been a sick man, sexually unbalanced, too introverted, a stranger to mankind. He has moaned about this and then again he has plumed himself on his difference, calling it superiority. But if it disappears! Are we going to have great dramatists as understandable as the writers of daytime serials? MacLeishes not only in the State Department, but in Tin Pan Alley? In the past five years a dozen first-rank painters have been commissioned by manufacturers of cigarettes or soft drinks, or have competed for prizes; does it mean that some day we won't have to distinguish between a canvas in a gallery and a picture on a calendar? (Of course you know that some of our best painters have been doing Christmas cards and calendars for years, now. I'm still using the vocabulary of ten years ago—which means the current vocabulary of the highbrow.)

Some time ago I suggested that a critic with nothing better to do might study the relationship between Mae West and Marcel Proust. Not understanding either of them completely, I admire them both; and can offer as a starting point only a comparison of the general state of health they describe and render; the value to humanity of the representations they make—of what they say about human life and what it signifies. It isn't a one-sided story, of course; but the assumption has always been, until now, that the better side was Proust's. I would like a re-examination.

If it is true that commerce has restored the health of the artist, and saved him from annihilation, someone might look into another aspect of the case. The prophet has always had a special place in the esteem of mankind. He was a magician-priest in the days of superstition in Egypt and Tasmania. In our time he gave way to the man of science. Maybe we are now seeing the emergence of the new incarnation of the dreams and hopes of a people—not in the military leader, but in the statesman—the social leader.

Maybe our acrobats and song writers and illustrators have shown good sense, after all. Maybe the future lies not with the big battalions, but with the popular vote. ⧻



"Sulfanilamide, sulfapyridine, sulfathiazole, sulfaguanidine, and now penicillin—it's enough to drive a man mad"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Reporting a nice evening with *Little Women, A Bell for Adano,* good theatre and the *Seven Lively Arts,* a near wow

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

To say that Billy Rose is the foremost showman in the present American theatre is not entirely fair to him. There has come to be something about the word showman that isn't especially complimentary. Too often it is used to describe a man who successfully puts over on the public an oversized, mild monkey out of some South American public-park zoo as a ferocious, man-eating orangutan that in its day has dined off at least two dozen Ecuadorian vice-presidents. Or one who has produced a show that, if there were any justice in the world, would go to the storehouse by Saturday night, but which he manipulates into a big box-office success by means closely identified in other days with the sale of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Billy is a showman of a different stripe. He doesn't practice his virtuosity on ersatz orangutans or on the selling of theatrical bridges. His showmanship consists rather in giving the people something considerably bigger and better in its line than any other producers give them, and then going to the wholly unnecessary trouble and expense of selling it to them with an advertising ballyhoo that puts Barnum and even Darryl Zanuck to shame. If Billy has a show that calls, even before it opens, for several extra men in the box office to handle the crowds stampeding to buy tickets, does he beamingly retire to his armchair and let things go at that? Not Billy. He forthwith enters upon a publicity campaign more relevant to an abject failure and, by the time he is through, there's nothing left for those who have been woefully disappointed in not being able to get seats but craftily induced suicide.

Billy's latest venture is the *Seven Lively Arts*, a post-Ziegfeld show housed in the remodeled and handsome Ziegfeld Theatre, which Billy has bought for himself as an extra trinket. As if the show, which for the most part is a dandy, and the theatre, which is entirely a dandy, were not enough for the first-night audience, Billy, moreover, for double measure installed an art gallery, which is available to all subsequent customers, and free vintage champagne, which isn't. But the show no more needs champagne for its appreciation than Billy's *Carmen Jones* needs gin or marijuana. Anyone who has to be alcoholically stimulated to have a nobby time with Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr, a beautiful time with Alicia Markova, and a highly satisfactory time with Billy's corps of expert musikers, including Benny Goodman, lovely girls by the dozen and general accessories, should meditate the wagon, Heaven forbid.

Among the better things are (*1*) a sketch by Moss Hart in which the Lillie, as a titled English lady presiding over a canteen, seeks to make the American doughboys feel at home by speaking what she imagines to be the Yankee lingo, most of it unintentionally off-color; (*2*) a sketch by George S. Kaufman in which Lahr, as a stagehand, tells a producer just how far the latter can go in the way of scenery; (*3*) a ballet in which Markova displays her matchless grace; (*4*) a pair of droll songs by Cole Porter sung by two exceptionally pretty young women, Nan Wynn and Mary Roche; (*5*) a drinking song by Lahr which exercises so realistic an impression upon him that he ends up pickled to the gills; (*6*) a pair of ribald ditties which the Lillie delivers as only the Lillie can; and (*7* to *13*) a package of additional tasty items.

On the debit side there are, among a few others, first, a sketch by Hart on the local dramatic critics that starts off and for a-while continues merrily, but that ends tamely in a kind of cowardly refinement. Since I am the chief victim, I think I have a critical right in complaining. Mr. Hart should not have lost his nerve. If he had finished the job on me as he began it—his beginning was grand—his sketch would have been much better and far more satisfactory to those many members of his audience who doubtless feel, much as he does, that I am entirely the son-of-a-botch which the earlier portion of the sketch convincingly proclaims me to be.

Secondly, Doc Rockwell's running commentary on the show—he describes himself as Mr. Audience—is for the greater part witless; and his stale biology lecture, incorporated into the proceedings in the second act, might well be sent to the storehouse on the score of its age. Thirdly, a sketch about the vanity of the actor, Orson Welles, is not particularly funny, and runs much too long. Fourthly, a bit more novelty in the case of the second Markova-Dolin ballet number, though it is done well, would help. And fifthly, one or two of the girls in the background something under six feet tall might not be such a bad idea.

But skip the faultfinding. The show on the whole is the best thing of its revue kind that we have had in a long time.

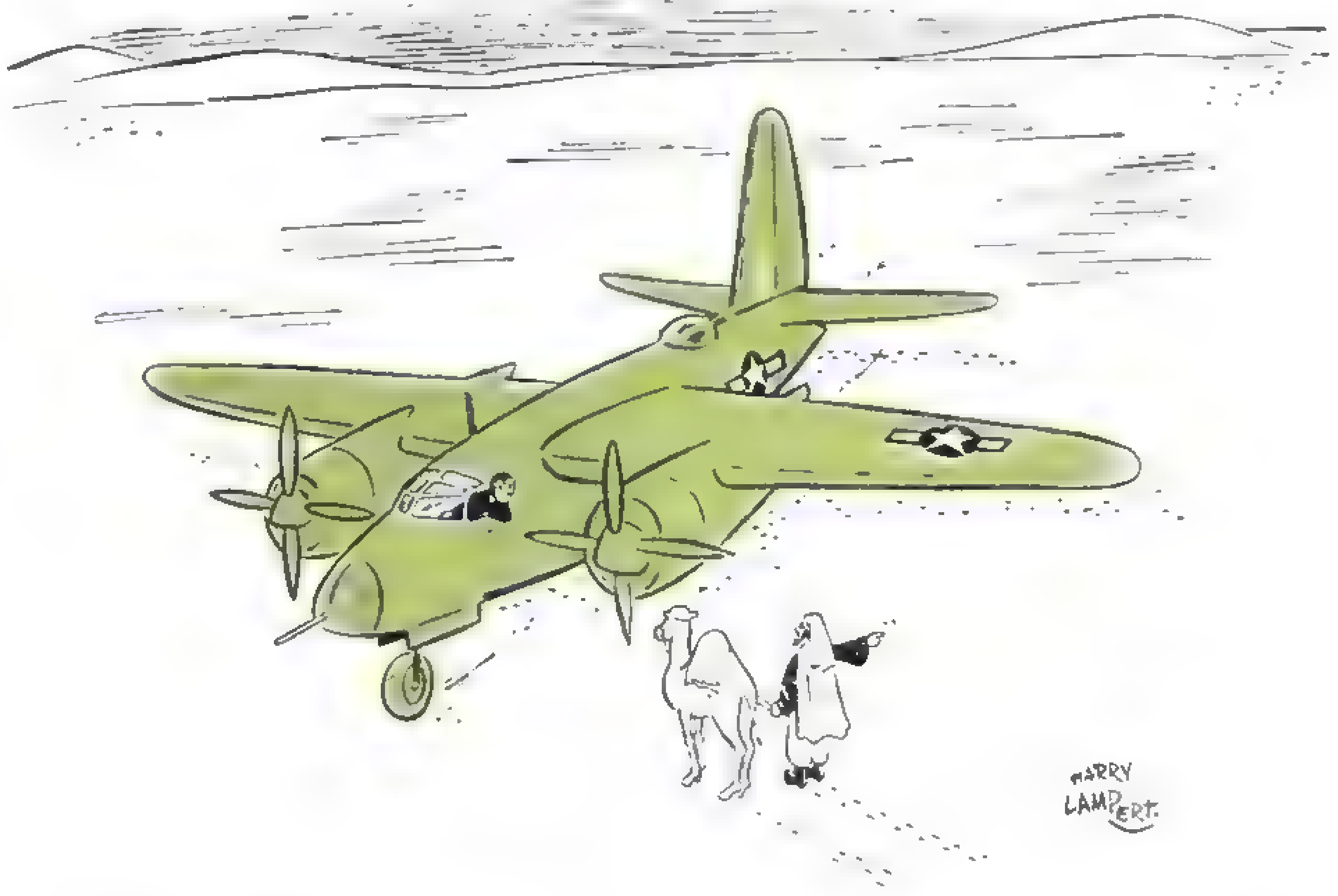
* * *

It is rare that the dramatization of a novel is not accompanied by the familiar complaint that the restrictions of the stage have operated to its disadvantage, and that the play is therefore less satisfactory than the book from which it was derived. Not only the critics but often the playwrights themselves indulge in the lament. Paul Osborn, who has dramatized John Hersey's best-seller, *A Bell for Adano*, is no exception. In an article published before his play opened, he wistfully indicated what he had been driven to leave out of it and resigned himself to the necessity allegedly imposed upon him. It is true that he omitted from his dramatization a number of the elements of the novel; but it is happily not true that the omissions have damaged his play. He has done a very satisfactory job. It is also hardly true that, capable as he is, he might not, had he wished, have incorporated some of the omissions, for good or ill, if his capability as a dramatist had been greater.

There is altogether too much apology for the stage in matters like this. The stage has certain restrictions, granted; but they are in no wise so severe as the lesser dramatists elect, for their personal comfort and self-protection, to make out. The novel has seldom given us a more complete picture of character and episode than *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, or than *The Cherry Orchard* or *The Three Sisters*, or than *Strange Interlude* or *Mourning Becomes Electra*. The authors of three of these successfully waved aside the alleged stage restriction of playing time, as other able dramatists have successfully waved aside all kinds of other theoretical restrictions.

That, however, the critics are gradually abandoning their old demand that a dramatizer think of the novel first, and his play secondly, is again evident in their endorsement of Mr. Osborn's play on its own, and in their perfect willingness to let the novel go its own way. And I certainly am among their number. If Mr. Osborn has omitted various elements of the novel, no harm done, save perhaps in the instance of the dismissal of Tina's habitat and her arbitrary introduction into the play's single setting, the former office of the mayor in the Adano city hall. For the rest, little that is really vital to the story of the AMG major who brings the spirit of American democracy to a Fascist-ridden small Sicilian town is lost, and what emerges is a creditable sample of popular drama. Nor do I use the term popular in an altogether invidious sense. Despite the basic hokum nature of the materials, there is so much that is obviously honest in their treatment that the play takes on some measure of soundness.

Fredric March, as Major Jop-



". . . when you hit Cairo, turn left 2,000 miles till you hit a little bend in the Nile near Jerusalem—then turn right 5,300 miles, and there it is—you can't miss it."

polo, though he improves as the evening progresses, is in the earlier portions rather too much the movie actor playing to a camera, but the rest of the large company is exceptionally good. And the production as a whole is highly commendable.

* * *

So many plays and musical shows these days are laid in the past that on at least three occasions lately when I have come out of the theatres I have found myself unwittingly hailing a hansom cab. It is, as I write, an uncommon evening that treats of people of the immediate today. *I Remember Mama* takes us back to the turn of the century. *The Late George Apley*'s period is 1912. *Oklahoma!* is laid in the very early 1900's; *Bloomer Girl* in a period still earlier; *Central Park* in the days of Boss Tweed; and *Song of Norway* in the 1860's. *Rhapsody* treated of *Alt Wien*, very *alt*. *Chicken Every Sunday* takes place in 1916, and *Catherine Was Great* in the eighteenth century. *Little Women*, a revival, is laid in Civil War time, and *Dark Hammock* was set in 1910. And so it goes. To see 1944 or 1945 in a program, you have to look long and hard. Even such plays as *Anna Lucasta* and *In Bed We Cry* are placed in the yesterdays, albeit not so remote. I am accordingly buying me a choker collar, Ascot tie, and ten-button waistcoat. And if you hear me insisting to a taxi driver that he take me after the show to the old Hoffman House bar, you'll understand.

To come to one of the more recently unveiled exhibits, if you had told me that, after these many years, I would find *Little Women*, of all things, a pleasant evening in the theatre, I probably would have shot you, at least. Yet, something apparently having happened to me, I have found it just that. Why, I can't for the life of me make out, since Louisa M. Alcott is not and never has been the girl of my heart, and since the kind of sentiment she represents generally induces in me the same reaction as a sugared highball. But, bless me, the play made from Louisa's novel, which I have seen a number of times in the past, and which I have never been exactly wild about, now curiously seems to have a faraway, fetching quality that is often quite winning.

In answer to your probable answer that I am getting on in years and going soft, I simply say, with all the politeness at my command, to hell with you. My doctor assures me that I have never been harder, nastier and meaner, and he has been treating me for the ailments for twenty years. Maybe the circumstance that there are four pretty girls on the stage has something to do with my liking the play. (After all, though I may not be as young as I once was, I can still get out of the bed mornings without a crutch.) Maybe after smelling a number of such rank plays as *The Perfect Marriage*, *School For Brides* and the sort, a play like this one massages the nostrils like a fragrant bouquet. Or maybe there is something irresistible in the spectacle of gentility in any period. Whatever it may be, I had an agreeable evening and, if you still sniff, all I can say is that when I began this department some years ago you were helplessly bound to take me for better or worse—and you're stuck.

* * *

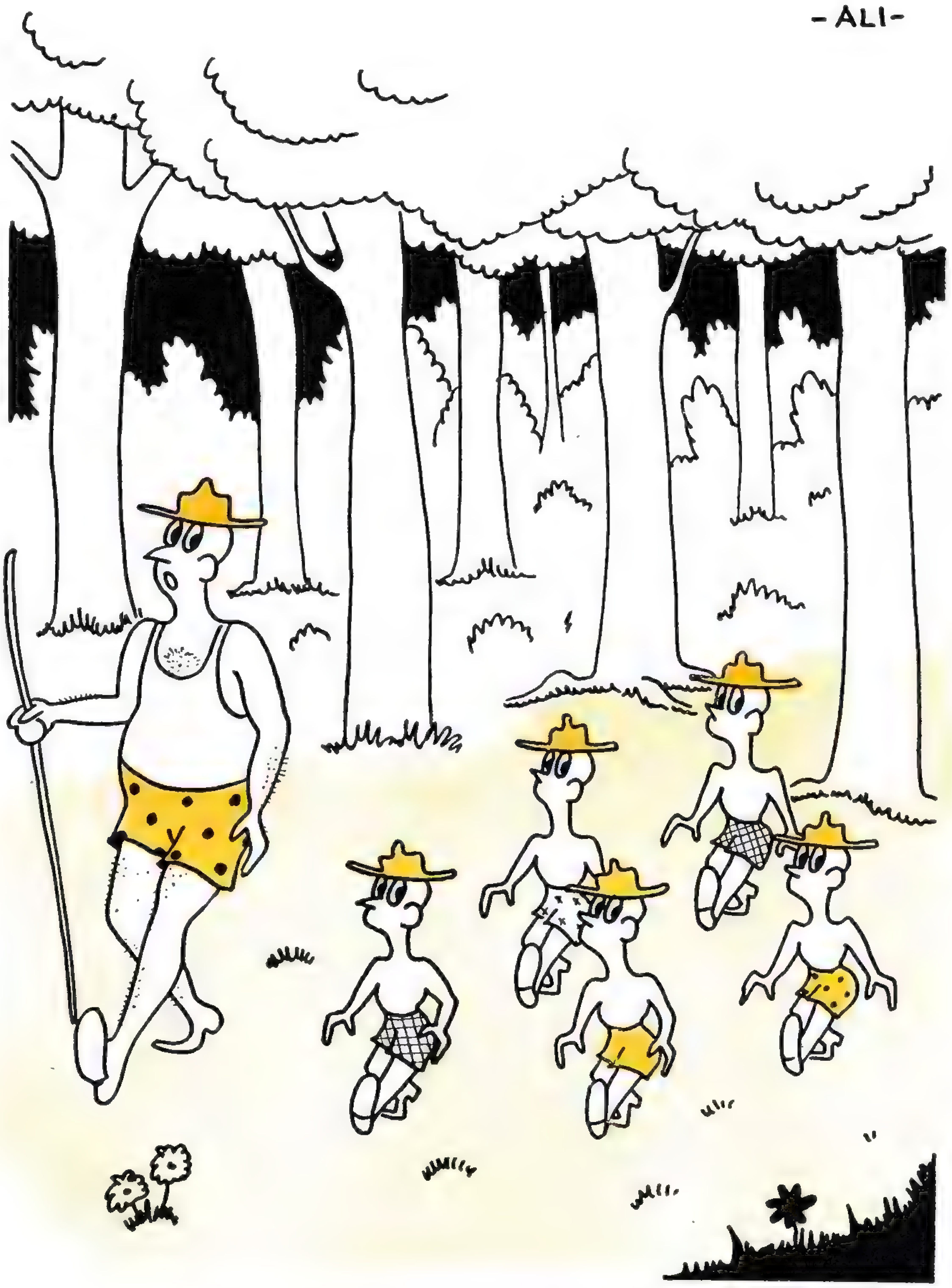
Norman Krasna's *Dear Ruth* is a synthetic farce-comedy compounded of long familiar elements, including some of the jokes, which by virtue of highly proficient editing and staging on the part of Moss Hart amounts in the aggregate to an amusing Broadway theatrical evening. It isn't often that a script basically so negligible is made into a good show, but Hart has turned the trick.

Begin with the plot scheme: the old business of the young girl who sends loving letters to a strange man signed with her older sister's name, and the eventual appearance of the recipient, in this case put into an Army flier's uniform, to claim his hypothetical admirer. There's surely little in that any longer to bounce one out of one's seat. Turn to some of the humor: cracks about Sinatra, Felix Frankfurter, et al., lines like "I poured my heart out" —"Who's going to pour it back?," and, among other items, the dropping of a plate of spaghetti on someone's clothes, the drinking of a big glass of whiskey by a stripling, and the blowing of tobacco smoke in a character's face, followed by the latter's choking. There's certainly also little there to bust anyone's sides. Turn then to some of the characters: the precocious brat, the patient paterfamilias, the fluttery materfamilias, the heroic young aviator, the stodgy fiancé of the heroine, et al. Nothing there either to pop anyone. And turn finally to a number of other such ingredients as the colored servant girl who laughs uproariously on her every exit, the character who elaborately insists she is sober and then imagines that an inanimate object is talking to her, and the like. Hardly the sort of stuff to galvanize the spectator.

But they have actually managed by hook and crook for a large part of the time to make a funny show out of it all and, played by a skillful cast including Howard Smith, Virgina Gilmore and John Dall, it serves to pass a couple of hours very acceptably.

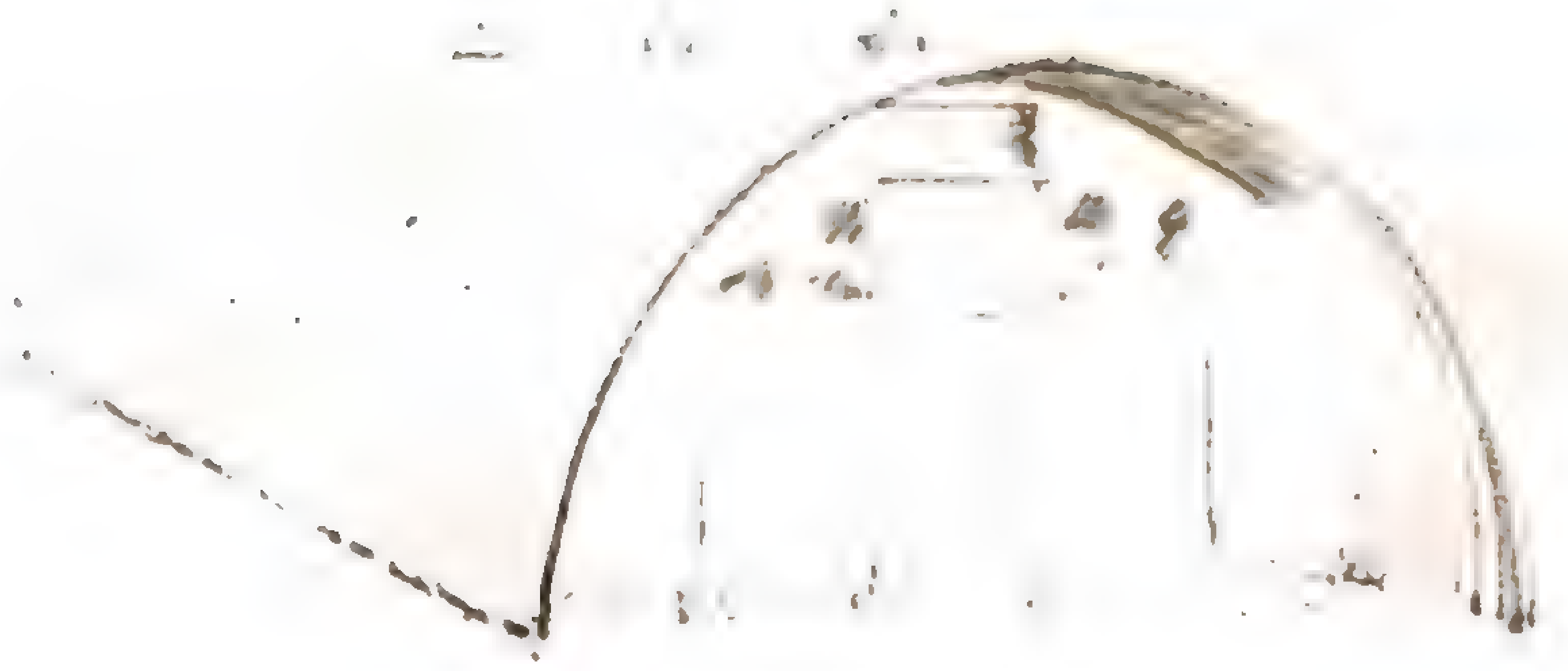
* * *

As for the new Olsen and Johnson show, *Laffing Room Only!* the less said, the better. #

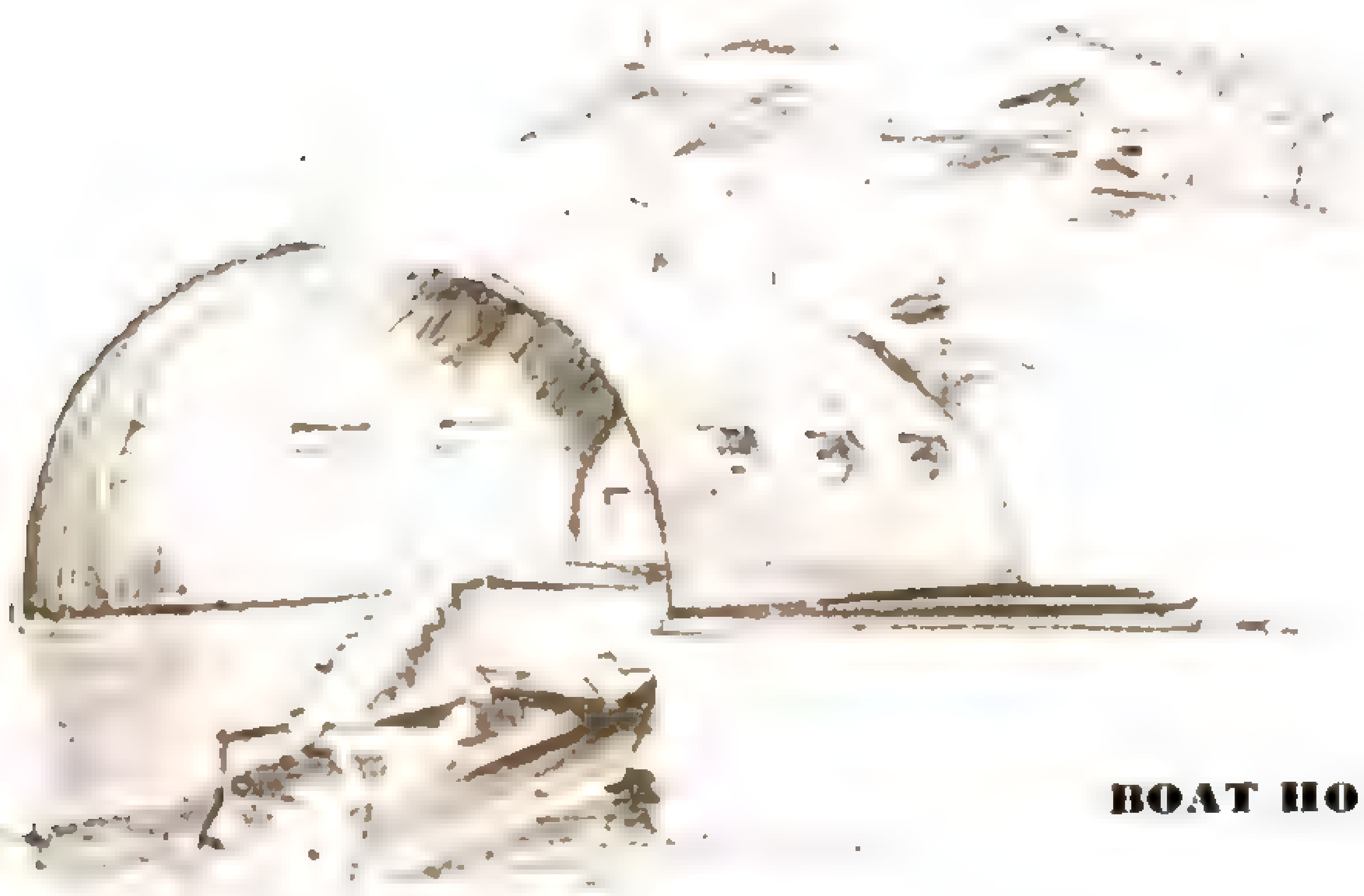


"Well, boys—now we know what a skunk is, don't we?"

HOUSEBOAT



G. I. USAGE



BOAT HOUSE

Home in a Quonset

Planning the Army hut as guest house, cabaña, studio, cottage

by **HENRY SENBER**

THE jeep of housing in World War II is the Quonset hut. A squat, semicircular affair that looks like a tin can flattened on the bottom to keep it from rolling over, the Quonset is drab and ugly as hell in its G.I. usage. Its barren interior and regularly spaced windows have all the charm of a wind tunnel.

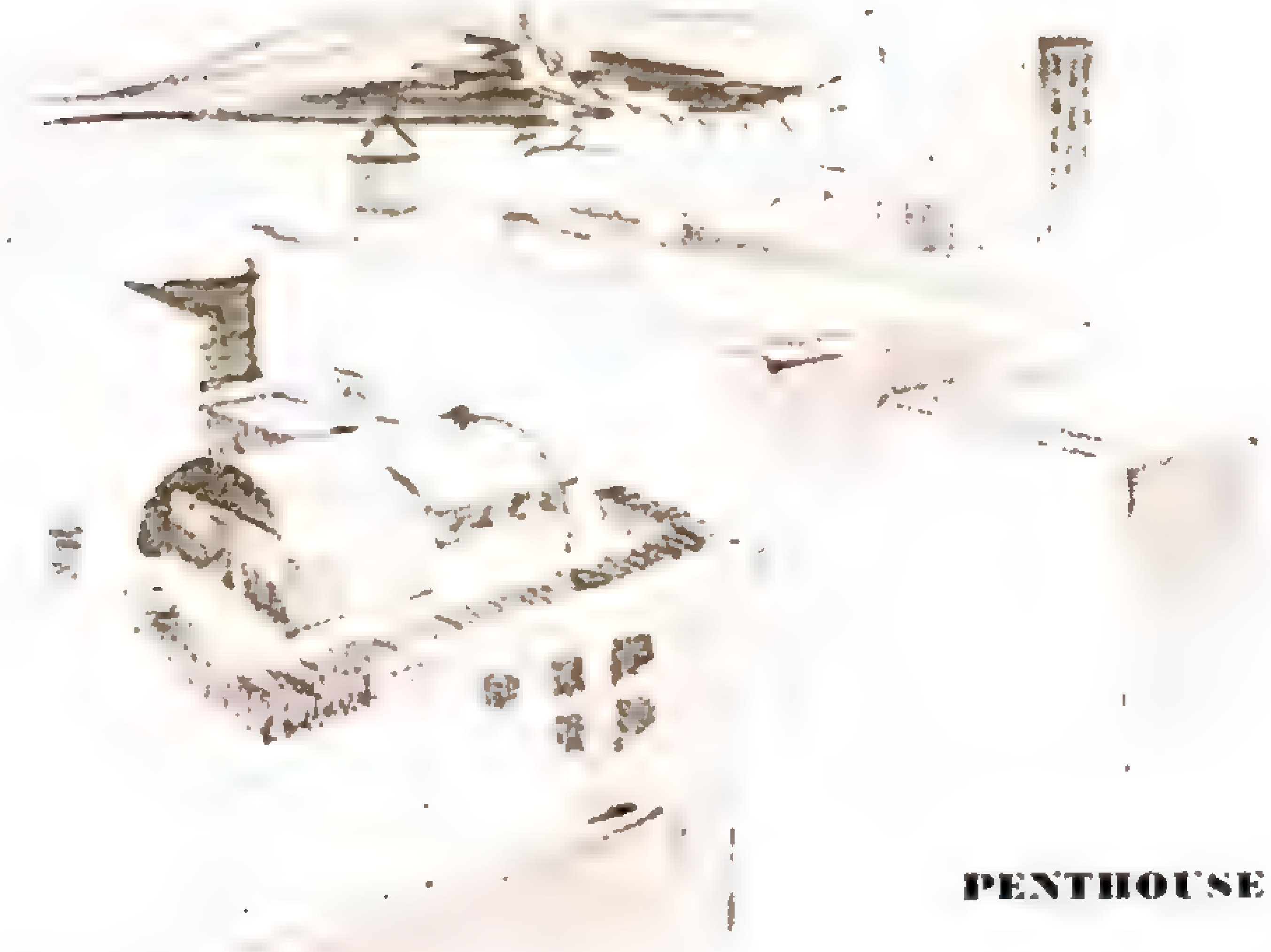
The Quonset has proved a valuable and versatile accessory, however, and it dots the landscape from Iceland to the South Pacific. Consisting of a steel framework, plywood floor and a continuous wall-roof of wallboard, insulation and an outer shell of corrugated steel, the Quonset comes in a unit package, complete with tools. An "on-the-ball" crew of a dozen men can put one up in seven or eight hours. Once erected, the Quonset requires a minimum of maintenance. The standard hut is ten feet high, twenty feet wide and fifty-six feet long. Larger units also are made for warehouse and other purposes.

Like the jeep, the Quonset has aroused a number of ideas as to postwar application in the minds of the men who now are using them. One fairly widespread attitude, of course, was expressed by the Seabee who said, "I never want to see one of the damned things again." But in the twilight of Island X, after a day's construction work, many of his mates have been heard to say: "There ought to be a lot of these things around after the war. If I can get hold of one cheap enough, it would make a dandy . . ."

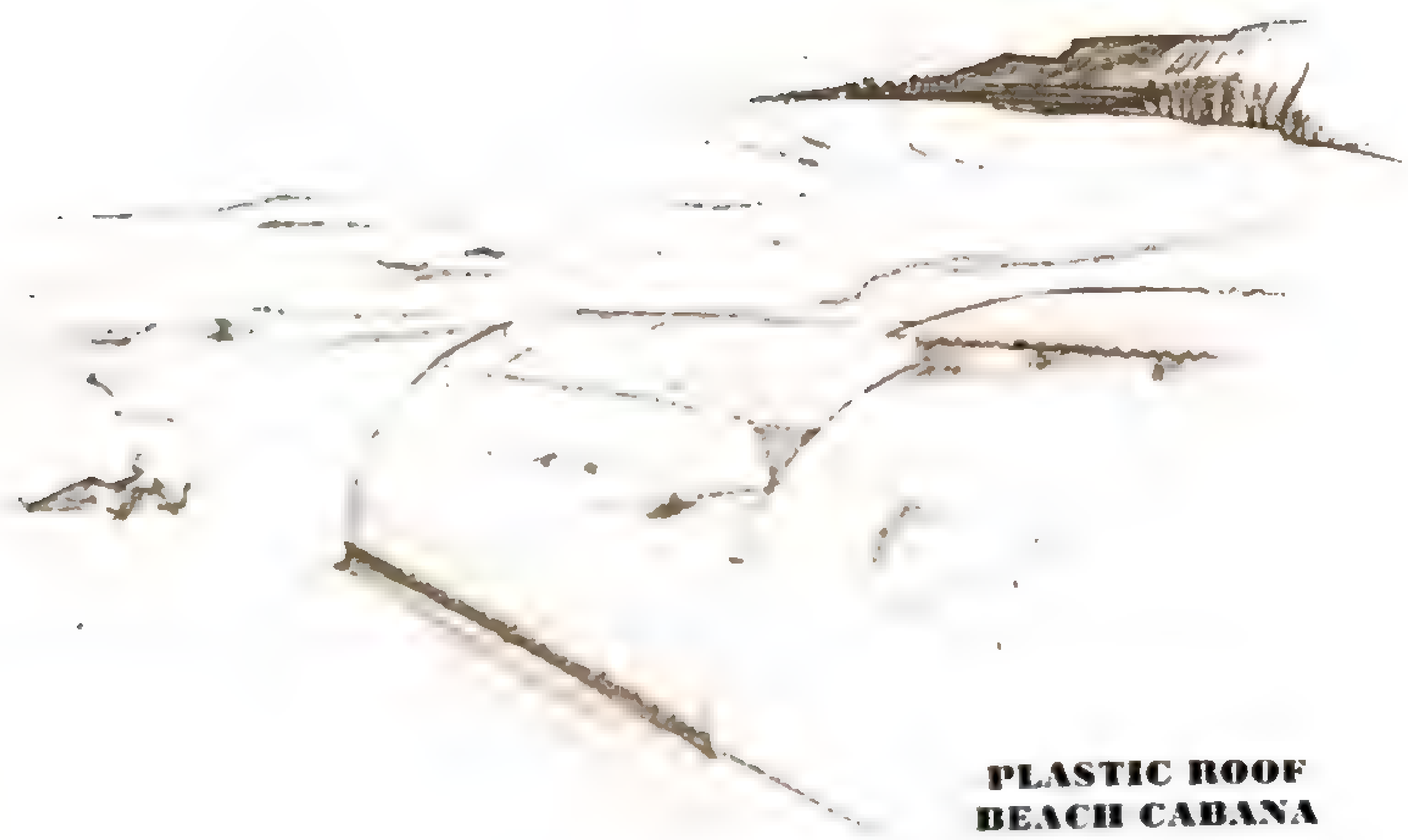
Just what it would make depends upon the man. A city dweller has ideas about a penthouse; a suburbanite or commuter thinks in terms of a guest cottage, cabaña, rumpus room, studio, hobby shop or garage. Sportsmen talk of using the Quonset for a hunting lodge, or setting one up beside a mountain lake or stream for vacation purposes.

One man who dreams of owning a streamlined speedboat is planning to use a Quonset as a boathouse, and another thinks of mounting one on an old barge for a houseboat. Fantastic? We saw one afloat at Panama.

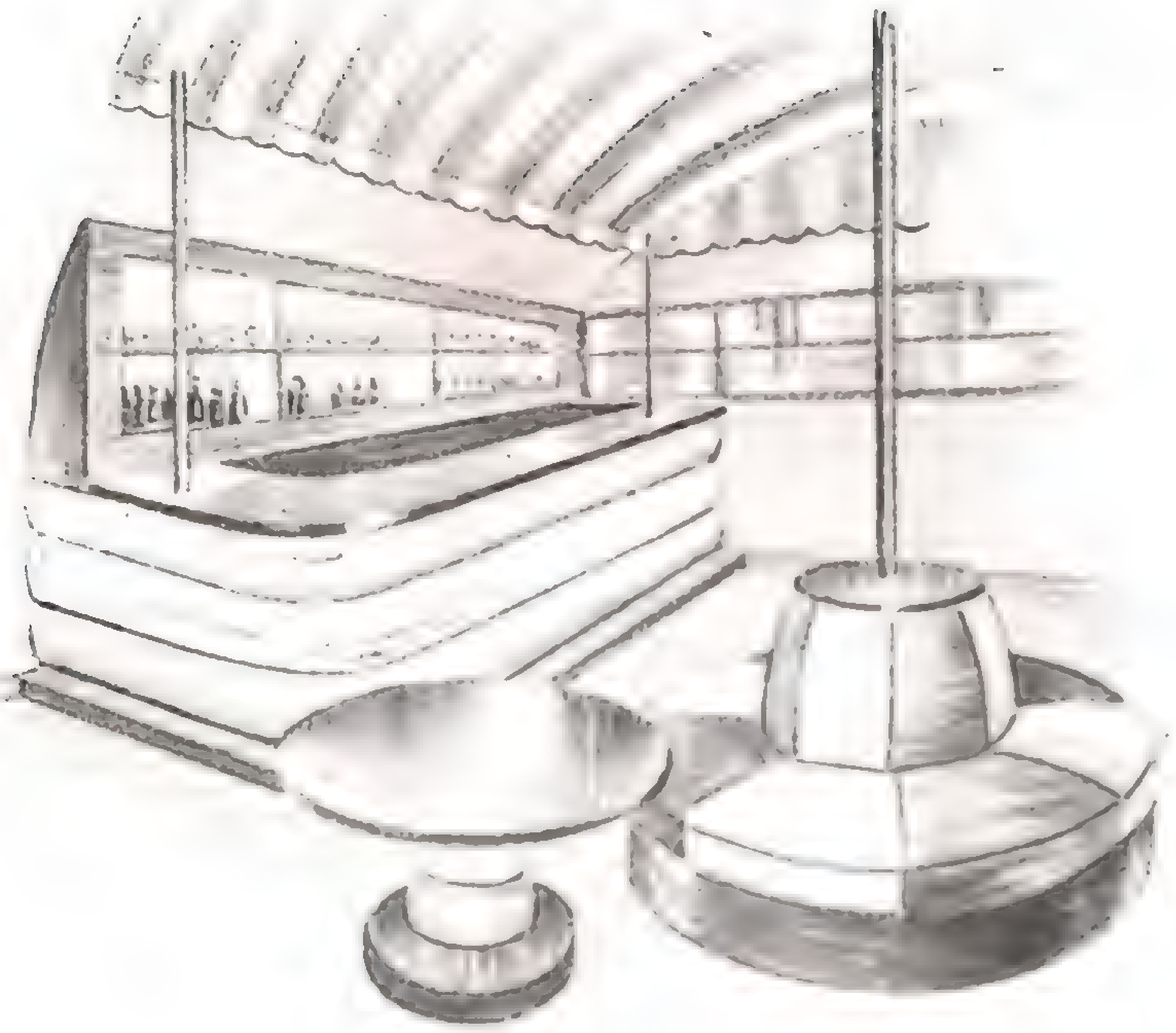
Farm-bred lads visualize the Quonset in terms of a large chicken house or lambing shed. If one of the larger Quonsets is available, it might be used as a barn or stable. One man has even discussed the possibility of taking two Quonsets and setting them up on end for a grain silo. They won't be available till after the war, but meanwhile the possibilities are limited only by the individual imagination. Paul M. Falk, SF1c, a Seabee now in the engineering office of the 117th Naval Construction Battalion, was an architectural designer in civilian life. Some of his ideas for the postwar adaptation of the Quonset are sketched on these pages.



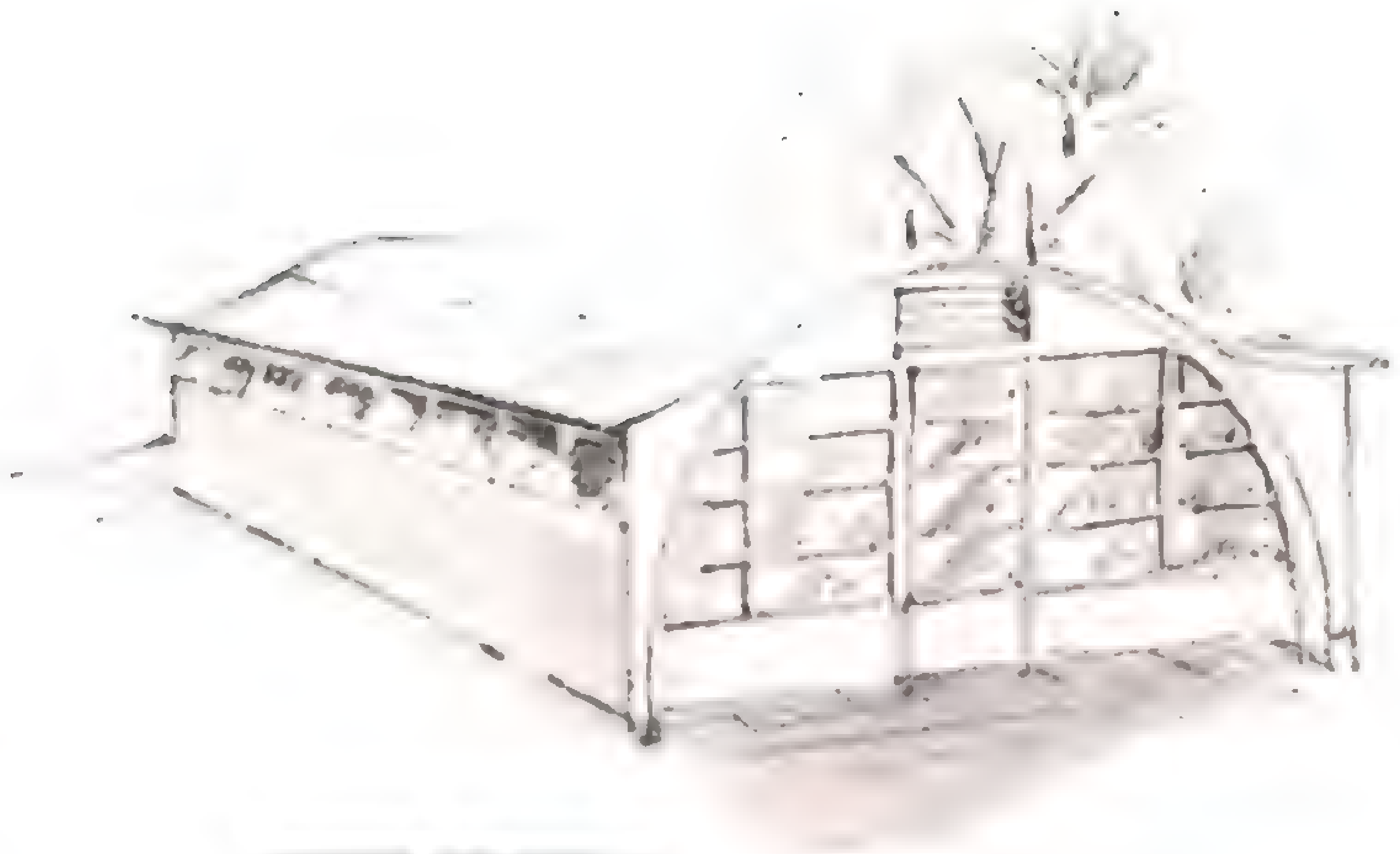
PENTHOUSE



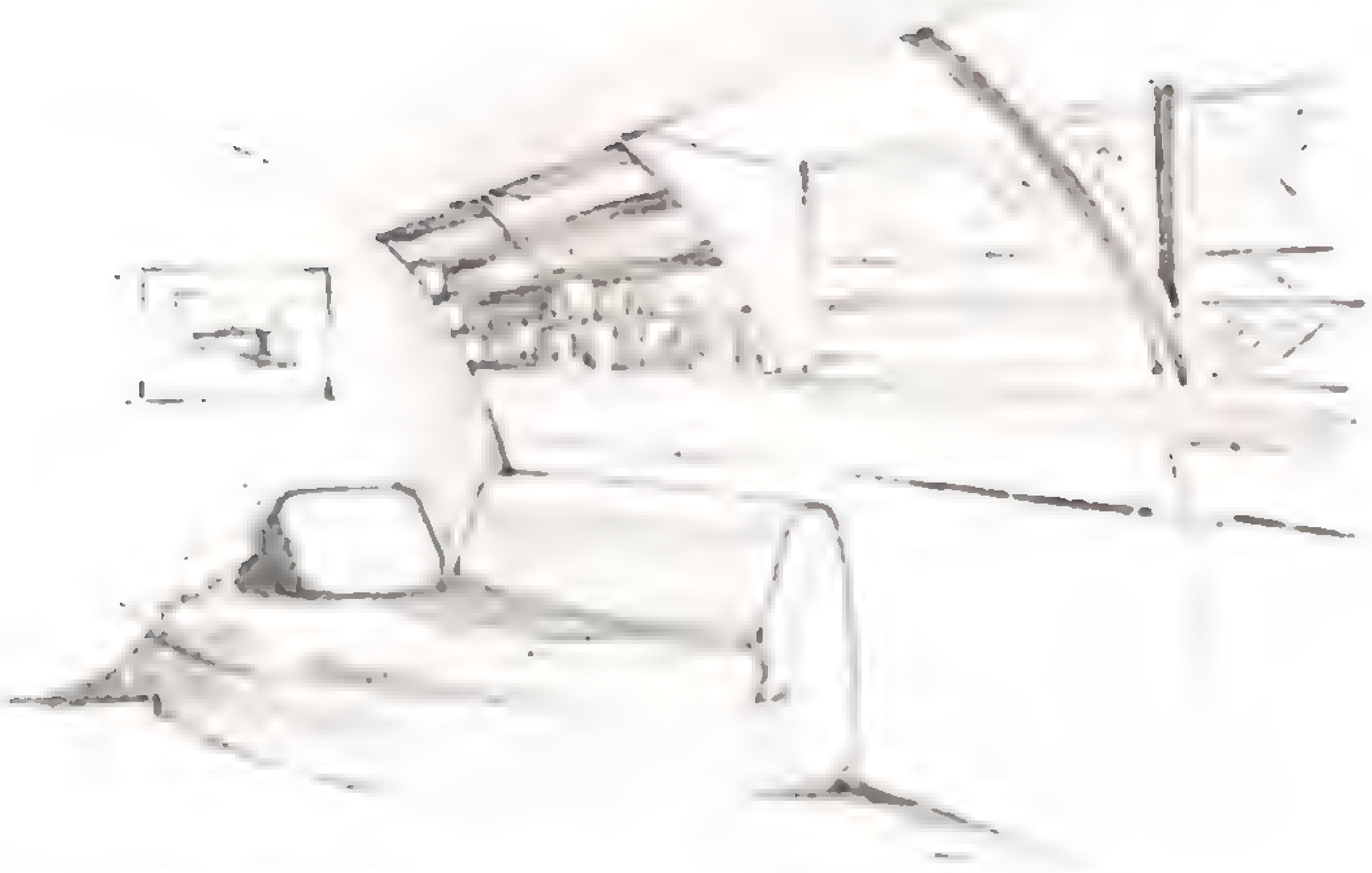
PLASTIC ROOF
BEACH CABANA



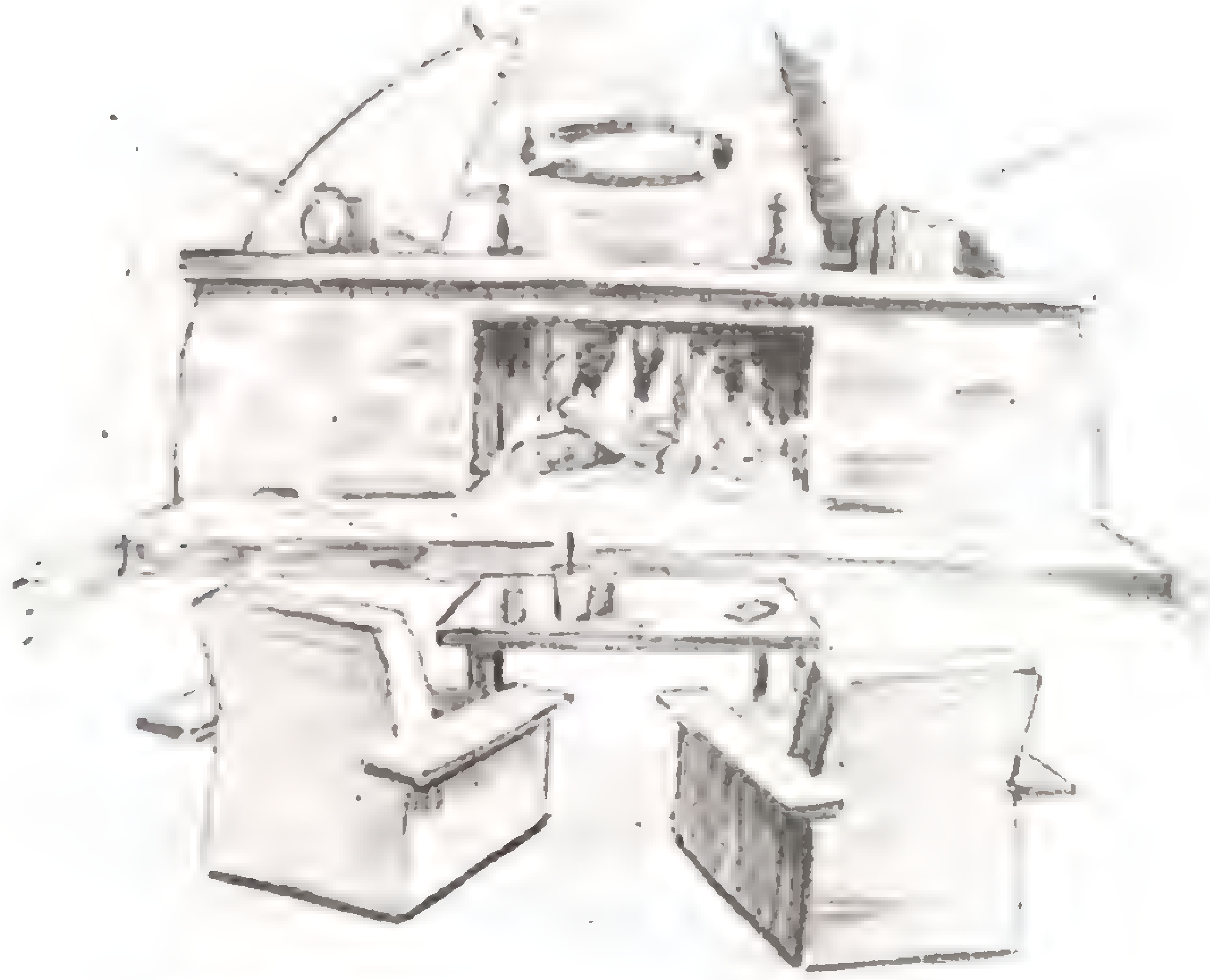
RUMPUS ROOM



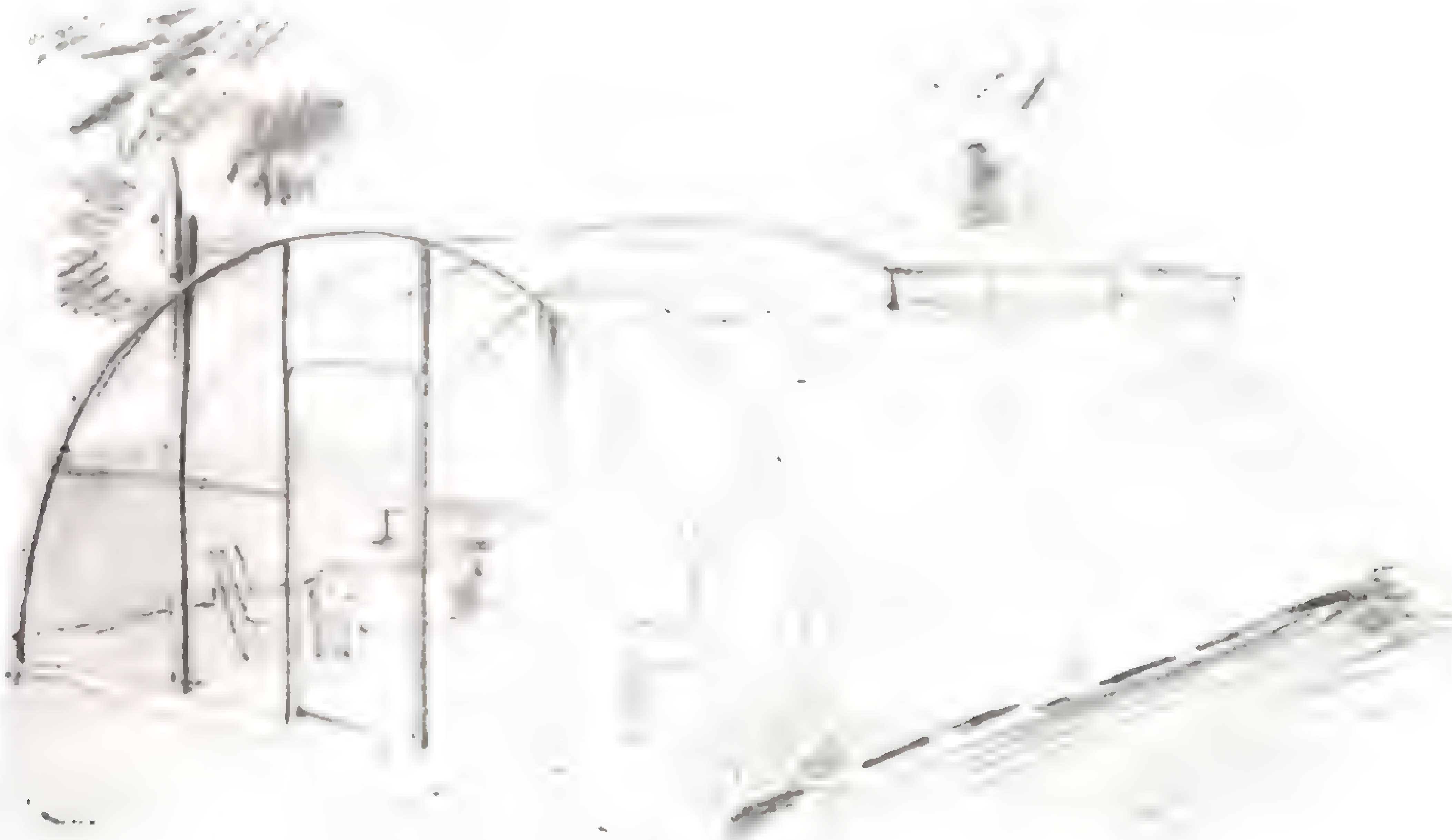
DUTCH COLONIAL



READING CORNER



HUNTING LODGE



PLASTIC ROOF PORCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL M. FALK

Esquire's Ready-to-Speak French II

Pleasant dose of grammar, enabling you to take a train, order dinner or ask directions the next time you see Paris

by FRANK HENIUS

• EDUCATION •

Here are the highpoints only of the rules which govern the use of French words, their various forms and relationship to each other. They will not give you a perfect command of faultless French, but are offered on the same principle and for the same purpose as the language books for the soldier written by this author: to introduce you to French, encourage your further study, overcome the fear that it is much too hard to tackle and ever master, and—for your immediate use—enable you to construct sentences, which, if not grammatically correct, will convey what you wish to say, want or know. The grammar, owing to the limited space as well as the purpose outlined above, is naturally incomplete.

Accents

lahk-SAHN
The French, when writing, use accents: *l'accent*
tay-GEW ay-TAY GRAHV PER
aigu — été summer. *L'accent grave — père* father,
OO OO
used also to distinguish similar words: *ou* or, *où*
AH AH seer-kawn-FLEKS
where, *à* at, *a* has. *L'accent circonflexe*
byen-TOH say-DEE-yuh
bientôt soon. *La cédille* makes ç sound like s be-
luh-SAWN TRAY-ma
fore a, o, u: *la leçon* lesson. *Le tréma* separates
NO-EL
vowels: *Noël* Xmas. *L'apostrophe* (') marks
ZHAY LAWM
dropping of a letter: *j'ai* (*je ai*) I have, *l'homme*
SEEL SEEL
the man, *s'il* and *s'ils* if he, if they.

Articles and Nouns

The French distinguish two genders, masculine
PER
(m) and feminine (f). All m. (*père*), and all
FEE-yuh
f. names and nouns (*fille*), retain their gender.
la-FRAHNS la-may-REEK
Countries use the f. article: *La France, l'Amérique.*
luh la l'
"The" (definite article) is *le* m, *la* f, *l'* m & f
LAY
before vowel or mute h, *les* m & f pl; "a, an"
UN EWN UN
indefinite article *un* m, *une* f. The *n* in *un*, if
followed by a vowel, changes into n and is
uh-NAWM
"bound" with it: *un homme.*
duh
The noun, as in English, is declined by *de* (of)
d AH
or *d'* for the genitive and *à* (to) for the dative, the accusative being always like the nominative. The *definite article* is contracted: de le becomes
DEW DAY OH OH
du, de les *des*, à le *au*, à les *aux*. Example:
sawl-DA
nom.: *le soldat*, gen: *du s.*, dat: *au s.*, acc: *le s.*,
sawl-DA
nom. pl: *les soldats*, gen. pl: *des s's*, dat. pl: *aux* s's,
la FAHM
acc. pl: *les s's. La femme, de la f., à la f., la f.*,
FAHM
les femmes, des f's, aux f's, les f's. When speaking of an indefinite quantity or PART, the French use
duh
the *partitive article* in the nom. and accus., "*de*",
DAWN-nay MWA dew PEN
and the definite article: *donnez-moi du pain* (m)
duh la VYAHND, duh-LOH, day-FRWEE,
de la viande (f), *de l'eau, des fruits* (pl) (give me some bread, meat, water, fruit).

Feminine Gender

The fem. gender of nouns, adjectives, participles and certain pronouns is generally formed by adding a silent e to the masc., without change in the pronounciation if the latter ends in a
zhaw-LEE, ah-MEE,
vowel: *joli, jolie; ami, amie.* If the masc. ends
awn-NET
in e, no change whatever is made: *honnête* m f. When an e is added to a consonant, the latter
GRAHN GRAHND
is pronounced: *grand, grande.* Certain consonants generally change:
BLAHN, BLAHNSH
c into che: *blanc, blanche*
pew-BLEEK -BLEEK
c into que: *public, -ique*
VEEF, VEEV
f into ve: *vif, vive.*
LAWN, LAWNG
g into gue: *long, longue.*
U-RU, U-RUZ FOH, FOHS
x into se: *heureux, -se.* Exceptions: *faux, -sse;*
DOO, DOOS
doux, -ce.
dee-rek-TUR, -TREES
teur into trice: *directeur, -trice.* Exceptions:
may-YUR, sew-payr-YUR, en-fayr-YUR
meilleur, supérieur, inférieur which add an e for the f. form: *meilleure.*
ay-tayr-NEL, -NEL, BAWN, -BAWN
l, n, s, t are doubled: *éternel, -lle; bon, -nne;*
BA, BAHS, mew-AY, -ET
bas, -sse; muet, -tte dumb.
ahnt-YAY, -YER
er into ère: *entier, -ière.*
Of course, there are exceptions to every language
FRAY, FRAYSH
rule and here are a few of them: *frais, fraîche;*
FOO, FAWL
fou, folle foolish, fool; as well as a few adjectives which use a special masc. form before a vowel
BO, BEL BEL NOO-VO, -VEL
or mute h: *beau, bel* m, *belle* f; *nouveau, -vel* m,
-VEL, VYU, VYAY VYAY-yuh
-elle f; *vieux, vieil* m, *vieille* f.
Personne used as an indefinite pronoun is masc:
payr-SAWN NAY PLEW ZURU kuh-LWEE
personne n'est plus heureux que lui no one is happier than he; but preceded by a determining
set-payr-SAWN ay-treh-zu-RUZ
word is fem: *Cette personne est très heureuse.*

Formation of the Plural

Generally, the plural of nouns, adjectives, participles and certain pronouns is formed by
FAHM, FAHM
adding an s to the singular (*femme, femmes; joli, jolis*) or an x to words ending in au, eu, oeu
oh-ah-ZO shuh-VU
and sometimes in ou: *oiseaux* birds; *cheveux* hair;
zhuh-NOO
genoux knees. Words ending in s, x or z do not
day-less-YU, PREE, FEES, NAY
change: *délicieux, prix, fils, nez.* Endings al and
lwa-YAHL, -YO; tra-VA EE,
ail often change into aux: *loyal, -yaux; travail,*
-VO FOO, FOO TROO, TROO BAHL,
-vaux). Exceptions: *fou, fous; trou, trous; bal,*
BAHL LU EE lay-ZYU BLU BLU
bals; l'oeil, les yeux; bleu, bleus.

Adjectives and Adverbs

The adj. always agrees in gender (m, f) and number (s, pl) with the noun which it serves to
luh-baw-NAWM, ewn-mo-VAYZ FEE-yuh, lay-
describe: *le bon homme, une mauvaise fille, les*
grahn-LEEV-ruh, lay-puh-TEET SHOHZ PLEW
grands livres, les petites choses. The word *plus* (more) is put before the adj. for the comparative.
luh-PLEW
le plus (most) for the superlative:
SHOH plew-SHOH luh-plew-SHOH
chaud, plus chaud, le plus chaud. The article is
TAHN
repeated if the adj. follows the noun: *le temps*
BAWN, may-YUR,
le plus chaud. Exceptions: *bon, meilleur, le m.,*
mo-VAY, PEER puh-TEE, MWEN-druh
mauvais, pire, le p., petit, moindre, le m. "Than" after a comparative is translated by *que.*
eel-ay-plew-GRAHN kuh-VOO
Il est plus grand que vous he is bigger than you.
The adverb is often formed by adding *-ment* to the feminine form of the adjective if it ends
U-RUZ-MAHN
in a consonant (*heureusement*), and to the masculine
ahb-zaw-lew-MAHN
(*absolument*) if it ends in a vowel. The final e
ay-nawr-may-MAHN,
changes sometimes into é (*énormément*); *ant*
en-STAHN, -stahm-MAHN
& *ent* into *amment* & *emment* (*instant, -amment;*
prew-DAHN, -dahm-MAHN LAHN, lahn-tuh-MAHN
prudent, -emment). Exception: *lent, lentement* slowly.

Except *peu* (PU) little and *tant* (TAHN) so much, you will find the principal adverbs in the No. 1 booklet: PLACE: here, there, in, within, outside, out, over, under, before, behind, far, everywhere, where. TIME: today, tomorrow, yesterday, then, always, never, soon, now, yet, again, already, at last, when. QUANTITY: too, too much, enough, much, plenty, more, less, how much, if, when, very. GENERAL: well, badly, better, quickly, not, such, so, how, certainly, rather.

The possessive adjectives (also pronouns) are:

mon m MAWN	*ma* f MA	my	mawn-FEES *mon fils*	my son
ton m TAWN	*ta* f TA	your	*de mon fils*	of . . .
son SAWN	*sa* SA	his, her	*à mon fils*	to . . .
notre NAWT-ruh	*notre*	our	*mon fils*	my son
votre VAWT-ruh	*votre*	your		
leur LUR	*leur*	their	may-FEES *mes fils*	my sons
mes MAY	*nos* NO	our	*de mes fils*	of . . .
tes TAY	*vos* VO	your	*à mes fils*	to . . .
ses SAY	*leurs* LUR	their	*mes fils*	my sons

Mon, ton, son are used instead of *ma, ta, sa* before words beginning with a vowel or mute h:
maw-na-MEE taw-nees-TWAR
mon amie, ton histoire. Not the owner, but the
eel(el)
property determines gender and number: *il*(*elle*)
a-VEW SAWN FEES, sa-FEE-yuh, say-zahn-FAHN
a vu son fils, sa fille, ses enfants; he has seen his (her) son, daughter, children.

Conjunctive in this text is used to describe a word used immediately before a verb or noun, disjunctive when not immediately connected with them: c: my book, d: the book is mine.
SUH SET
This, that: *ce*, or *cet* before vowel or mute h, m;
SET SAY suh-muh-SYU, se-TAWM, set-DAHM
cette f, *ces* pl, *ce monsieur, cet homme, cette dame,*
say-zahn-FAHN SEE LA
ces enfants. To emphasize *-ci* or *là* is added by a
suh-tawm-SEE
hyphen to the noun *cet homme-ci*, this man here,

say-LEEV-ruh-LA suh-SEE
ces livres-là those books there. *Ceci* means
suh-LA SA
this, *cela* or *ça* that, both also used as nouns.

Prepositions

All French prepositions are followed by the accusative.

You will find the principal ones in the No. 1 booklet: to, at, by, after, before, with, in, against, between, during, through, amongst, for, without, under, of, from, behind, except, towards, until. For good measure add: *depuis* (duh-PWEE) since; *malgré* (mahl-GRAY) in spite of; *voici* (vwa-SEE) here, here is, and *voilà* (vwa-LA) there, there is.

Very useful is the two-lettered *en* (AHN). As a preposition it signifies: in, into, to, from, by, as, like, and as a pronoun it signifies for him, about him, with him (her, it, them), and it also stands for some, any, none.
ahn-too-KA zhuh-mahn—soo-VYEN
En tout cas in any case; *je m'en souviens* I re-
nuh-mahn-par-lay-PA
member it; *Ne m'en parlez pas!* Don't speak to me of it.

Verbs

The verb, while having no gender except in the participle form (loved, seen) must be of equal
lahn-FAHN PLUR
number and person as its subject: *l'enfant pleure,*
lay-zahn-FAHN PLUR, zhuh-DAHNS, noo-dahn-SAWN,
les enfants pleurent (cry); *je danse, nous dansons;*
luh-shuh-VAHL ay-BLAHN, lay-shuh-VO SAWN NWAR
le cheval est blanc, les chevaux sont noirs. The
ET-ruh ah-VWAR
auxiliaries to be (*être*) and to have (*avoir*) play the same helpful (auxiliary) role as in our own
tew
language. *Tu* is the familiar form (our thou), only used by relatives, close friends.

Pres. Indic:	
j'ai, I have ZHAY	*je suis*, I am zhuh-SWEE
tu as tew-AH	*tu es* tew-AY
il (*elle* f) *a* eel-AH, el-AH	*il est* eel-AY
nous avons noo-za-VAWN	*nous sommes* noo-SAWM
vous avez VOO—za-VAY	*vous êtes* VOO-ZET
ils (*elles* f) *ont* eel-ZAWN	*ils sont* eel-SAWN
Imp. Indic:	
j'avais, I had zha-VAY	*j'étais*, I was zhay-TAY
tu avais tew-ah-VAY	*tu étais* tew-ay-TAY
il (*elle* f) *avait* eel-ah-VAY	*il était* eel-ay-TAY
nous avions noo-zahv-YAWN	*nous étions* noo-zayt-YAWN
vous aviez voo-zahv-YAY	*vous étiez* voo-zayt-YAY
ils (*elles* f) *avaient* eel-za-VAY	*ils étaient* eel-zay-TAY
Perf. Indic:	
j'ai eu zhay-EW	*j'ai été* zhay-ay-TAY
tu as eu tew-ah-EW	*tu as été* tew-ah-zay-TAY
Future:	
j'aurai zho-RAY	*je serai* zhuh-suh-RAY
tu auras tew-o-RAH	*tu seras* tew-suh-RAH
il (*elle* f) *aura* eel-o-RAH	*il sera* eel-suh-RAH
nous aurons noo-zo-RAWN	*nous serons* noo-suh-RAWN
vous aurez voo-zo-RAY	*vous serez* voo-suh-RAY
ils auront eel-zo-RAWN	*ils seront* eel-suh-RAWN
ay-YAY	swa-YAY
Imper: *ayez!* have! (pl)	*soyez!* be! (pl)
ay-YAHN	ay-TAHN
Pres. part: *ayant* having	*étant* being
EW	ay-TAY
Past part: *eu* (*eue f*) had	*été* (m, f) been

There are *four conjugations* distinguished by the ending of the infinitive: 1st *-er*, 2nd *-ir*, 3rd *-oir* and 4th *-re*. Parts of the con-
shahn-TAY fee-NEER
jugations are shown for *chanter* to sing, *finir* to
RAHN-druh
finish or end and *rendre* to give back, restore. The endings have been separated from the stems, which for these verbs are *chant-*, *fin-*, and *rend-* respectively.

Pres. Indic:	*I sing*	*I finish*	*I bring*
	SHAHNT	fee-NEE	RAHN
je	*chant-e*	*fin-is*	*rend-s*
	SHAHNT	fee-NEE	RAHN
tu	*chant-es*	*fin-is*	*rend-s*
	SHAHNT	fee-NEE	RAHN
il, elle	*chant-e*	*fin-it*	*rend*
	shahn-TAWN	fee-nees-SAWN	rahn-DAWN
nous	*chant-ons*	*fin-issons*	*rend-ons*
	shahn-TAY	fee-nees-SAY	rahn-DAY
vous	*chant-ez*	*fin-issez*	*rend-ez*
	SHAHNT	fee-NEES	RAHND
ils, elles	*chant-ent*	*fin-issent*	*rend-ent*
Perfect Ind:	I have s.	I have f.	I have b.
	shahn-TAY	fee-NEE	rahn-DEW
	j'ai, tu as chant-é...	*fin-i*	*...rend-u*
Pluperfect:	I had s.	I had f.	I had b.
	shahn-TAY	fee-NEE	rahn-DEW
	j'avais, tu avais chant-é	*...fini*	*...rendu*
Fut:	I shall(will)s.	shall(will)f.	shall(will)b.
	shahn-tuh-RAY	fee-nee-RAY	rahn-DRAY
je	*chant-erai*	*fin-irai*	*rend-rai*
	shahn-tuh-RA	fee-nee-RA	rahn-DRA
tu	*chant-eras*	*fin-iras*	*rend-ras*
	shahn-tuh-RA	fee-nee-RA	rahn-DRA
il, elle	*chant-era*	*fin-ira*	*rend-ra*
	shahn-tuh-RAWN	fee-nee-RAWN	rahn-DRAWN
nous	*chant-erons*	*fin-irons*	*rend-rons*
	shahn-tuh-RAY	fee-nee-RAY	rahn-DRAY
vous	*chant-erez*	*fin-irez*	*rend-rez*
	shahn-tuh-RAWN	fee-nee-RAWN	rahn-DRAWN
ils, elles	*chant-eront*	*fini-ront*	*rend-ront*
Imperative:			
	shahn-TAWN	fee-nees-SAWN	rahn-DAWN
	chant-ons	*fin-issons*	*rend-ons*
	shahn-TAY	fee-nees-SAY	rahn-DAY
	chant-ez	*fin-issez*	*rend-ez*
Present participle	singing	finishing	returning
	shahn-TAHN	fee-nees-SAHN	rahn-DAHN
	chant-ant	*fin-issant*	*rend-ant*
Past participle	sung	finished	returned
	shahn-TAY	fee-NEE	rahn-DEW
	chant-é (*tée f*)	*fin-i* (*ie f*)	*rend-u* (*ue f*)

The *passive* is formed with the help of the verb *être* and the past participle which must agree in gender and number with the nominative of the
la-shahn-SAWN ay (ah-ay-TAY) shahn-TAY par-MWA
noun: *la chanson est* (*a été*) *chantée par moi.*
la-vay-voo-LEW
Questions: *l'avez-vous lu?* did you read it? or
ay-suh-kuh-voo-la-vay-LEW?
est-ce que vous l'avez lu? which means literally is it that you have read it? The *negative* form is
nuh-PA zhuh-nuh-kawnm-
expressed by *ne . . . pas,* *je ne com-*
prahn-PA zhuh-nay-pa-luh-
prends pas I do not understand; *je n'ai pas le*
TAHN voo-la-vay-kawnm-
temps I do not have the time; *vous l'avez com-*
PREE, NAYS-pa?
pris, n'est-ce pas? you did understand it, didn't you? (literally: is it not so?)
eel-nay-pa-vuh-NEW.
il n'est pas venu he did not come.

There are quite a number of irregular verbs
vuh-NEER
just as there are in English. *Venir* to come is an irregular verb:

Pres. Indic:
VYEN VYEN VYEN vuh-NAWN
je viens, tu viens, il vient, nous venons, vous
vuh-NAY VYEN
venez, ils viennent.

vyen-DRAY -DRA -DRA -DRAWN
Future: *je viendrai,* tu *-dras,* il *-dra,* nous *-drons,*
-DRAY -DRAWN
vous *-drez,* ils (elles) *-dront.*

zhuh-swee-vuh-NEW
Je suis venu I did come, I came; *vous êtes venu, je serai venu.* Imperative of *venir* is *viens!*, come!
vuh-NAY vuh-NAHN
venez (pl)!, present part. *venant*, coming.

Avoir and *être* frequently have opposite meanings
ah-VWAR FEN zhay-SWAHF
to our own: *avoir faim* to be hungry, *j'ai soif* I am
eel-ah-ray-ZAWN el-ah-TAWR
thirsty, *il a raison* he is right, *elle a tort* she is wrong.

Verbs ending in *oir* are generally irregular, but their regular conjugation is the same as
ruh-suh-VWAR
recevoir to receive, the stem being *rec—*:
ruh-SWA -SWA -SWA
Pres. Indic: *je reç-ois, tu reç-ois, il reç-oit, nous*
ruh-suh-VAWN -VAY -SWAHF
rec-evons, vous rec-evez, ils reç-oivent.
zhay-ruh-SEW
Perf. Indic: *j'ai reçu, tu as reçu, il a . . . ,* etc., (have received)
Pluperf. Indic: *j'avais reçu, tu avais . . . , il avait . . . ,* etc. (had received)
ruh-suh-VRAY -VRA -VRA
Future: *je recevrai, -evras, -evra.*
ruh-SEW ay-yahn-ruh-SEW
Past Part: *reç-u* (*ue* f) received, *ayant reçu* (having received).
zhuh-ruh-SWA ewn-LET-truh zhuh-nuh-ruh-SWA PA
Je reçois une lettre; je ne reçois pas de lettre;
duh-LET-truh, ruh-SWA ZHUH ..? zhay-ruh-SEW . . .
reçois-je une lettre? j'ai reçu une l.

The *participle* is a word which PARTICIPATES in the ACTION of the verb and the QUALIFICATION of the adjective. The *present*
dawr-MAHN
participle always ends in *-ant*: *dormant* sleeping,
tra-va-YAHN
travaillant working. It is generally considered a verb, and therefore does not change gender or
aw-NAYM lay-zahn-FAHN aw-bay-ees-SAHN-ah-lur-
number: *On aime les enfants obéissant à leurs*
pa-RAHN
parents People love (one loves) the children obeying (obedient) to their parents. If used as an adjective (if not combined with *avoir, être*) it changes both gender and number to conform
aw-NAYM-lay-zahn-FAHN aw-bay-ees-SAHN
with the noun: *on aime les enfants obéissants;*
ewn-may-ZAWN brew-LAY
une maison brûlée (*brûler* burn).

FAY FAYR
Fait, or the past part. of the verb *faire* to
la-may-ZAWN kuh-zhay-fay
do, to make, never changes: *la maison que j'ai fait*
ba-TEER
bâtir the house which I have had constructed. For the past part. of all reflexive verbs (*se coucher* to go to bed, *se consoler* to console one's self) the auxiliary *être* ALWAYS takes the place of "to
zhuh-muh-SWEE koo-SHAY, el-SAY kawn-saw-LAY
have": *je me suis couchée, elle s'est consolé,* and it takes gender and number of the subject it
lay-LET-truh kuh-
refers to if it is preceded by it: *les lettres que*
frahn-SWA ay ee-REN suh-sawn-tay-KREET
François et Irène se sont écrites.

The so-called impersonal verbs are only used in the third person singular, preceded by *il*:
eel-NEZH eel-PLU eel-FAY eel-FO
il neige (it snows), *il pleut* (rains) *il fait, il faut*
eel-YA
(it must, needs), *il y a* there is.

The English passive verb (to be loved, to be warned) is also in French nothing but the active verb (love, warn) in the past part. (loved, warned) preceded by the verb *être*. Pronounce the words just as previously indicated, pulling the s and z at the end of a word over to the next one if it starts with a vowel, as you have noticed
zhuh-swee-zay-MAY, voo-zay-TYAY zay-MAY
is always done: *je suis aimé, vous étiez aimé,*
voo-suh-RAY zay-MAY
vous serez aimé. Certain other verbs are used
vuh-NEER par-TEER
simply with the verb *être*: *venir* to come, *partir* to
ahl-LAY sawr-TEER ar-ree-VAY
leave, *aller* to go, *sortir* to go out, *arriver* to ar-
tawnm-BAY
rive, *tomber* to fall.

This use of *être* makes it possible for you to change an active verb into a passive one and circumscribe many irregular forms of verbs by using the past part: instead of saying *tous nos*
NO LEEV-ruh-SAWN
amis prennent nos livres you say *nos livres sont*
PREE par-TOO no-zah-MEE
pris par tous nos amis. There are two other verbs which are most useful in circumscribing or de-
FAYR fahl-LWAR
scribing action: *faire* to do, make and *falloir* to be necessary, to be needful, to be in need of, to want. They are both irregular:
FAYR, FAY, FAY, FAY, fay-ZAWN,
faire: Je *fais* I do, tu *fais,* il *fait,* nous *faisons,*

Continued on the next page

fay-ZAY, FAWN
vous *faisez*, ils *font*.
fuh-RAY, -RA, -RA, -RAWN,
Future: je *ferai*, tu *feras*, il *fera*, nous *ferons*,
-RAY, -RAWN FAYT fay-ZAHN
vous *ferez*, ils *feront*. *Faites!* do! *faisant* doing,
FAY zhay-fay-
fait done! I had the plumber come *j'ai fait*
vuh-NEER luh-plawm-BYAY, zhay-fay-kawn-strew-EER
venir le plombier, j'ai fait construire I have (had)
eel-ma-fay-kaw-PYAY
constructed, *il m'a fait copier* he made me copy.
fahl-LWAR eel FO
Falloir in the pres. indic. uses only *il faut.*
eel-fo-vuh-NEER eel-fo-kuh-
Il faut venir it is necessary to come, *il faut que*
voo-vuh-NAY
vous venez you must come. Must in the infinitive can almost always be expressed by *il faut*
fo-sawr-TEER, fo-tahl-LAY fo-DEER
and a verb: *il faut sortir, il faut aller, il faut dire,*
one must go out, go, tell. Two other irregular
POO-VWAR VOO-LWAR
verbs are *pouvoir* and *vouloir.*
PU PU PU poo-VAWN
Je peux I can, *tu peux, il peut, nous pouvons,*
poo-VAY PUV poor-RAY
vous pouvez, ils peuvent. Je pourrai future,
poo-VAHN PEW
pouvant pres. part., *pu* past part. *Je ne peux pas,*
VU
I can not, *il n'a pas pu* he could not. *Je veux*
VU VU VOO-LAWN VOO-LAY
I want, *tu veux, il veut, nous voulons, vous voulez,*
VUL VOO-DRAY VOO-LAHN -LEW
ils veulent. Je voudrai future, *voulant, voulu.*
VU DEER VOO-LAWN-zay-KREER
Je veux dire, il a voulu, nous voulons écrire.

Pronouns

The pronoun takes the gender and number of the noun which it replaces, generally, and is declined with the help of *de* (duh) (of) for the genit. and *à* (ah) (to) for the dative..

The personal pronouns were already shown in connection with the verbs (*je, tu, il, elles, nous, vous, ils, elles*).

Conjunctive i.e. when standing just before a a verb:
Dative: me, you, him, her, etc., *me* (MUH) *te* (TUH) *lui* (LWEE), *elle* (EL), *nous, vous, leur* (LUR)
Accus: *me, te, le, la, nous, vous, les* m. f.
muh-luh, voo-lah,
Le, las, les always FOLLOW the above: *me le, vous la;*
el-muh-luh-DAWN
elle me le donne she gives it to me.

When speaking of animals or things, the pro-
LWEE, EL, U,
nouns *en* and *y* are used instead of *lui, elle, eux,*
EL suh-to-RO ay
elles preceded by a preposition: *Ce taureau est*
vees-YU, day-FAYT VOO-ZAHN
vicieux, défaites-vous-en This bull is vicious, get
set-tahf-FAYR ay-sayr-YUZ, pahn-SAY-zee
rid of him. *Cette affaire est sérieuse, pensez-y* This business (matter) is serious, think of it.

When using a *non*-negative imperative, *me* is replaced by *moi, te* by *toi* and hyphen-
DEET-MWA nuh-muh-deet-PA
ated: *Dites-moi!* tell me; *ne me dites pas!* do not
zhuh-voo-DAWN voo-lay-voo
tell me; but: *je vous donne,* I give you; *voulez-vous*
muh-dawn-NAY?
me donner? will you give me?

The personal pronoun used with a verb and thus changing it into a reflexive verb, is ALWAYS put BEFORE the verb, except in the imperative and the past participle, and it agrees
flaht-TAY
in gender and number with the subject: *flatter*
suh-flaht-TAY
(to flatter), *se flatter* (to flatter one's self, to be
FLAHT
in hopes of). I flatter myself, etc: *je me flatte,*
FLAHT FLAHT flaht-TAWN
tu te flattes, il se flatte, nous nous flattons, vous vous
flaht-TAY FLAHT. zhuh-muh-swee-flaht-TAY
flattez, ils se flattent. Je me suis flatté I have flattered myself; *flattez-vous!* flatter yourself (selves)! By adding the personal pronoun to verbs, a great number of them thus become reflexive and
ah-bee-YAY,
increase the wordlist at your disposal: *habiller,*
suh-ah-bee-YAY day-see-DAY, suh-day-see-DAY
se habiller to dress (one's self); *décider, se décider;*
en-strew-EER, sen-strew-EER, ruh-pahn-TEER,
suh-ruh-pahn-TEER
instruire, s'instruire; repentir, se repentir. A great number of verbs will give you their meaning or allow you to "Frenchicize" them in English by the spelling of their stem: decide, instruct, precede, repeat, repent, etc.

The relative pronouns are *qui* (KEE) who, which and *lequel* (luh-KEL), the latter being used with prepositions or to clarify the meaning. They are declined as follows:

Nom.	KEE *qui*	who, which
Gen.	duh-KEE, DAWN *de qui, dont*	of whom, of which
Dat.	ah-KEE *à qui*	to whom, to which
Acc.	kuh, k' *que, qu'* (before vowels or mute h)	whom, which

After prepositions *qui* replaces *que* for the accus. whom, which. *De qui* and *à qui* refer to PERSONS only.

Nom.	luh-KEL *lequel*	la-KEL *laquelle* (f)	lay-KEL *lesquels* m pl, *lesquelles* f pl
Gen.	dew-KEL *duquel*	*de laquelle*	day-KEL *desquels, -quelles* pl
Dat.	O-KEL *auquel*	*à laquelle*	O-KEL *auxquels, -quelles* f pl
Acc.	luh-KEL *lequel*	*laquelle*	lay-KEL *lesquels* m, *-elles* f pl

KEL KEL KEL KEL
As adjectives, *quel* m, *quelle* f (*quels* and *quelles*
kel-muh-SYU
m f pl) mean which? what? *quel monsieur?*
kel-DAHM kel-LEEV-ruh kel-FLUR
quelle dame? quels livres? quelles fleurs? Not immediately connected with the verb are also *qui?* (KEE) who? and *quoi?* (KWA) what? as well
KAYS-kuh? kays-kuh-SAY?
as *qu'est-ce que?* what is it that? *qu'est-ce que c'est?*
KAYS-kuh
or before a vowel: *Qu'est-ce qu'.*
KA-vay-voo VEW? KAYS-
Qu'avez vous vu? what did you see? or: *qu'est-ce*
kuh voo-za-vay-VEW? duh-KEE ah-vay-voo-par-LAY?
que vous avez vu? de qui avez-vous parlé? of whom did you speak?

Indefinite pronouns are used as adjectives when they precede a noun.

O-KUN *aucun*	no one, not any	MEM *même*	same
O-truh *autre*	other	NEWL *nul*	none
sayr-TEN *certain*	certain	plew-ZYUR *plusieurs*	several
SHAHK *chaque*	each		
KEL-kuh *quelque*	some	EWN *une*	a, an, one (f)
TEL *tel*	such	DAY *des*	(plur. of un and une)
TOO *tout*	all		
UN *un*	a, an, one		

MEM
Même is adjective when it precedes the noun:
VOO-FAYT too-ZHOOR lay-MEM zer-RUR
vous faites toujours les mêmes erreurs (*erreur* f
lay-
error) or when it follows a single name: *les*
zahn-GLAY MEM
Anglais mêmes, but it is an adverb when it refers
lay-vyay-YAR,
to several nouns or to an adjective: *les vieillards,*
lay-FAHM, lay-zahn-FAHN MEM pay-REER
les femmes, les enfants même périrent (perish);
lay-ZAWM lay-plew-BRAHV MEM KREN-yuh la-MAWR.
les hommes les plus braves même craignent la mort.
KEL-kuh
quelque some is adjective when followed by a
shwa-
noun, or an adjective preceding a noun: *choisissons*
zee-SAWN, shwa-ZEER KEL-kuh-za-MEE, KEL-kuh-
(*choisir,* to choose) *quelques amis, quelques*
VRAY-za-MEE
vrais amis but an adverb when it has reference to an adjective or adverb, and it then means
KEL-kuh ah-BEEL kuh-voo-SWA-YAY
however: *quelque habiles que vous soyez* however clever you may be, or when meaning about
set-FAHM ah-KEL-kuh TRAHN—
preceding a numeral: *cette femme a quelque trente*
TAHN TOO
ans. Tout m, *toute* f, *tous* pl, all, every, each, as adjective takes number and gender of the noun:
TOO lay-zee-VAYR SAWN FRWA
tous les hivers sont froids. As an adverb, when it refers to an adjective or a noun, it means en-
suh-gar-SAWN ay too-tu-RU TOOT
tirely: *ce garçon est tout heureux* (*toute* before fem. adjective beginning with consonant or aspirated h,
TOOT set-FEE-yuh ay
toutes if the noun or pronoun is pl: *cette fille est*
TOO-tawn-TUZ say FLUR SAWN TOOT FRAYSH
toute honteuse, ces fleurs sont toutes fraîches). Employed by itself, it becomes a pronoun: *tous parlent.*

AWN
On is a frequently used and a very versatile,
awn-DEE
handy word, as for example: *on dit,* (they [or
KAYS-kawn-DEE
people] say); *qu'est-ce qu'on dit?* (what it is they [the people] say?) *Personne* and *rien* nothing, no one, none, when not by themselves, are
kee-ay-LA?
preceded by *ne*; *qui est là?* who is there?
payr-SAWN eel-nya-payr-SAWN
Personne no one. *Il n'y a personne* there is no
KAYS-kuh voo-za-vay-ahsh-TAY
one. *Qu'est-ce que vous avez acheté?* what did you
RYEN zhuh-nay-RYEN mahn-ZHAY
buy? *Rien* Nothing. *Je n'ai rien mangé* I have eaten nothing.

Numerals

1 to 10	11 to 20		
UN *un*	AWNZ *onze*	ven-tay-UN *vingt-et-un*	21
DU *deux*	DOOZ *douze*	ven-DU *vingt-deux*	22
TRWA *trois*	TREZ *treize*	ven-TRWA *vingt-trois*	23
KAHT-ruh *quatre*	ka-TAWRZ *quatorze*	TRAHNT *trente*	30
SENK *cinq*	KENZ *quinze*	ka-RAHNT *quarante*	40
SEES *six*	SEZ *seize*	sen-KAHNT *cinquante*	50
SET *sept*	dees-SET *dix-sept*	swah-SAHNT *soixante*	60
WEET *huit*	dee-ZWEET *dix-huit*	swah-sahn-DEES *soixante-dix*	70
NUF *neuf*	deez-NUF *dix-neuf*	KAHT-ruh-VEN *quatre-vingt*	80
DEES *dix*	VEN *vingt*	KAHT-ruh-ven-DEES *quatre-vingt-dix*	90

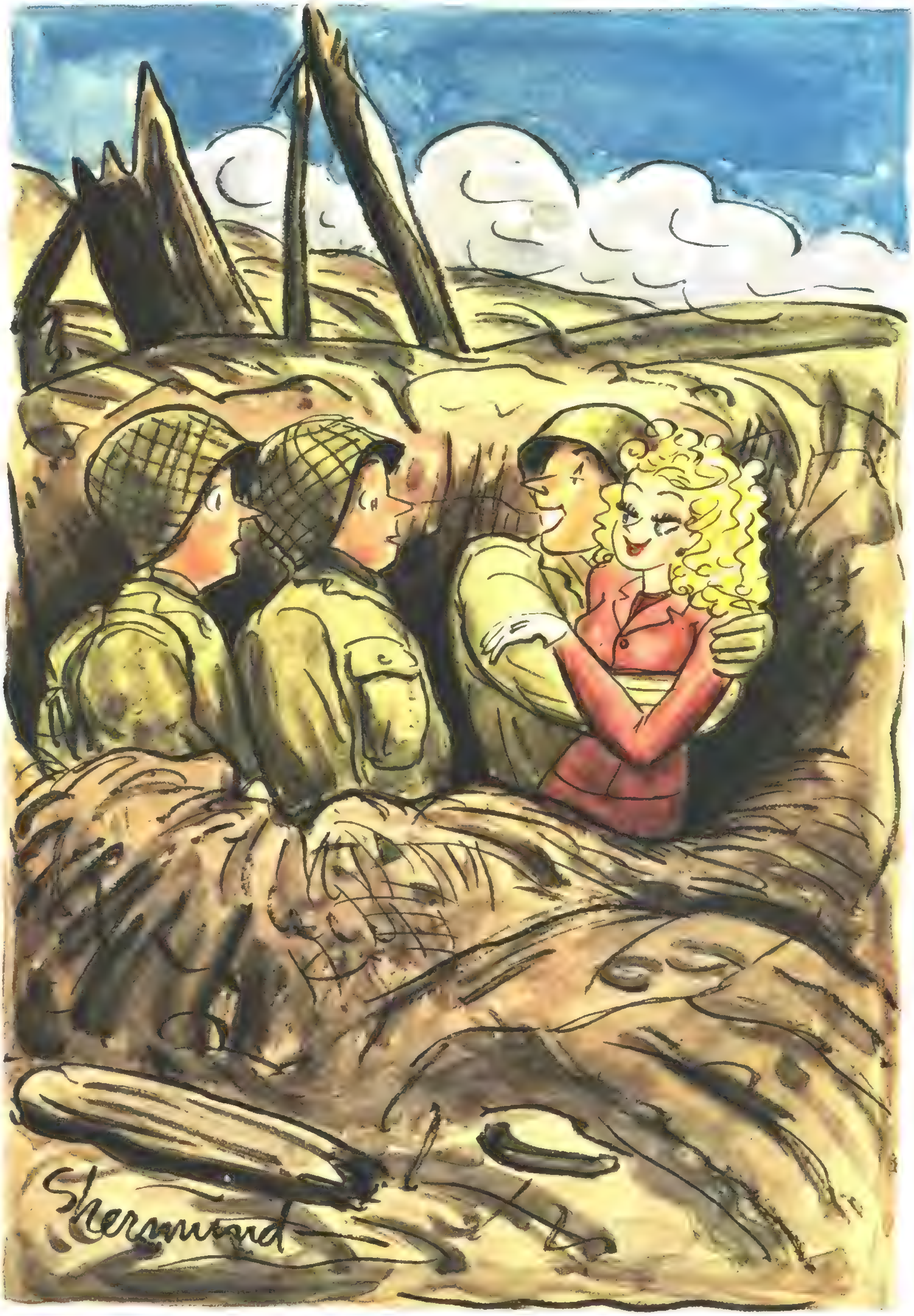
MEEL
cent SAHN 100, *deux cent* 200, *cinq cent* 500, *mille* 1000, *dix mille* 10,000.
PREM-yay suh-GAWN trwa-ZYAYM KAHT-ree-YAYM
Premier 1st, *second* 2nd, *troisiéme* 3rd, *quatriéme* 4th,
dee-ZYAYM
dixiéme 10th.

Months

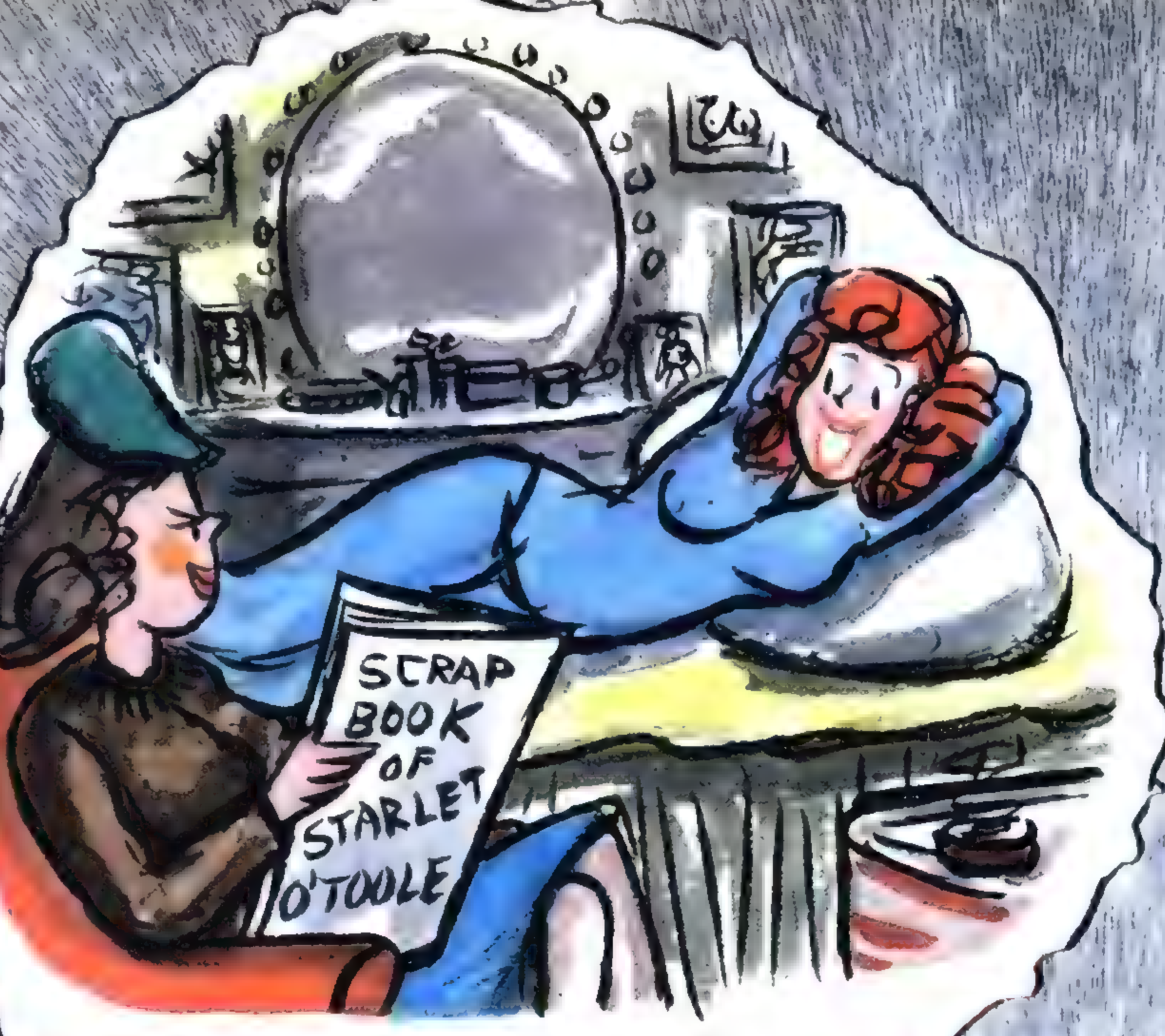
zhahn-VYAY fay-vree-AY MARS ah-VREEL MAY
Janvier, Février, Mars, Avril, Mai,
ZHWEN zhew-YAY ah-OO sep-TAHNM-bruh awk-TAW-bruh
Juin, Juillet, Août, Septembre, Octobre,
naw-VAHNM-bruh day-SAHNM-bruh
Novembre, Décembre.

Voilà, Mesdames, Messieurs!, maintenant pratiquez et travaillez les mots qu'on vous a donnes dans le numéro précédent. Au revoir, jusqu'au mois de Mai!

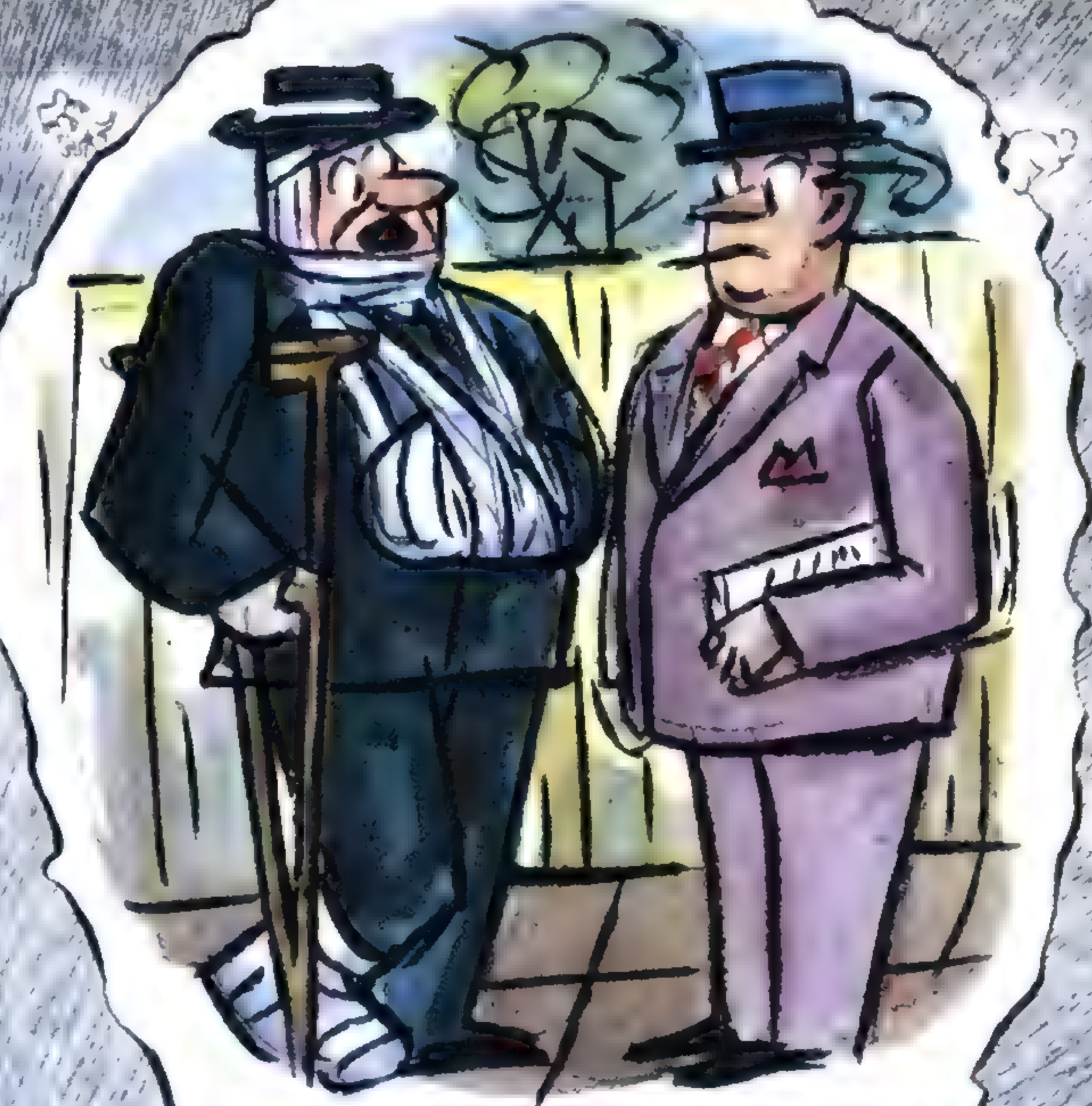
Reprinted in booklet form for your convenience. Frank Henius' articles on French Basic Word List, from the March issue, and this one are now available in separate, handy, indexed booklets as Parts I and II of Esquire's Ready-to-Speak French. The final article on French, to appear in the May issue, will be similarly reprinted. See ad on page 159 of this issue.



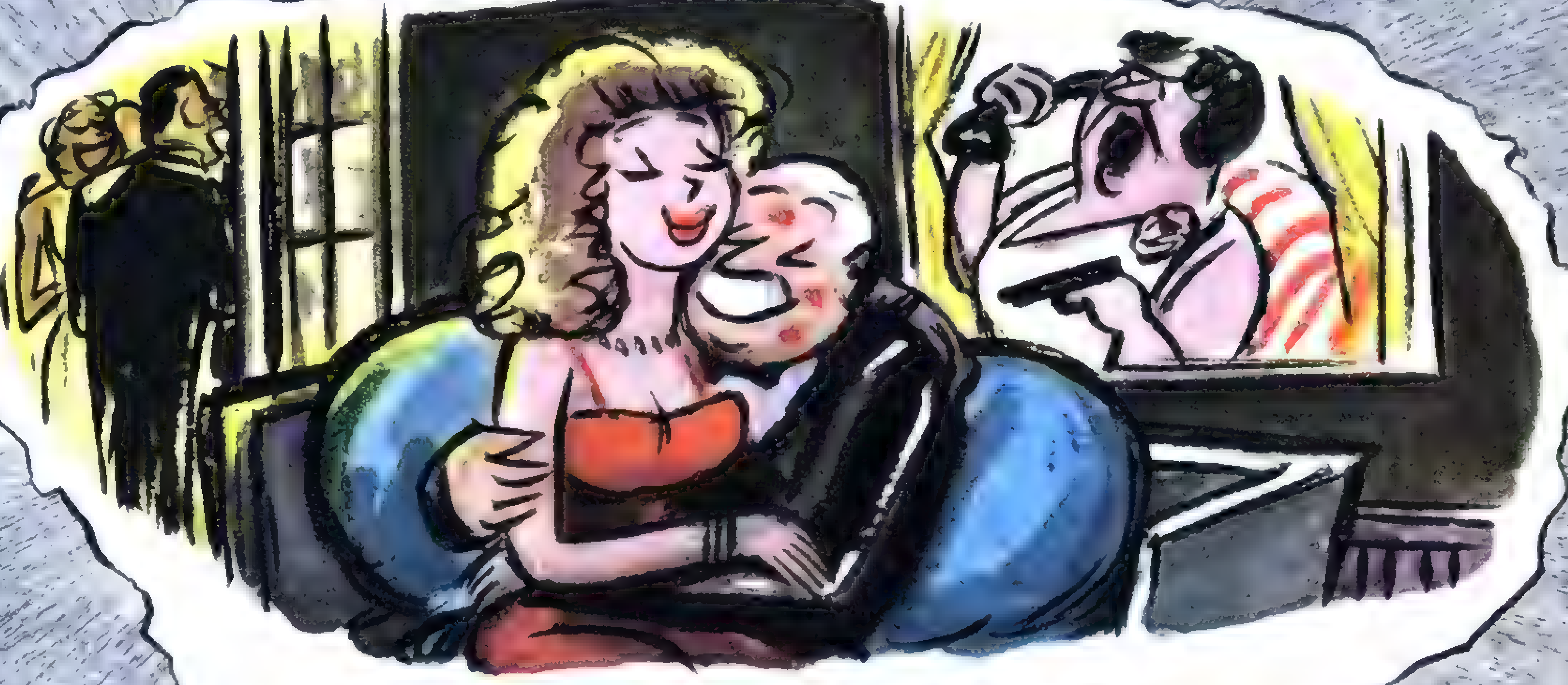
I told you to write your congressman"


SCRAP BOOK OF STARLET O'TOOLE

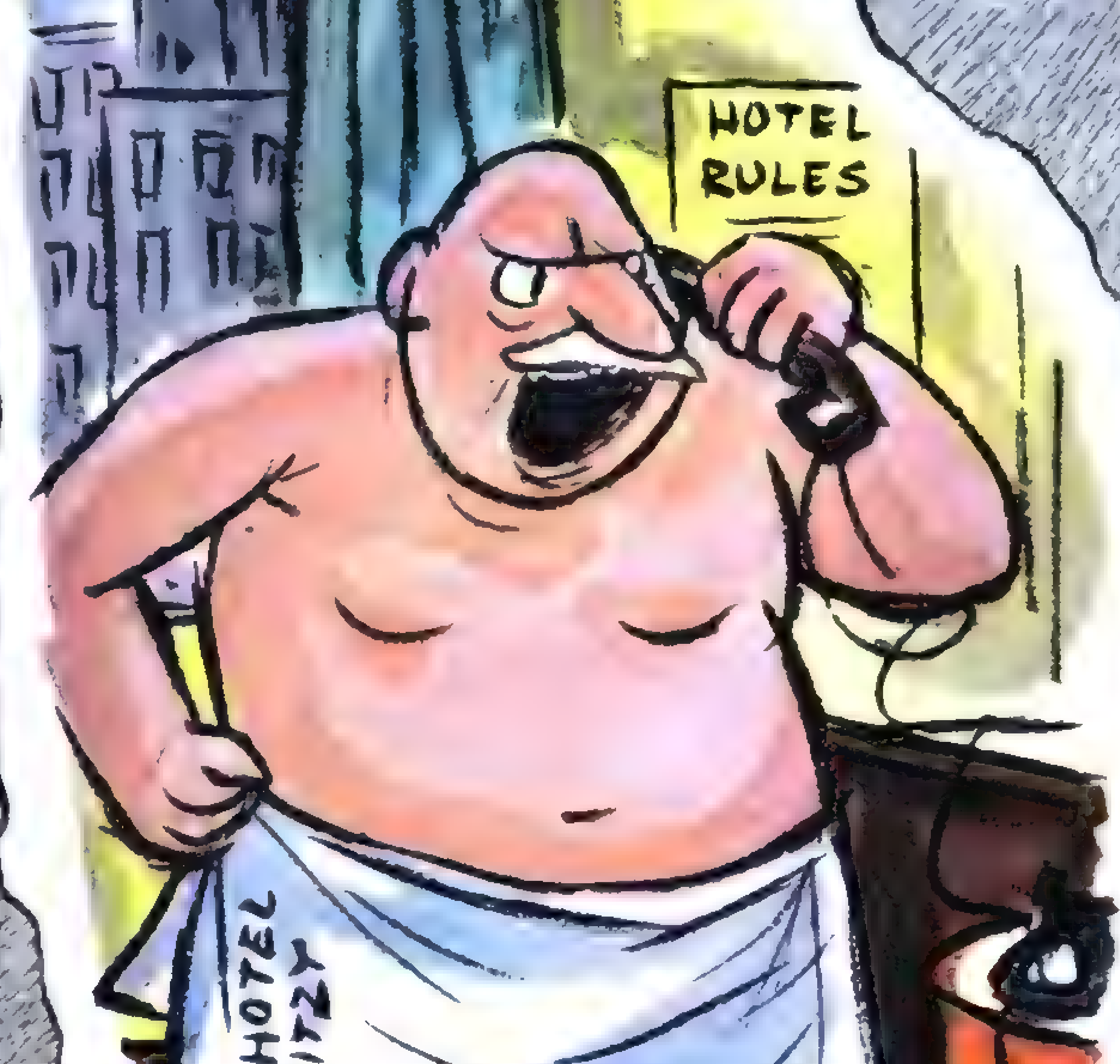
"The boys overseas voted me their left-rear-pants-pocket girl of 1945"



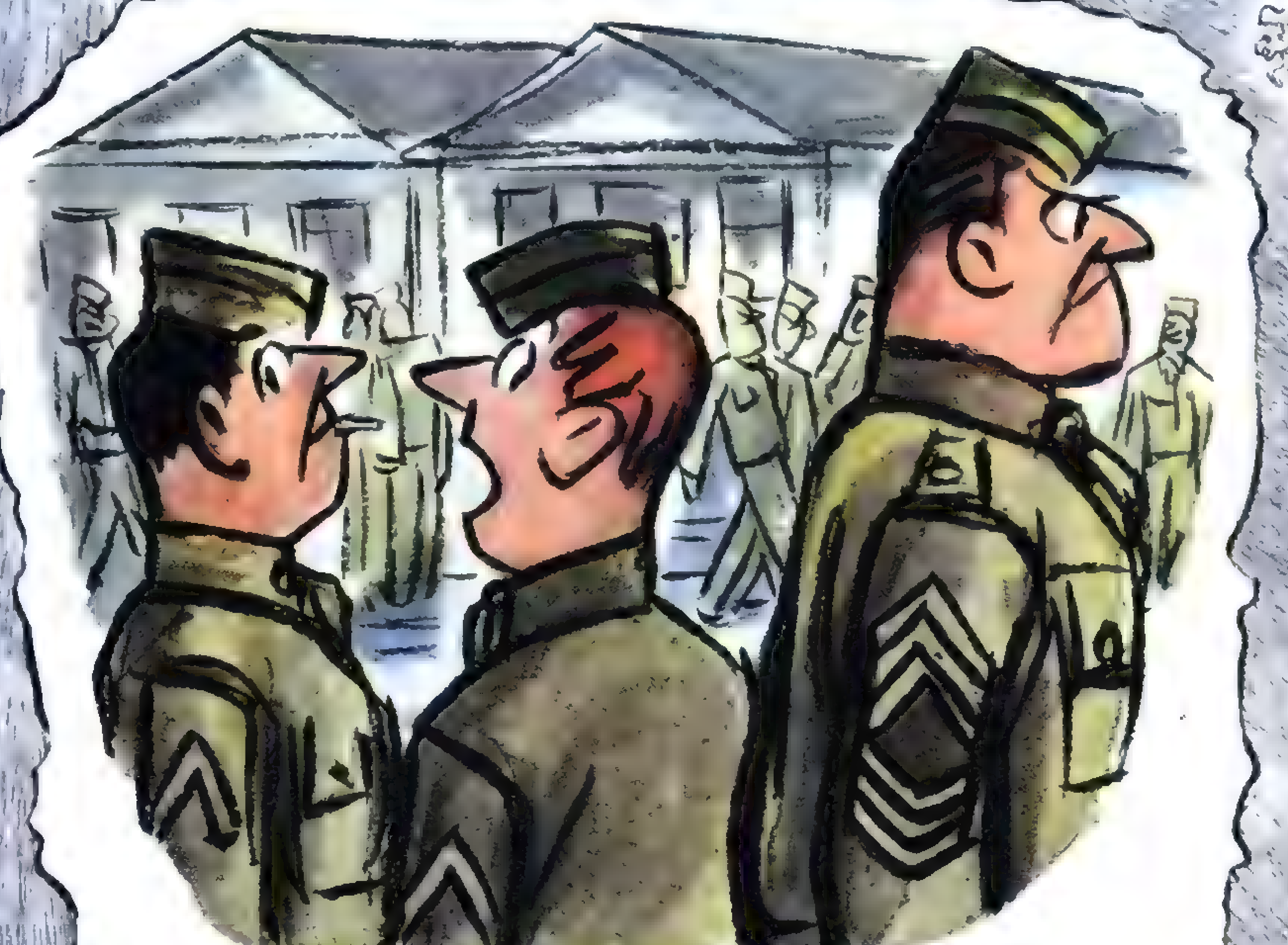
"My wife is not the type that nags"



"Send an ambulance—there's been a shooting"


HOTEL RULES
HOTEL RITZY

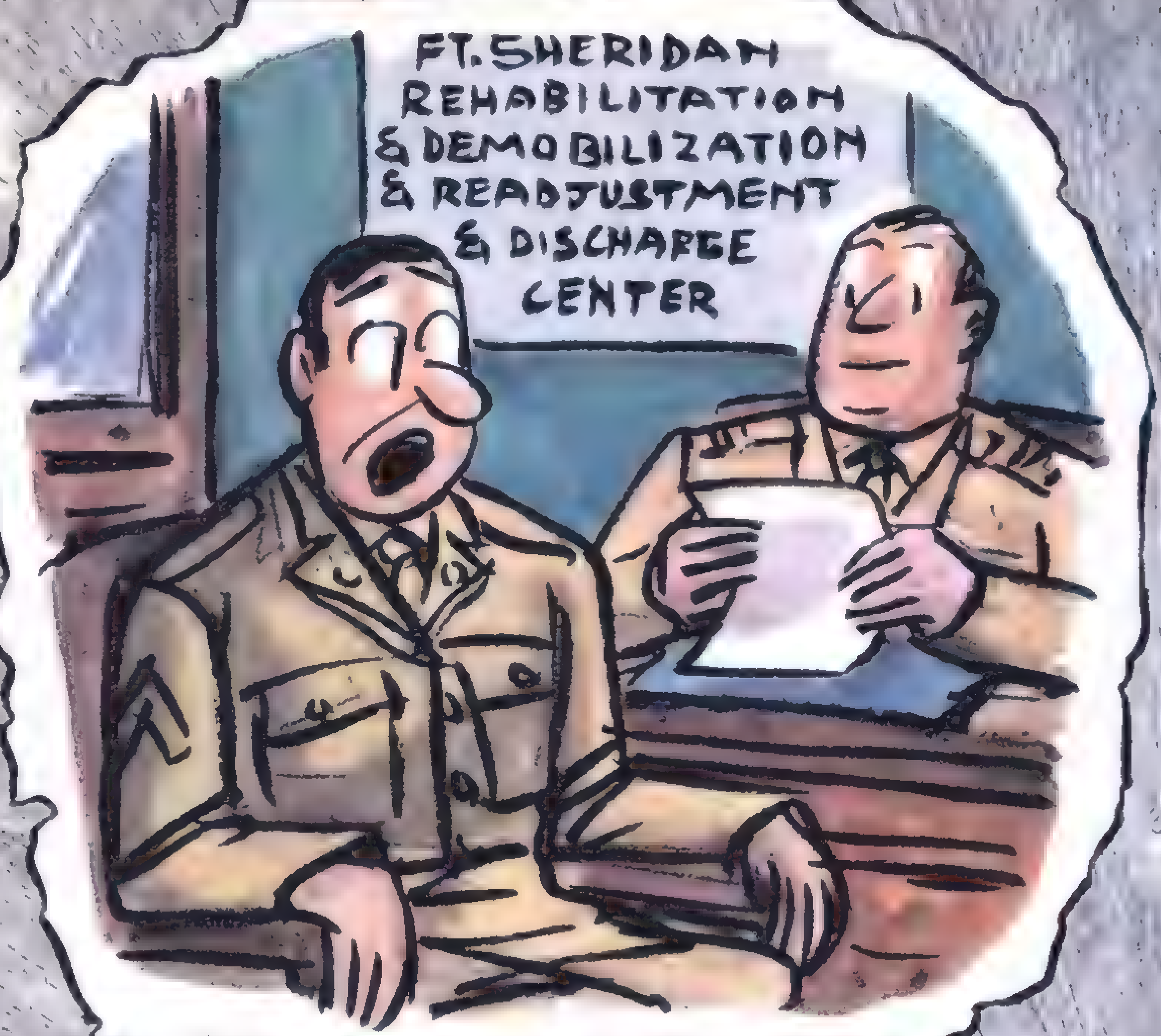
"—and don't send up a bell girl!"



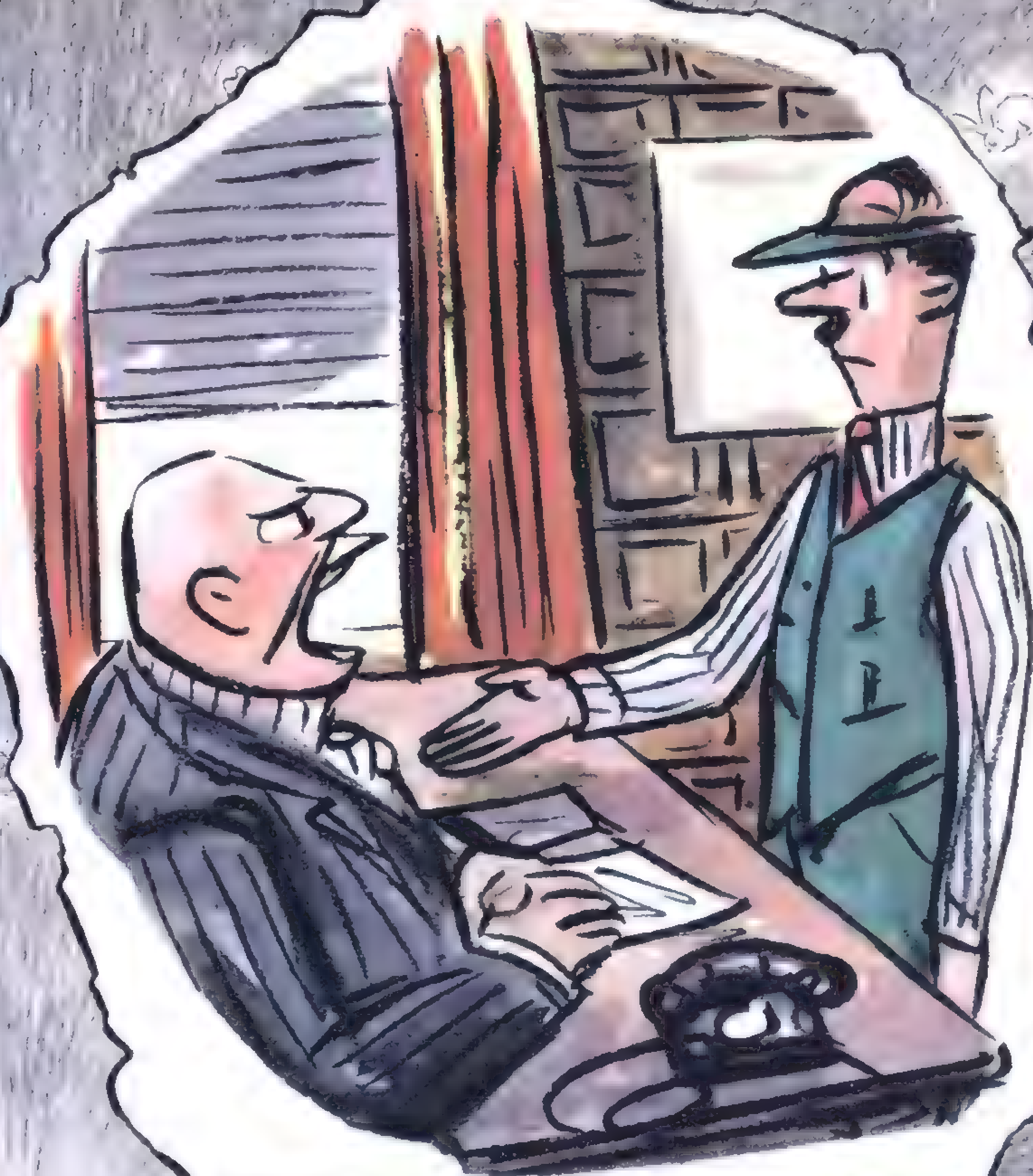
"There's the most unforgettable character I ever met"

April Stirs the Saps

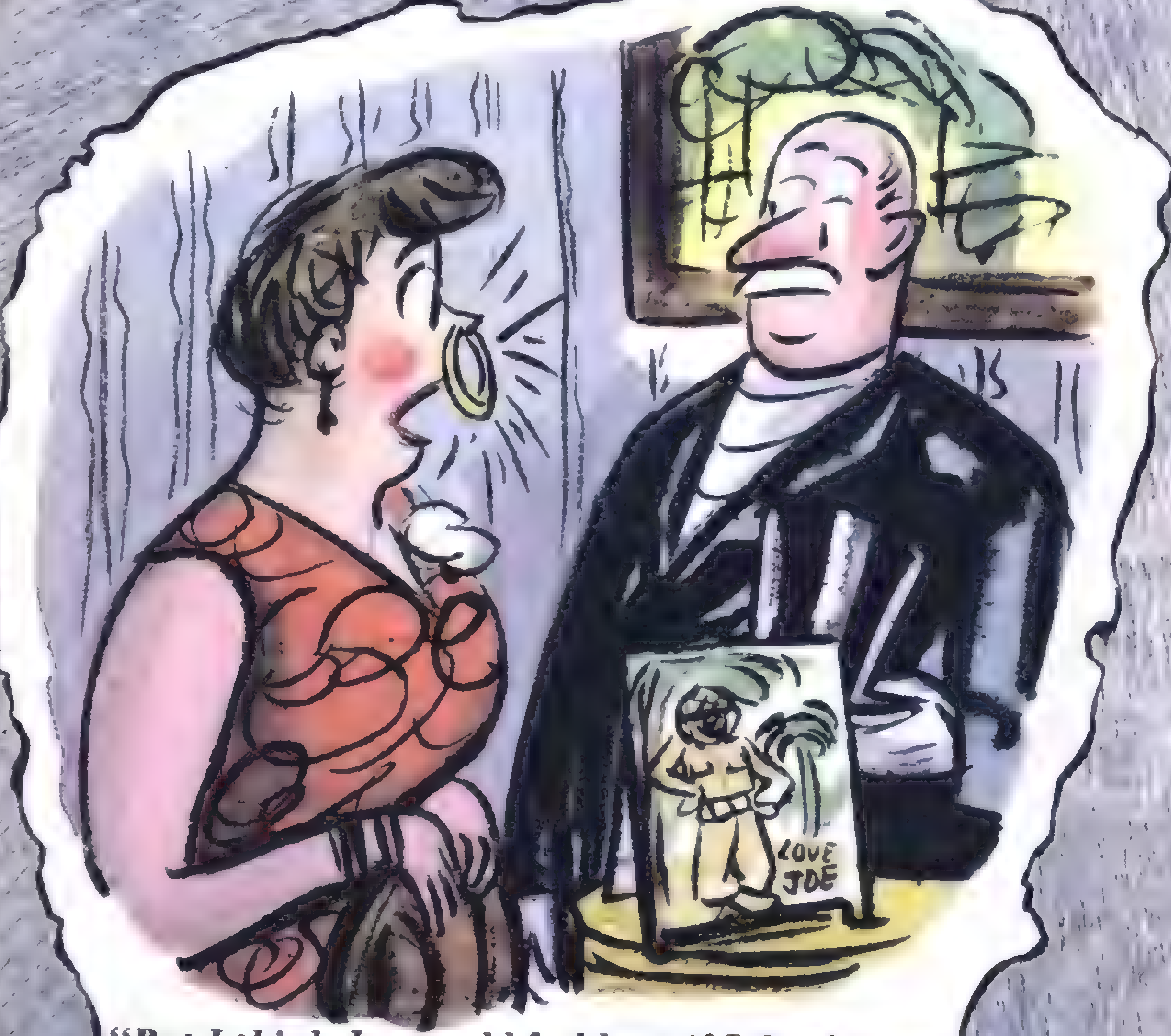
by IRVING ROIR


FT. SHERIDAN REHABILITATION & DEMOBILIZATION & READJUSTMENT & DISCHARGE CENTER

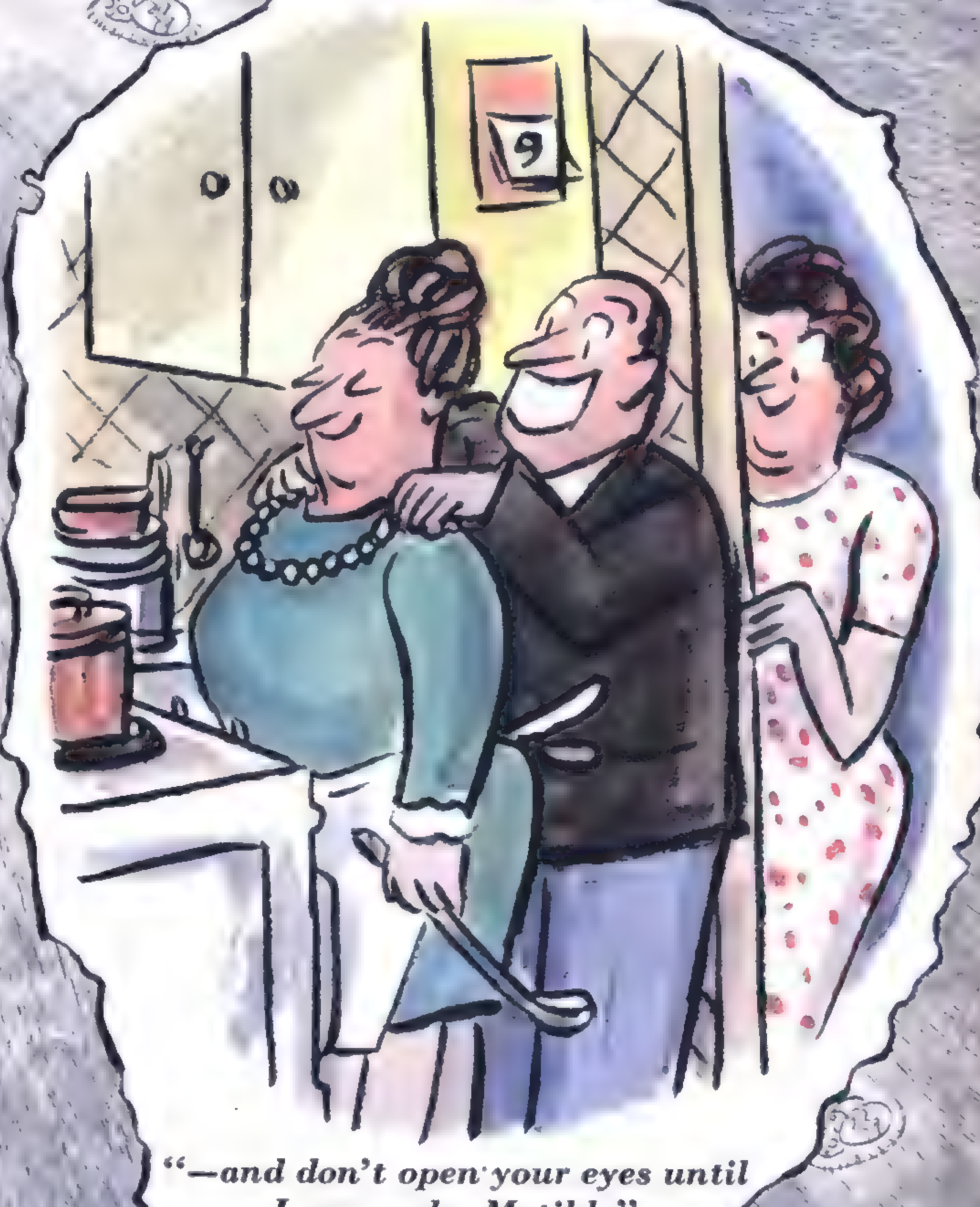
"My postwar problem is I been writin' to seven girls"



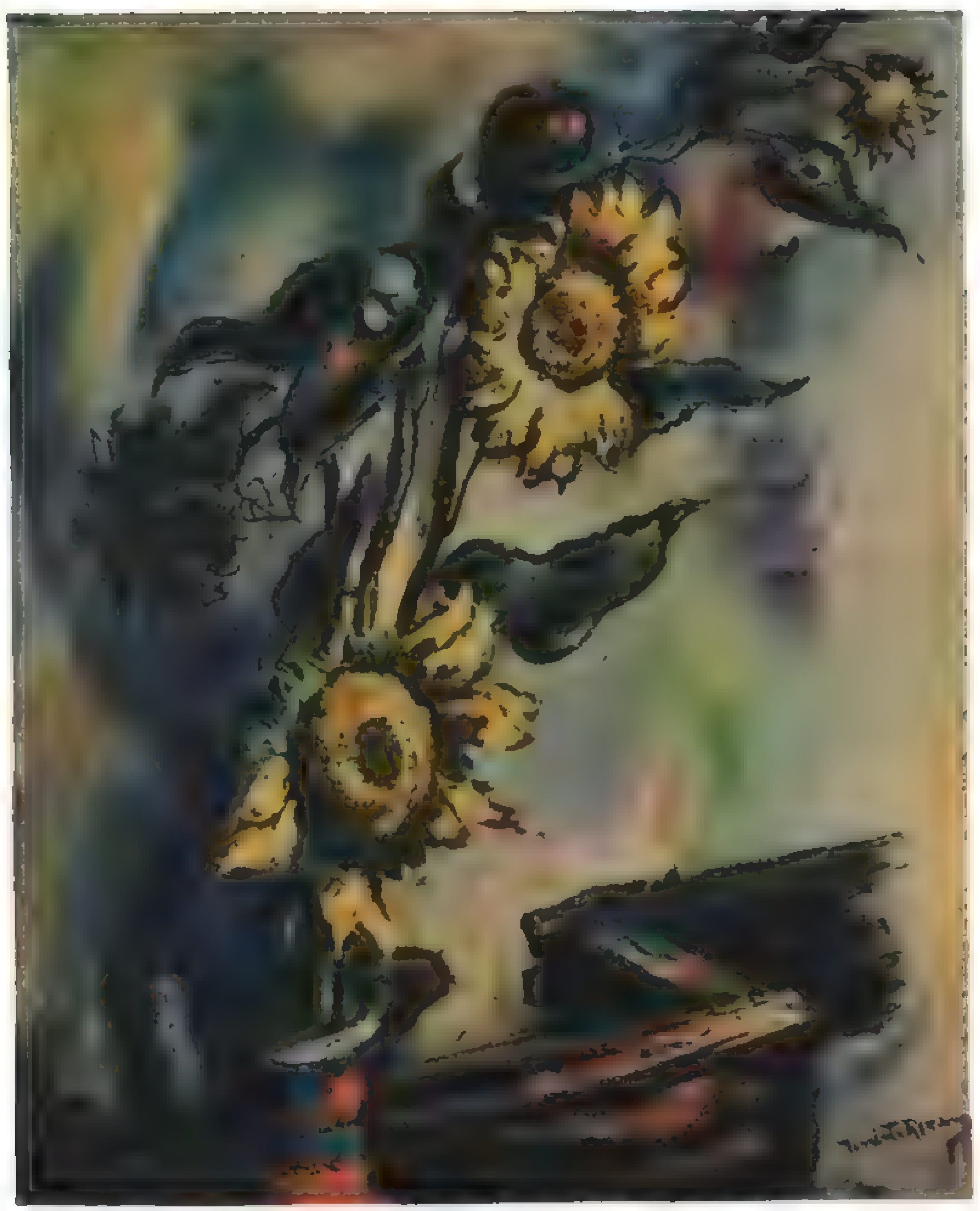
"You've enjoyed working for me and you're going to leave—what's the gag?"



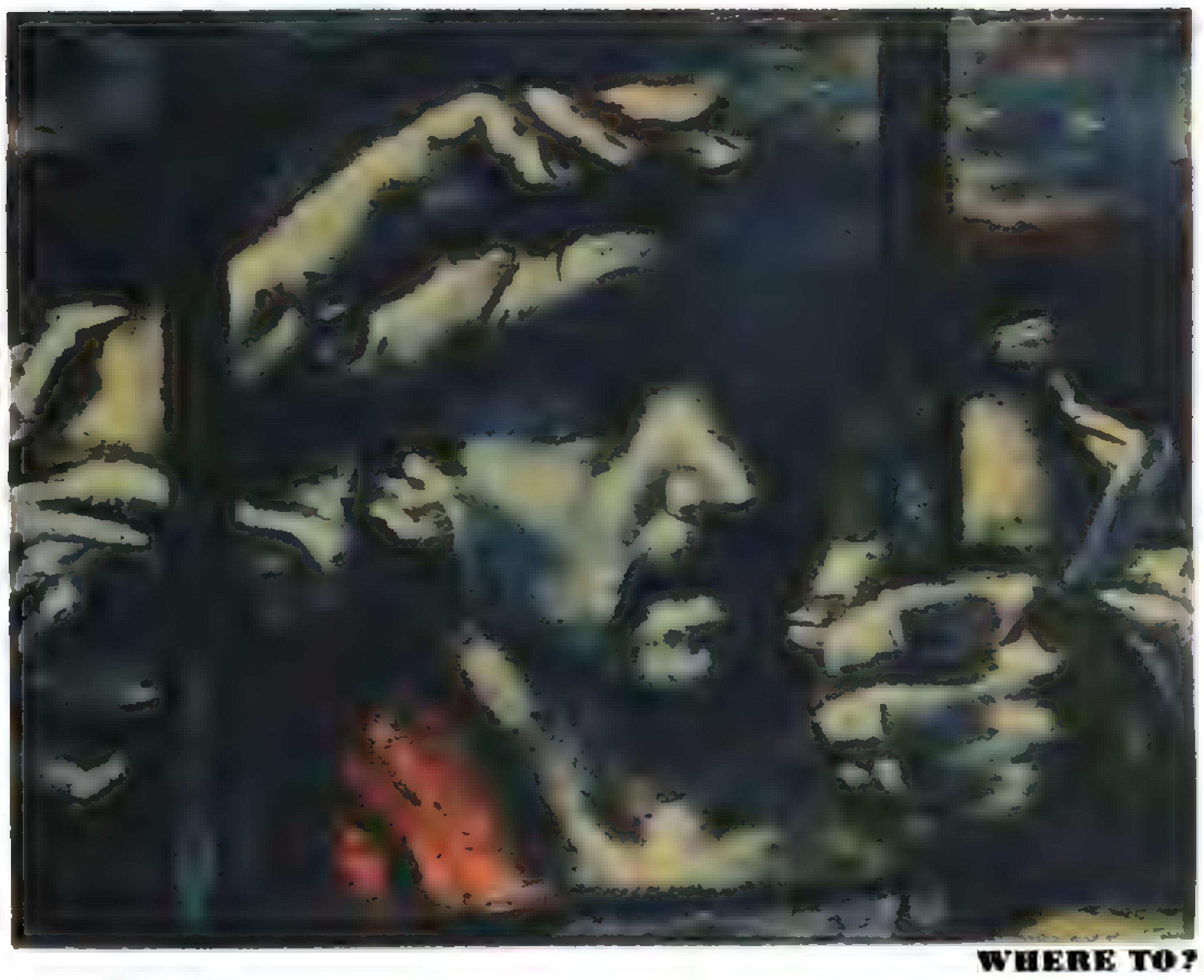
"But I think Joe would feel hurt if I didn't show appreciation enough to wear his gifts!"



"—and don't open your eyes until I say ready, Matilda"



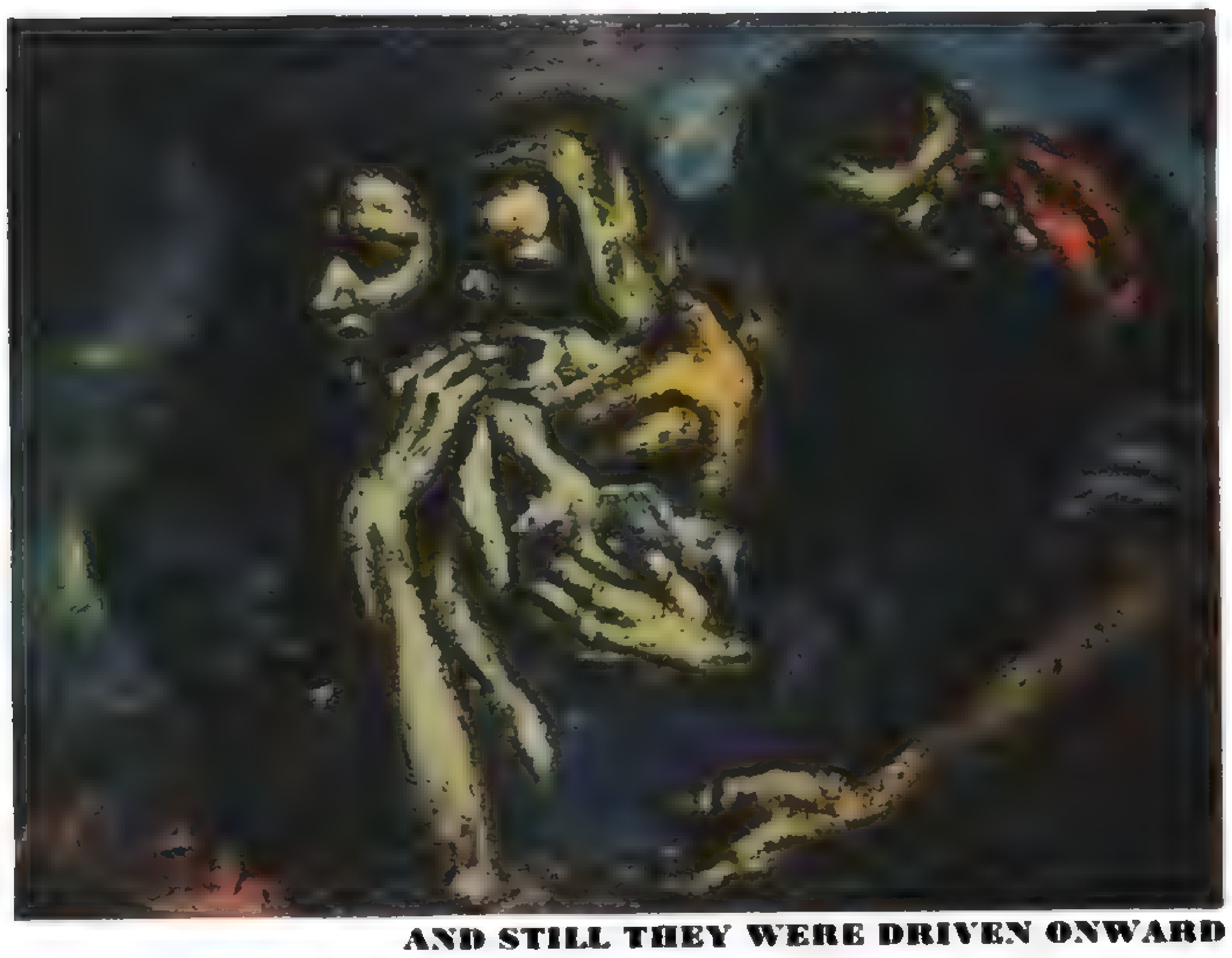
MORNING COMES TO SUNFLOWERS



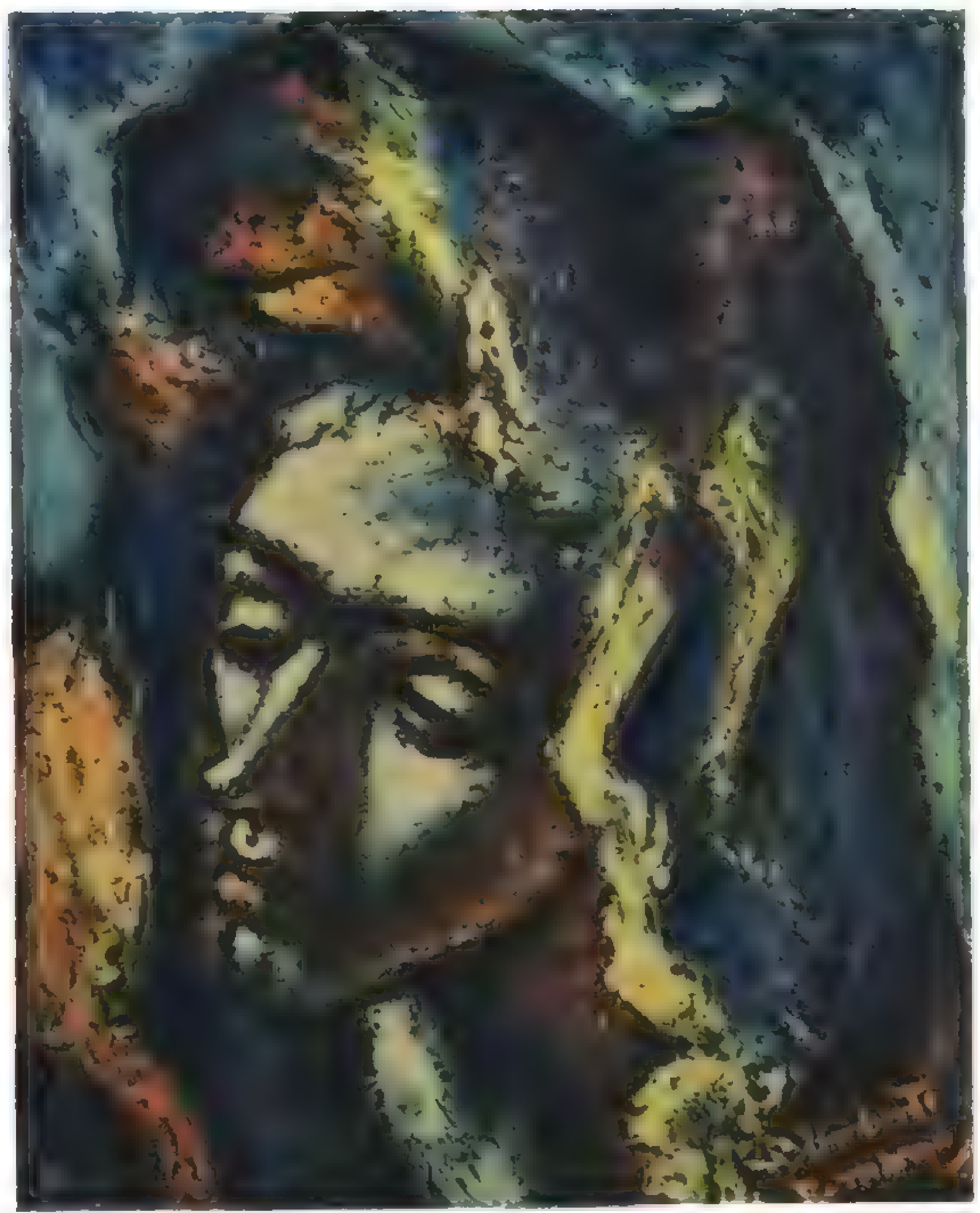
WHERE TO?

A Group of Six Paintings

by UMBERTO ROMANO

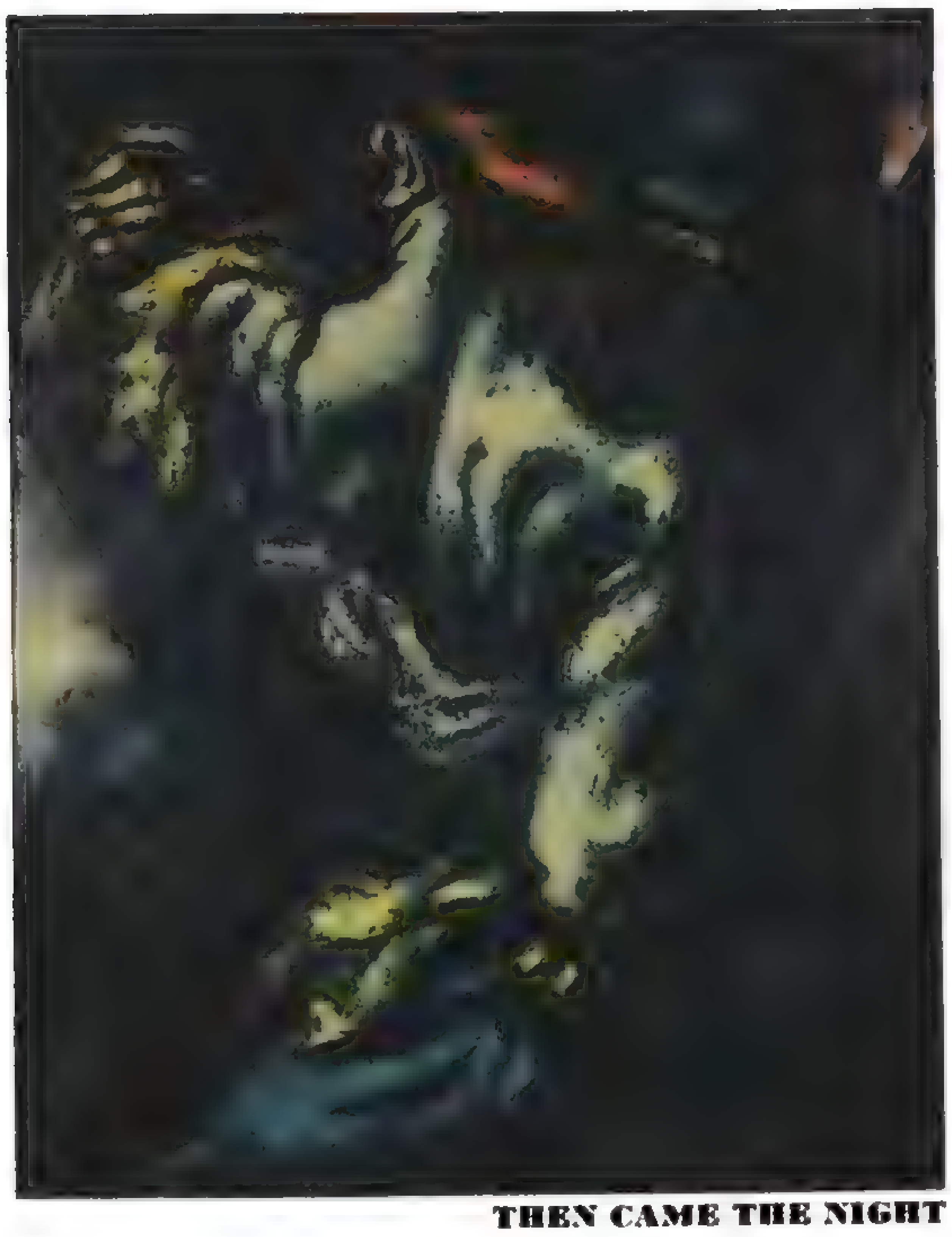


AND STILL THEY WERE DRIVEN ONWARD

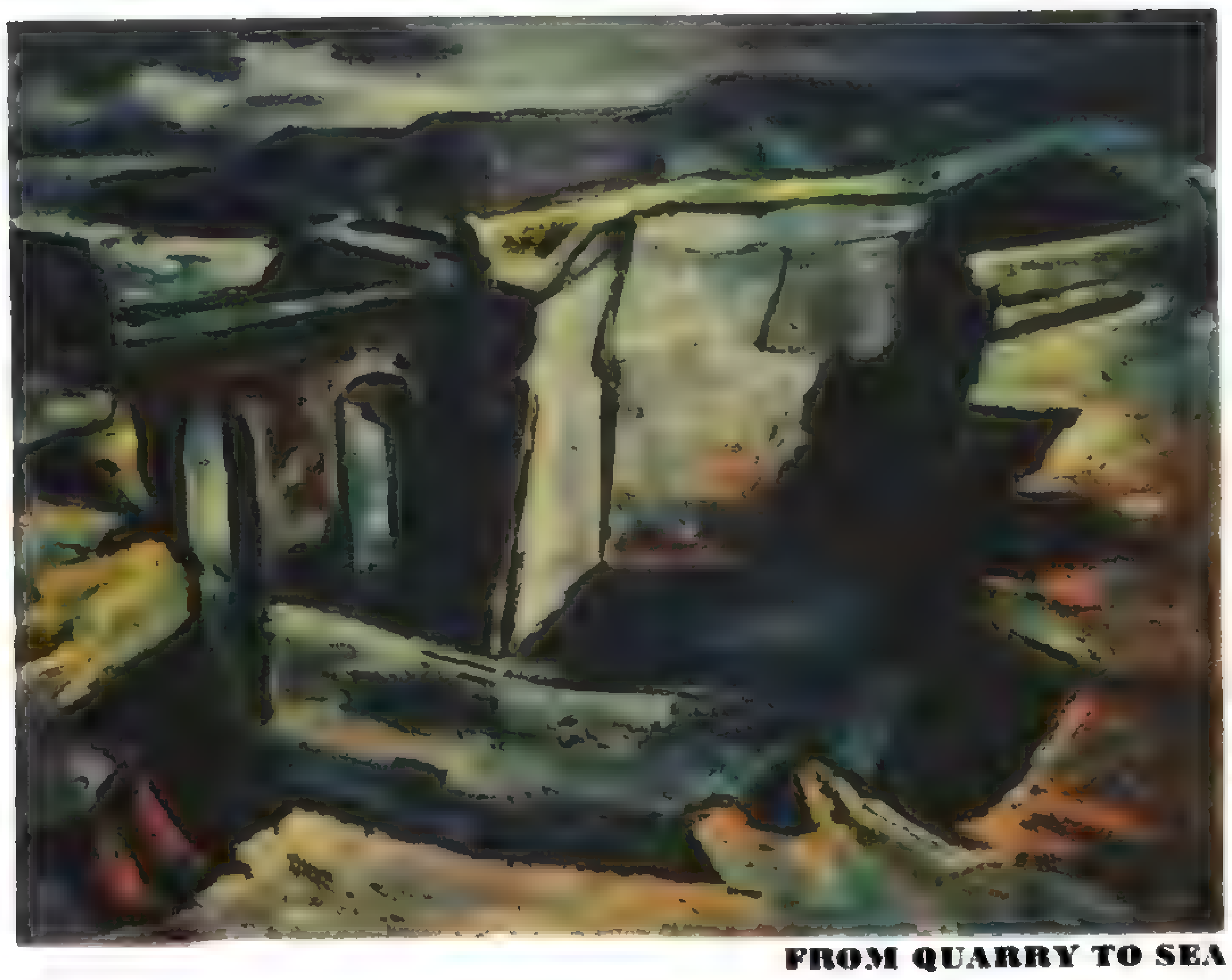


MARIA

All paintings reproduced through courtesy of Associated American Artists, Inc., 711 Fifth Ave., New York



THEN CAME THE NIGHT



FROM QUARRY TO SEA

Renaissance of Umberto Romano

His best paintings reveal the effect of war on sorrowing mankind, yet the artist's abiding faith shines through

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Umberto Romano was born in Italy in a village near Naples in 1905. He came to this country when he was only nine. He returned to Italy for a year, when he was twenty-one, as Pulitzer prizeman in art, traveling through the peninsula to study methods and techniques of the primitive and Renaissance painters, particularly the Florentines and Venetians. He spent his boyhood in Springfield, Massachusetts, where his father had set up as a private banker, and his early youth in New York, where he was a student at the National Academy of Design school. His summers have been spent at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, where, since 1933, he has conducted an art school, and for six years he taught at the school connected with the Worcester Art Museum. His paintings have been exhibited in New York, Worcester, Springfield, Boston, Gloucester. Yet, despite deviations during which he attended to calls which were not for him, he has been an American painter who has sought to state American subject matter in the approximate equivalents of Italian art. That is, he has put his pictures of American life within both the moral and physical frame of reference prepared by centuries of established art. In that sense he has played safe, and even when his art has seemed most primitive, he has been an Academician. He expresses the axiom that what is important in a man's inspiration is not what he sees outside his window, but the tradition and the preconception with which he sees it. Except that he has sometimes forced American life into his rigidly prepared frame of reference, he has done many beautiful things with his tradition, especially in his recent state of work. Only in his long series of official portraits of legislators, educators, dowagers and matrons has the bread and butter struggle indicated the line along which the great tradition of which he is a legitimate inheritor might be debased.

Romano started so early in his painting career—he began making daubs with oil paints at nine and had his first one-man show at twenty-three—that he could afford side trips off the beaten path before achieving a personal signature and identity. He painted nudes like Glackens, feminine portraits like Speicher and Kroll, flower pieces suggesting Henry Lee McFee's. Falling under the spell of Rouault he painted pictures the critics called muddy. He listened to what song the social significance sirens sang and painted *American Progress*, the depiction of a lynching. In the same liverish tones he painted a proletarian opus showing a dying miner being brought up from the pit, while at the right a weeping woman is partly averting her grief-stricken face. But this is not an American miner being brought up from the pit; it is Romano's *Descent from the Cross*, with Jesus become an asphyxiated coal digger and the weeping Madonna an American immigrant mother. When he painted *The Hunter*, a self-portrait in which stuffed hawk, cap, leather jacket and posture suggest an Italian *condottiere* of the 16th century, and when he painted an American girl holding bow and arrow in her right hand and called it *Diana*, he dipped into an ancestral well with happy results. Sometimes the note was forced; on a Cape Ann boardwalk, for example, he compels an American scene to take a Venetian pattern. Titian's *Venus and the Lute Player* becomes Romano's *Venus Resurrected*; Venus, a somewhat blowsy blonde, is seated at a table brushing her hair, while the lute-playing gallant has become a callow youth in dungarees strumming his guitar, with subsidiary figures and properties indicating time and terrain.

In other paintings the new-world Romano indicated that he was haunted by ancient themes, in pictures such as *Christus of the Northwest*, in *Him*, in *Repose*, and in many portraits wherein typical Americans were represented as more or less typical Florentines.

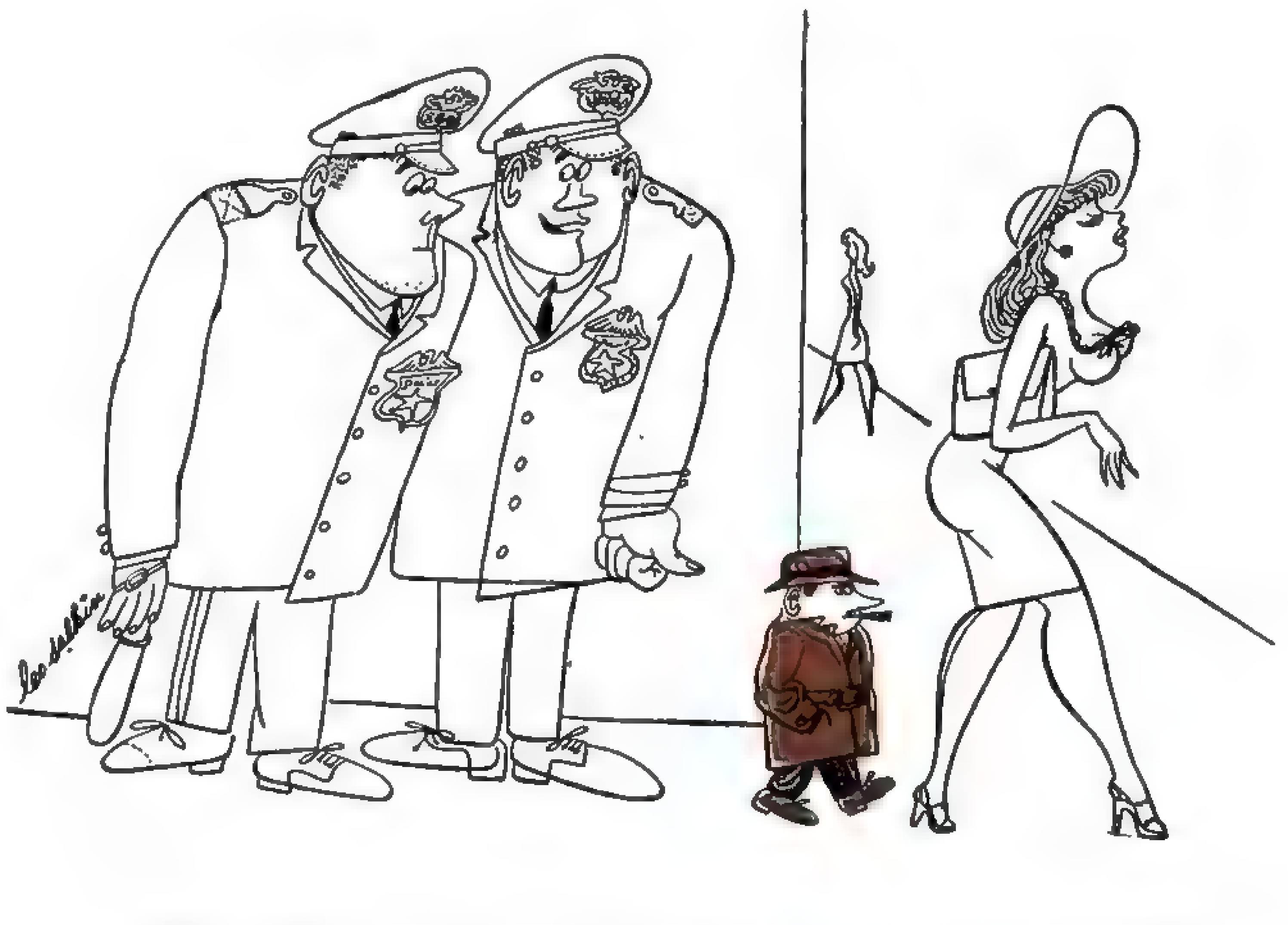
In the early Fall of 1944 there was revealed in the galleries of the Associated American Artists in New York a new Umberto Romano, an emotional development along aesthetic lines laid down long ago. In this exhibition, Romano let himself go in order to state how he felt about the world which, at the time he was painting these pictures, was gasping for the breath of liberty. To make more explicit the intensity of his feelings he contributed a program note to the catalogue in which he questioned, by implication, his own past as a painter.

"Can one go on painting serene, calm, undisturbed, unemotional paintings in such turbulent, intensely chaotic times? . . . Throw open your windows and the air is dense, seething, throbbing with pain, sorrow, hatred; full of black, hateful passion. . . . It vibrates with destruction of people, nations, races; destruction of culture, ideologies; destruction of the tortured soul of man."

The paintings reproduced here are from that exhibition. In their emotion they include and transcend the war. There is seldom more than a suggestion of the pictorial data a war correspondent might have brought back from the front. But the spirit of these times broods over these pictures. They are not pretty and yet, because they express the unbroken spirit of man, they are somehow inspiring. One critic called Romano's exhibition the most galvanizing and purifying he had seen. Through the impact of a single grief-riven face or tortured figure, Romano has succeeded in expressing the quintessence of grief and suffering and in maintaining his expression on a high level. Only through such detail as the corner of a boat or the bars of a cell does he annotate the emotion.

But the deep primal source of this art is in the Christian art of Italy's Renaissance, for what are these paintings but Crucifixions, Flights into Egypt, Weeping Madonnas and Lamentations, Ways to Calvary and Suffering Christs, stripped of ecclesiastical and religious connotations to their universal and timeless elements. Theologically Romano may be an agnostic; I have not inquired. But as an artist he has risen to new heights by yielding to the religious impulse as embodied in the classic art of his native land. His paintings are hopeful because, though they seem to reflect an atmosphere of Stygian night, it is the night that precedes the dawn of Revelation. The titles which Romano gives these paintings indicate the traditional concepts to which his mind is anchored, titles such as *Ecce Homo*, *Magdalene*, *Grief*, and *Still They Were Driven Onward*, a refugee version of *The Flight into Egypt*. These are the images of traditional Christian faith, and if ever a Catholic church should require new frescoes through which to endow the Christ story with form and color for the edification of the faithful, an unfettered Romano should summarily be commissioned to do the work.

Don't mistake Umberto Romano for the modern equivalent of a saintly artist working in a monastic cell for the greater glory of God. He is proud and ambitious, with senses keenly attuned to profitable opportunities in portraiture. Poverty will never be the bride of his election and one must be careful not to anchor the volatile Umberto Romano, even at the age of forty, to a phase which a few years hence may turn out to have been a passing one. Let him be known by his best work, whatever its inspiration or its source, but the fact remains that in these paintings he has come closer than in any others to attaining a personal identity and a personal signature. ##



"He's the best damn shadow in the business"

The Sporting Scene

BEACON HILL

"Bruce is getting married at 8:30—he said he'd be here at 8:50 sharp"

A GREAT many of the fans who attend wrestling matches think the game isn't dangerous, and that although it looks tough, none of the boys get hurt. They should have toured the mats with me a few years ago and gotten a closeup of the real hazards.

There was one night in New Jersey when chairs and other objects came sailing through the air in my direction. Everybody was yelling and booing. The referee, to humor the crowd, disqualified me. The match was over, but my opponent was still lying there on the canvas where I had slammed him. He was a nice looking baby-faced kid, very inexperienced, but the kind that appeals to any crowd, especially women.

It was my first show at that arena. As I roughed the boy, the crowd began riding me. That was all right with me, and I went to work in a big way, knowing that one hot contest would insure another. I heaved the guy out of the ring; I belted and bashed him; I kneed, gouged, strangled and slammed him all around the mat. Finally the referee stopped the match. He walked over to my opponent, and with the aid of a couple of seconds, lifted him to his feet, raised his arm, and awarded him the match. Was I surprised! And mad! The boy was still groggy, but when he staggered over to shake my hand, I hit him on the jaw and dropped him. The crowd went wild. They began throwing everything within reach. They wanted my blood.

"Maybe Danny didn't expect me to win!"

As they were helping my poor ex-opponent out of the ring, one of his seconds took a swing at me, and I was forced to knock him for a loop. Then I went over to the referee and began raising holy hell about the decision. But he beat it, and I was left all alone in there, ducking the things that were being thrown at me. The crowd dared me to come out, but I had learned from experience to stay in the ring and wait for a rescue party that I hoped would come along. The cops finally came, surrounded me and led me away. They had a hard time holding back that mob on the way to the dressing room. Women struck at me with their handbags: men swung at me with their fists: others spat on me, clawed at me, kicked me. And then just as I made the doorway, someone reached me with a well-aimed pop bottle. I was almost out cold by this time, but I made the dressing room and collapsed in a chair. Covered with blood, scratched, cut, sore, downtrodden, I didn't feel safe until I was on the train, bound for the next town where I was booked to wrestle on the following night.—Eddie Newman.

THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I.

What would be your choice as the greatest baseball game ever played?

May 1, 1920. Brooklyn 1, Boston 1. (26 innings)—25.27%
October 12, 1929. Athletics 10, Cubs 8. (10 runs in one inning)—12.08%
October 10, 1926. Cardinals 3, Yankees 2. (Decided World Series)—10.98%

II.

Who was the greatest all-around ball player?

Ty Cobb 49.66% Babe Ruth 19.46% Hans Wagner 11.41%

III.

Who was the greatest straight-away hitter?

Rogers Hornsby 37.24% Babe Ruth 15.17% Joe Jackson 10.34%

IV.

Who was the greatest base-runner?

Ty Cobb 82.11% Max Carey 3.31% George Case 1.98%

V.

Who was the greatest fielding infielder?

Hans Wagner 34.17% Marty Marion 12.65% Charley Gehringer 11.39%

VI.

Who was the greatest fielding outfielder?

Tris Speaker 73.82% Joe DiMaggio 6.71% Terry Moore 4.06%

VII

Who was baseball's greatest screwball?

Rube Waddell 54.36% Dizzy Dean 24.83% Bugs Raymond 3.35%

VIII.

Who was the greatest umpire?

Bill Klem 57.55% Billy Evans 15.11% Silk O'Loughlin 6.47%

IX.

What was the greatest World Series?

1926—Cardinals 4 games, Yankees 3 games—30.07%
1934—Cardinals 4 games, Tigers 3 games—14.28%
1914—Braves 4 games, Athletics 0 games—6.77%

X.

Which do you think is the more effective type of baseball manager: the driving John McGraw type (62.14%); *or the genteel Connie Mack type* (37.86%)?

XI.

How do you think the 1945 big-league pennant races will turn out?

American League	Won	Lost	National League	Won	Lost
1. New York	90	64	1. St. Louis	95	59
2. Detroit	85	69	2. Cincinnati	89	63
3. St. Louis	80	75	3. Pittsburgh	88	65
4. Cleveland	75	79	4. Chicago	79	75
5. Boston	73	78	5. New York	66	86
6. Chicago	70	82	6. Brooklyn	64	87
7. Philadelphia	69	83	7. Boston	62	91
8. Washington	65	87	8. Philadelphia	60	93

A manager suffering from the shortage of ball players advertised for recruits. He was awakened by a knock at his hotel door next morning and there stood a horse, which blandly announced that it had come to play baseball. He was taken out to the field and put at third base, where he promptly scooped up a hot liner and whipped it over to first, catching the runner by ten feet. Then he was moved to the outfield, where he pulled in a long fly, and threw the ball on a dead line to home plate.

The manager, overwhelmed by his good luck, decided to try the nag at bat. The horse caught the first pitch on the nose and drove it far over the heads of the outfielders.

"Run! Run!" yelled the excited manager, jumping up and down in glee.

"Run, hell!" the horse said. "If I could run I'd be at Agua Caliente."

Ollie Crawford, WBAB
Atlantic City, N. J.

Back in the early days of baseball, the Sacramento team of the Pacific Coast League was flat broke. In an effort to keep his players fairly contented, the owner gave them meal tickets, although he could rustle up no salaries. Taking advantage of the fact that no fines could be assessed on them, the players tormented the umpires unmercifully. Arbiter Jim McDonald put a stop to it.

John McCloskey, who later managed the Cardinals, protested a decision too strongly. McDonald reached into the player's pocket and hauled out the prized meal ticket, tore off part of it, and yelled, "There's forty cents worth of hamburger steak gone. If you say another word, I'll tear off your apple pie!"

Don Hill, WAVE
Louisville

Jerry Maloni of Springfield, Massachusetts, fought Wilfie Shanks of Canada in Springfield, a rabidly pro-Maloni town. It was an even fight, almost. Who got the decision? Shanks! He rushed over to his victim, threw his arms about him and shouted, above the din: "Fancy beating you here!"

Bob Steele, WTIC
Hartford, Conn.

If you go to Havana for a visit of any length you probably will wind up in the new million-dollar stadium for a look at the Cuban interpretation of football. And you'd better be conditioned to surprises and incongruities, for the Latin brand of gridironing is full of them.

Before the game it is the vogue for the spectators to prepare themselves for the excitement by swallowing a few quick jolts of their favorite rum at the stadium's marble bar. Once in the arena, though, sobriety is the only condition that will permit them to see what's going on.

It doesn't take long for the lightweight, usually agitated Cubans to work the contest up into a razzle-dazzle fury. The American style of grinding, grueling line play with heavy body contacts is ill-adapted to the quick-tempered Cubans playing in high temperatures, so the teams concentrate on speed, passes and trick plays to overcome the competition. Loose, open-mannered play sets well with the Latin temperament and the games are usually high-scoring affairs, interrupted with arguments, broken rules and frequent times out.

James H. Kendrigan, the American coach of the Havana athletes, realizes the physical dangers of overwork in that climate and actually encourages his players to be lazy. He orders them to take long rests before and after every meal while they are in training. He urges them to take it easy during workouts and is extremely cautious about injuries.

Despite this pampering, stars will sometimes quit because their sweethearts and families fear they may be injured. But Kendrigan is used to this. He sends a good-will troupe of students and players to the athlete's home where, upon presentation of appropriate gifts, the fearful parent usually is persuaded that Juan or Pedro will not be maimed and has a good chance of becoming a hero. This is successful more often than not and the big games have their full complement of players.

A newspaper reporter phoned a fight promoter to check on the preliminary card. The conversation proceeds:

Reporter: "Who is in the four-round opener?"

Promoter: "Art Brown and er, and er . . ."

Reporter (helpfully): "Maybe Joe Potato?"

Promoter (yelling to someone in the gym): "Hey Sam, is Joe Potato fighting the four-rounder tonight?"

Roger Treat
Washington *Daily News*

Kayo in the Afternoon

After forty bloody rounds, Ad Wolgast won the title from Battling Nelson

by **HARVEY L. MILLER**

SPORTS

LET me take you back down Memory Lane to February 22, 1910, and a sun-drenched pine-board arena at Point Richmond, California, where two great fighters met for the World Lightweight Championship. The reader may decide whether the old-timers were tougher than the moderns.

When Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast finally met for the title, the crowd began to move into the arena in the forenoon. The bout started in the early afternoon. Wolgast had been boxing professionally for four years before he got his shot at the title. He had fought seventy-two bouts, and was so much the nerveless stoic that when Manager Tom Jones called him from the dressing room, this mere boy, ready to face the greatest distance-fighter of all time, had to be awakened from a sound slumber.

Nelson made Wolgast wait in the ring and this fact did not lessen the smoldering hatred Wolgast had often shown and expressed for Nelson.

A great roar from the crowd finally greeted the approach of Nelson. Like a kewpie doll he was being carried in, perched on the massive shoulders of Abdul, the Turk, gigantic heavyweight wrestler, later well known to movie fans as a Keystone Kop comic and villain. The ovation for the popular Nelson was tremendous.

"Go across the ring and shake hands with the champion," Jones ordered Wolgast.

"The hell with him," replied Wolgast, "he won't be champion after today."

"Just the same," insisted Jones, "get over there and shake hands. It's being done, you know. You don't have to like him."

"Okay," replied Wolgast. He walked across the ring, grasped Nelson by both hands and growled, "It took one Turk to carry you in. It'll take ten to lug you out."

The lightweight limit at the time was 133 pounds ringside, and in Nelson's book that meant "133 in your fighting togs." Nelson weighed slightly under 132, Wolgast 127. By modern standards either one of the two would have been a featherweight at 126 eight hours before bell time.

Referee Eddie Smith had very little trouble on this long afternoon, as both Nelson and Wolgast tore at each other from bell to bell. It was a vicious dog-eat-dog battle, drenched with thrills. Time and again hardened ringsiders were brought to their feet by smashing rallies staged by Nelson.

Wolgast, a short-ender in the betting, was not figured to have much of a chance to win. While the record books listed him as twenty-two years of age, the wise ones claimed he was really only nineteen. They figured a kid like that wouldn't stand up over the forty-five round distance and Nelson's "left half-scissors to the liver."

The crowd soon settled down to the conviction that their idol, Nelson, was collecting another scalp, that the sun-tanned youngster, game and aggressive, was no match for the Battler. This opinion seemed fully justified when, in round twenty-two, Nelson straightened Wolgast with a vicious left smash to the body and a withering right cross to the chin. Wolgast went down as though pole-axed, flat on his back. He did not move as Referee Smith started to toll off the count. Ringsiders reached for their coats. The Old Battler had won again.

At six, however, Wolgast pulled his legs up under him. At eight he was on his haunches, glaring green hatred at Nelson, at nine he was up and moving straight into Nelson with both arms flailing.

The fight had been torrid up to the knockdown. Now all hell broke loose. Overboard went most of the rule book and it became a Pier Six brawl. Round after round both men smashed away, even-Stephen.

In round thirty the tide began to turn ever so slightly in favor of Wolgast. While he was badly beaten up about the eyes and mouth, his jaws swollen out of shape, his punches, encased in vicious little five-ounce gloves, were inflicting great damage upon the champion.

Soon one of Nelson's eyes was swollen shut, obliterating all vision from that optic. Gradually the other eye was being pounded shut. Nelson began to miss and, like a ship without a rudder, floundered about the ring.

After thirty-nine rounds Nelson had trouble finding his corner. The bell rang for round forty. Nelson moved out and Wolgast charged at him. After the first exchange and clinch, Referee Smith broke them and Nelson squared off against a ring post silhoutted against the setting sun. Smith stopped it and awarded the fight to Wolgast on a knockout in forty rounds, with Nelson imploring the referee, "No, Eddie, no. I can lick him!"

Counting the three-minute duration of each round and the one-minute rest, the boxers had been up in that big white drum in the blazing sun for two hours and forty minutes. Weighed after the bout, Wolgast tipped the scales at 119. He dropped eight pounds in action.

Nelson, now over sixty-two, is in good physical condition. He is employed at the U. S. Post Office at Chicago and could still, without half trying, do that 133 ringside.

Wolgast is not so lucky. In the care of friends in California, he tells of training to box the long-departed Joe Gans for the world lightweight title. ♯

> My fight with Ad Wolgast should have gone the limit. It was just as bad for Wolgast as it was for me at the time the referee stopped us. We had five rounds to go and I would have knocked him out with my favorite left half-scissors to the liver and right to the jaw. Wolgast never really hurt me in this fight. My fight with Joe Gans was much tougher, and I went on to beat him. If anyone hurt me during my ring career, it was Gans and not Wolgast.
>
> OSCAR (BATTLING) NELSON.

The Rhythm Section

Remarking on the "tea-smoking" of some jazz players, and debating the values of singing for your supper versus pure art

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

The other day I heard about a noted swing pianist who was bemoaning the inability of members of his sextet to stop drinking. "Do you know," he said, "I bought those cats a whole pound of tea—it cost me 120 dollars—and I handed it to them and said, 'here, smoke this—now lay off that liquor.' And would you believe it, they smoked up all that gage and *still* they got drunk!"

The implications of this curious true story are twofold. One is that tea (also known as marijuana, tea, gage, reefers, muggles, mootah, and even just jive) can be considered a cure for alcoholism (though in this case it didn't work). The other is that smoking reefers is less conducive to bad behaviour, and less harmful, than liquor.

Many stories have been circulated about the prevalence of reefer-smoking in the music world. These stories generally go to one extreme or the other. They either picture the whole scene as one vast marijuana parlor, or else they scoff at that kind of story and point out that the few cases which happen to come to the public's attention give an entirely wrong impression, and that only "an infinitesimal minority" of musicians indulge in this particular form of vice.

The truth, I can assure you from a long firsthand association with music and its makers, lies somewhere between these two extremes. Similarly there are two versions of the effect marijuana has on users—one, that it is harmless, much more so than alcohol or even coffee; the other, that it leads to a general lowering of the morals, insanity and even death. Here, too, the truth is just about in the middle.

It is unfair to depict dissipation as an occupational disease of jazzmen. Because they are in the limelight their peculations are subject to disproportionate publicity. After all, it is unfair to judge the excellence of anyone in the arts by such extraneous considerations as the cut of their hair or the color of their dressing gowns; their artistic creations can and must be judged only on their own worth. Many world-famous figures in the fields of writing, painting and all the arts have been just as depraved as the lowest musician, yet their works have become immortal and their personalities hallowed.

It's quite true that if the public were given complete facts and figures about tea-smoking, many famous reputations would be blemished; however, the public's memory is very short, as the Gene Krupa case fortunately proved. Krupa was, and always will be, a great artist and personality who should be respected as such. He paid his debt to society, suffered a year of mental agony, and today is more popular than ever.

Why do musicians resort to reefers? The reasons are manifold. The hectic life that is part of jazz has much to do with it; the constant traveling and the irregular hours, the need to stimulate the senses into a more creative performance, or perhaps simply the immunity to the effects of alcohol after long addiction, and the consequent search for a new thrill.

Among the "square" bands, those that play sweet music and lead more sedate lives, marijuana is relatively uncommon. Among the big swing bands the number of occasional smokers may be fifty per cent, of frequent users twenty-five per cent; among the small jazz groups along Swing Lane the habitual users may number fifty to seventy-five per cent. The main questions that spring to mind in connection with these figures can be summed up as follows: Where do they get it? Does it improve their playing? What physical effect does it have on them?

I shan't be telling the F.B.I. anything by pointing out that there are a number of hangers-on who frequent the swing rendezvous, who peddle marijuana as a sideline or main line. These men are picked up from time to time; one of them, husband of a noted singer, was seized after crossing the border from Mexico and sentenced to nine months in jail just a short time ago.

The musicians who still "light up," as frequently as they did before the Krupa case, do so because they know the main drive is against the peddlers rather than the users. The columnist who cracked that a certain star had taken up reefers "because they were easier to find than Camels" was not so far from right.

The effect of tea on musicians' playing varies. I do know some whose work improves when they are very high; the enlarged sense of time and space seems to give them more time to think out each idea as they improvise a solo. On the other hand, there are many more, among the addicted jazzmen, who think they are playing magnificently when under the influence, but they are actually becoming hopelessly confused, and playing horribly. The same variation obtains with the effects of alcohol; it's all a matter of the individual.

One thing is important, namely that marijuana has never actually helped to make a man great or successful, whereas it is definitely known in some cases to have brought the downfall of some great artists—but here again, the same could be said of liquor. It is also significant that the greatest individual soloist and the greatest creative writer in jazz, Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington, are both rigorously abstemious men; Goodman always has been, Ellington has been in his recent and most successful years. The same can be said for several of the top jazzmen.

The physical effects of reefers also vary enormously. I know one famous trumpet player who used them steadily for twenty years, even spent a brief period in jail once, but has a constitution that can take anything; today he is as alert mentally, physically and musically as ever. On the other hand there are cases of weaker specimens, both mentally and physically, who have gone to pieces either through marijuana, alcohol, or the much more dangerous vice of combining both; they have reached the stage where, in musicians' parlance, they "blow their top" (or snap their cap, or flip their wig).

As you can see from this analysis, it is most unfair to indulge in wild generalities about marijuana and music. That it is prevalent cannot be denied; that it constitutes a general menace to extra-musical society is another matter entirely. The best course for Joe Jazzfan to follow would seem to be this: let the jazzmen live their own lives, and let the law take care of them if and when it chooses to; as for you, go ahead and judge jazz on its merits as music, not by the personal habits of the men who make it. And get your kicks with a conventional and perfectly legal fifth of rye.—L. F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In person—For no good reason, Lionel Hampton's band has escaped an extended mention in this box. It's about time to point out that our "New Bands" award winner for 1945 earned this title through the sweat of his brow and the beat of his band. Lionel works furiously to produce from this aggregation such remarkable sounds that it even generates untold excitement in its stage shows. Last New Year's Eve, at the Strand Theatre on Broadway, his *Boogie Woogie* and *Flying Home* brought scenes of abandon in the auditorium, of leaping onto the stage and jitterbugging like creatures possessed, reminiscent of Benny Goodman's first days of glory. Hampton has a loud band, but with the shrieking brass there is finesse. His soloists in recent months have included Herbie Fields, one of our New Star saxmen; Milt Buckner, an astonishing pianist; Arnette Cobbs, one of the greatest tenor saxmen ever; and of course the inimitable Hamp himself on vibes, piano and drums. Hollywood has at long last recognized this band's sensational success by extending a beckoning finger with a movie contract attached.

On records—Most of the good stuff to hand comes on an independent label, Asch Records. They have two albums that you just can't do without; one by Stuff Smith, that mad genius of the hot jazz violin, with pianist Jimmy Jones and bassist John Levy (listed throughout the album as a guitarist!); the other by Mary Lou Williams at the piano, working out some delightful melodic and harmonic duets with Bill Coleman, trumpet, aided by Al Hall, bass. Then there are some Art Tatum Trio sides, such as *Soft Winds*, the old Goodman tune, and a variable but occasionally interesting album by James P. Johnson entitled New York Jazz. All on Asch.

Two pre-ban Goodman recordings were given a belated release recently: *Fiesta in Blue* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* (Columbia) both heavy on Cootie Williams' trumpet work, which is all right with me. Cootie's own band, with New Star Eddie Vinson doing another of those knocked-out blues vocals, does *Somebody's Got to Go* on Hit. Duke Ellington's *I'm Beginning to See the Light* is done by Harry James on Columbia and by the Duke's own band on Victor; oddly enough, the James version has the edge. Joe Iturbi's *Blues* and *Boogie Woogie*, written for him by Morton Gould and meticulously played, have some interesting harmonic ideas but no jazz feeling. (Victor) Johnny Guarnieri's Trio is delightful in *Gliss Me Again* (Savoy), with the inscrutable Slam bowing his bass and grunting his vocals as simultaneously as ever.

—Leonard Feather

Jazz Symposium

Which gives you greater satisfaction: good money or good music?

Artie Shaw, leader and clarinetist:

Good music. The answer is pretty obvious to any musician who is halfway conscientious about what he does. Ten million dollars wouldn't make me happy if I didn't have a good band to play with. I've got to play with those men everyday, and if they weren't "right" for me the money alone would be slight compensation. I feel very strongly that in this business honesty, actually and literally, is the best policy. In jazz music circles, respect means money and the proof of it lies in the fact that no really good band is unsuccessful—at least not for any protracted period of time.

But anyone who completely forgets what he's doing, or does what he's doing cheaply by selling out to sheer commercialism—such a musician is a nitwit and worthy of neither respect nor money. I'm not saying that a musician should live in an attic and starve; neither do I subscribe to the ivory-tower attitude. In the long run, good jazz music pays off and no artist can isolate himself and cut off his avenues of expression without defeating his own purpose. Of course, a musician can say: what if I'm giving the public what it likes and what it wants? There's nothing wrong with that if that's all the musician can do. But if he has it in him to do something better he cannot forget his obligation (both to himself and his public) to play not only what the public wants, but also the kind of music he himself believes in—even if the public doesn't think so much of it at the time. Helping to educate the public is part of that obligation.

Some musicians seem to want to make a lot of money while the making is good—and then retire. But in this business that means retiring pretty early, say at thirty-five. For me, that line of thinking is meaningless. Even if I had money enough to retire at thirty-five, I'd still want to play. That's what I live for. The rarest satisfaction of all is standing in front of the band when it's at its best and playing wonderfully well, because that's when I too play my best. There's no other release except music for me; no other activity can give me the same inner expression and satisfaction. Music is my hobby as well as my business; I'm always thinking about it, consciously or subconsciously. Even if it does mean bread and butter, money always is subsidiary to that attitude.

Milton Hinton, string bassist with Cab Calloway:

For me, it's good music way above good money. A real musician, the kind who really counts, adapts his standard of living to what he's earning. If it's fifty dollars a week or two hundred—it really amounts to the same thing because, whichever it is, the musician will live according to that scale. And so, in the long run, the personal satisfaction he gets from the kind of music he plays is the basic faith by which he lives. The really good men—the artists—don't care too much about the money, since often they have to give up their artistry and creativeness in order to obtain the money. Money and music—the two just don't seem to mix, and rarely have I seen a man who combined both the box-office and artistic elements. When a good man begins to earn more money he finds that he has to live according to the society he moves in, and the keep-up-with-the-Joneses code of conduct frequently drives him to make concessions which are at odds with what is in his heart. When it comes to a showdown choice, I'll take the good music and, if necessary, resign myself to less money. But that doesn't mean that starvation and quality *must* go hand-in-hand; in jazz music they don't have to and often don't. However, it's the music and not the money that makes me feel good inside. Either you play because you like it, or you become a businessman and not a musician.

Omer Simeon, alto sax and clarinet with Jimmie Lunceford:

Music and money should go together, especially good music and good money. I get satisfaction from both, and I see no reason why the two should be at odds with one another. Of course, they often are. Music is a business now, and it's quite different from what it was twenty years ago. I used to play for kicks, and so did most of the musicians I knew; sure, we earned money too, but somehow it was different. In the old days of less arranged jazz and more individual solos I think there was more real competition on a musical basis. As the expanding market for jazz grew larger and larger, the musician who was attracted because he liked to play music even if for low pay was supplanted (in part at least) by the musician who was attracted as an outlet for purely professional and mercenary reasons—men who knew how to play well enough but didn't have the heart to play it. I remember some of the big bands of the twenties in Chicago. Leaders such as Erskine Tate, Charlie Cooke, Carroll Dickerson and Charlie Elgar used arrangements; but there were plenty of solos by men on every instrument and I think that made it interesting for both the performer and the listener. Most soloists who get ahead today usually do something else besides play their particular instrument—often it's vocalizing. I think if a man is great on his instrument that's enough. If he's good he should make good money too, even if he can't mug or jive or sing.

Greely Walton, tenor sax with Cab Calloway:

If he's a musician at heart, good music gives by far the most personal satisfaction. All musicians who have heart and real feeling have to think that way about this question—if they didn't they wouldn't be good musicians and wouldn't produce good music. Naturally, it takes money to live. We're all in the game for money because it is one avenue by which a living can be earned. But when a musician thinks of money in terms far superior to music, then you can be pretty sure he's a musician with too little heart or one who has lost his heart in his eagerness for monetary success.

I've played in bands where the money was small and irregular, but I stuck with them because I liked the bands, liked the way they played because then I could play the way I liked too, the way that was most inspiring for me. Take the old Luis Russell band in the early thirties. We remained together as a unit for four years. I think we were a great band, and I believe every man in the outfit thought so too. We didn't always work regularly; we all had offers—some of them tempting—from other bandleaders; and there wasn't a man in the band who had to take a back seat when it came to musical ability. Yet we stuck together and we all liked it. We didn't starve and we didn't get rich. But we felt we played good music. For real satisfaction you can't beat good music.

Ray Coniff, trombone and arranger with Artie Shaw:

Good music, but I must admit good money sure helps. The happy combination is to find a place in a good band where the money is good too, and where your abilities are regarded as an asset and where you can play some of the kind of music that makes you feel good as an individual musician. My best kicks (satisfaction, that is) came when I had a little jazz band of my own. We weren't making much money then, but we sure were happy. I was just beginning then, and as time went on I assumed certain family responsibilities which had to be regarded as an important consideration in the working out of my career. I know that even now I wouldn't be happy playing bad music and making good money; I think you can make good money playing good music. On the other hand, I wouldn't work for fifteen dollars a week just for kicks—my responsibilities wouldn't allow me. That's why I say the answer is a happy combination of both the elements of good music and good money.

Ken Smith, free-lance drummer:

For a guy who likes to play jazz, money has nothing at all to do with good music. If you really like jazz and want to play it, that's what you do and you play it as well as you possibly can; the better you play it, the more it satisfies you. There can, of course, be satisfaction because you make money playing good jazz. But it would be an empty and disintegrating kind of satisfaction to make money by playing bad jazz. Most jazz musicians have to make a choice. If they get worldly comforts, too, they're lucky.—P.E.M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

What radio sponsors call jazz invariably turns out to be nothing more than popular music. The sponsor usually regards music as an accessory to some other feature of the program, and even when a jazz band is given a full half hour, the leader finds that he is forced to compromise and to play pretty ballads instead of something vital and emotionally sincere.

When a sponsor breaks away from that pattern, the fact is more than newsworthy—it is also commendable and deserves to be known and acclaimed. Such a sponsor, I am happy to report, is the Standard Oil Company of California. Both in the Spring of 1944 and in the late Winter of 1945, the Standard School Broadcast devoted several programs to jazz. These programs, to my knowledge, represent the first radio-sponsored attempt to grant jazz a serious place in the musical world. Over a West Coast network of eighteen NBC stations, the Standard School Broadcast sent its message on jazz to some twenty thousand educators and more than half a million school students who are registered as regular listeners. This is commendable because it reaches an audience which jazz should reach, but which, due to prolonged academic prejudices, it has thus far not reached in any great measure. For this reason alone, surely, the Standard School Broadcast merits hearty applause from jazz fans around the world.

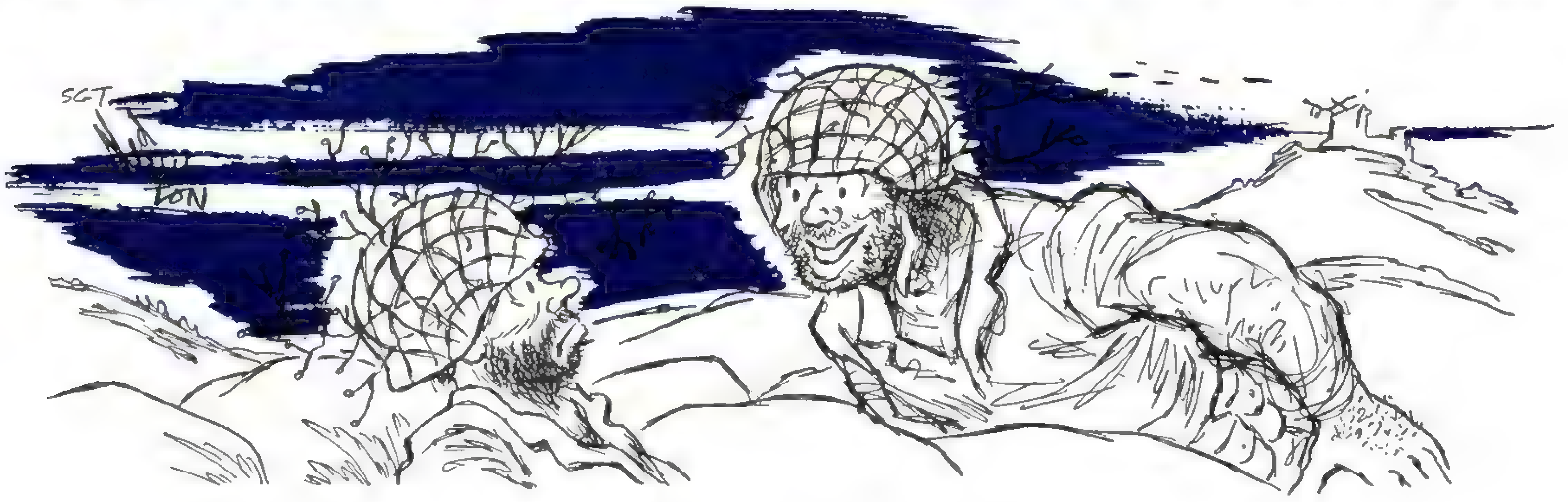
But for another reason also. The Standard School Broadcast's approach to jazz is genuine: it is based on authentic facts derived from the correct historical viewpoint. In conjunction with the broadcast, a pamphlet, *Outline of American Jazz*, was prepared and offered free to all listeners. The first paragraph of the *Outline* reads in part: "What is jazz? Most people imagine that they are hearing jazz every time they hear a popular dance band. Others believe that compositions like *Rhapsody in Blue* and *Jazz Studies* are jazz in its finest forms. Actually, none of these is jazz. Jazz is the creation of the American Negro."

If thousands of school children are thus introduced to jazz, they are well on their way toward an understanding of its fundamentals. And, if as these children grow older, they are given further opportunities to examine the qualifications and extensions of the fundamentals, jazz has every chance of gaining wide academic recognition as an important part of American culture.

Esquire readers may obtain the *Outline* by writing A. F. Michaelis, Standard of California Radio Program Manager, 225 Bush Street, San Francisco 20, California.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Going the Rounds With Esquire



"Harry, you're budded—it's spring!"

A STREET peddler in Berlin was selling copies of *Mein Kampf.* Noting the success he was having, a traveler from Switzerland went up to him and inquired: "How is it that you can sell so many copies of Hitler's book, especially since every good German is supposed to have one?"

"That's easy," replied the merchant. "With every copy I'm now giving away a pamphlet on how to say, 'I am not a Nazi,' in English, Russian and French."

—*Bomb-Bay Messenger*

As Irving Hoffman writes in the Hollywood *Reporter:*

When Bing Crosby arrived from overseas the other week, he checked in at the Waldorf, and informed the management that he would accept any accommodations that were available. He was given a small room and bath. Learning that Frank Sinatra was ensconsed in swank quarters on the next floor, Bing sent him a note reading: "I guess the Battle of the Baritones is over. You've got the royal suite, and I'm in a hall bedroom."

◆

Bing, by the way, told us a story of going to Mass one Sunday, just behind the front lines in France, while the rest of the show went on ahead. After Mass, Bing went off with a young officer in a jeep to rejoin the show. Some time later he realized they hadn't seen any of the telephone lines which marked the American lines, so when they got to a small French town which looked unfamiliar, Bing suggested they turn around fast and go back. That night a colonel asked Bing what he'd done that day, and Bing reported that he'd visited the French town. "Impossible," the colonel said. "We don't hold that town yet." . . . "We did for awhile," came back Crosby.

◆

The last copy of Darryl Zanuck's first book, *Habit and Other Short Stories*, a collection of melodramatic short stories published in Hollywood in 1923, was recently sold by the Pickwick Bookshop on Hollywood Boulevard. The book is now a collector's item. It was written by Zanuck in order to crack a job as writer, and published at the expense of a hair-tonic manufacturer, the name of whose product was inserted into one of the yarns. Here is the opening sentence of the first story: "Ling Foo Gow riveted his jet orbs on the burly figure that advanced on the narrow sidewalk of cracked asphalt, and with an excessive display of facial contortion, brought the aged lines of his poppy-hued countenance to an intensified scowl."

◆

It's one of the still unsolved mysteries at a major air base in the Midwest—about the baffling conduct of a visiting general. The explanation has just leaked out. The general had made his inspection and departed. Immediately afterwards the car which had borne him around the field was sent to the railroad depot to pick up a new arrival—an ordinary private, formerly a well-known Hollywood scenario writer, reporting to the field to obtain some material for a radio broadcast.

The colored driver of the car had forgotten to remove the stars that marked it while it was being used to transport the general. As the car drove back into the air base, G.I.'s began to salute like mad—the very special, snappy arm-breaking salute reserved for generals, no less. The private was startled for a few moments. Then, rather than embarrass the men, he began to return the salutes. But after a few moments he tired of this. So thereafter, in response to each salute, he pressed both hands to his lips and blew back, in acknowledgment, a great, big juicy kiss.

For a mile behind the car, the wake of double-takes broke every record ever set by Edward Everett Horton!

◆

The pay roll, heavily guarded, was delivered to the field. Men with riot guns, tommy guns and armed jeeps surrounded the staff car which carried the money.

A private walking by was heard to remark: "Guard that with your lives, boys. 50 dollars of it is mine."

◆

Progress always involves risks. You can't steal second base and keep one foot on first.

British Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Soldier: "British soldiers."

British Sentry: "Pass British soldiers."

British Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Soldiers: "French soldiers."

British Sentry: "Pass French soldiers."

British Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Soldiers: "Whoinell wants to know?"

British Sentry: "Pass Yanks."

—Terminal Topics.

FOR SALE
DEFINITELY
LEO GAREL

The death is reported in the West of an old-time traveling salesman, one of a dwindling tribe. He was 77, and left an estate of 900 towels.

◆

Then there's the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

◆

"Stand back of your lover, false woman," shouted the Scotsman who had found his wife in the arms of another man. "I'm going to shoot the both of you."

◆

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it, they'd call it nagging."

◆

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, was famous for minding his own business. He never spoke unless he was spoken to. One day he wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. Tolliver found Grandpappy standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Airn't you hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

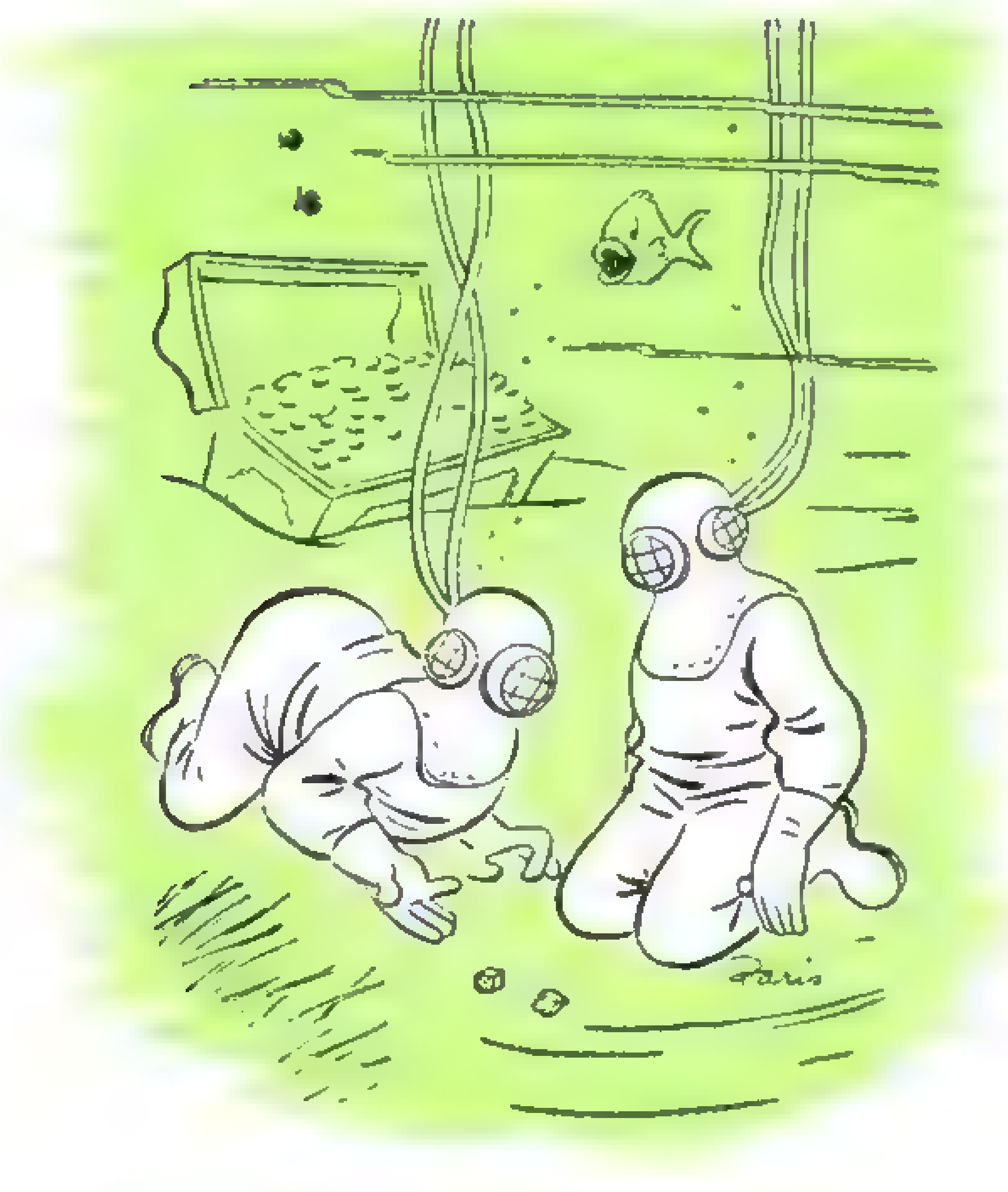
"Why airn't ye?"

"Standin' in a bear trap."

•

"You look all in today—what's the trouble?"

"Well, I didn't get home until daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife woke up and said: 'Aren't you getting up early?' So, in order to save explaining, I put on my clothes and came to work."



Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine, declared the co-ed. And after she was graduated she taught school for years and years and years and years.

•

He: "I wonder why women pay more attention to beauty than they do to brains?"

She: "Probably because no matter how stupid a man is, he is seldom blind."

•

"I love you—ouch!"

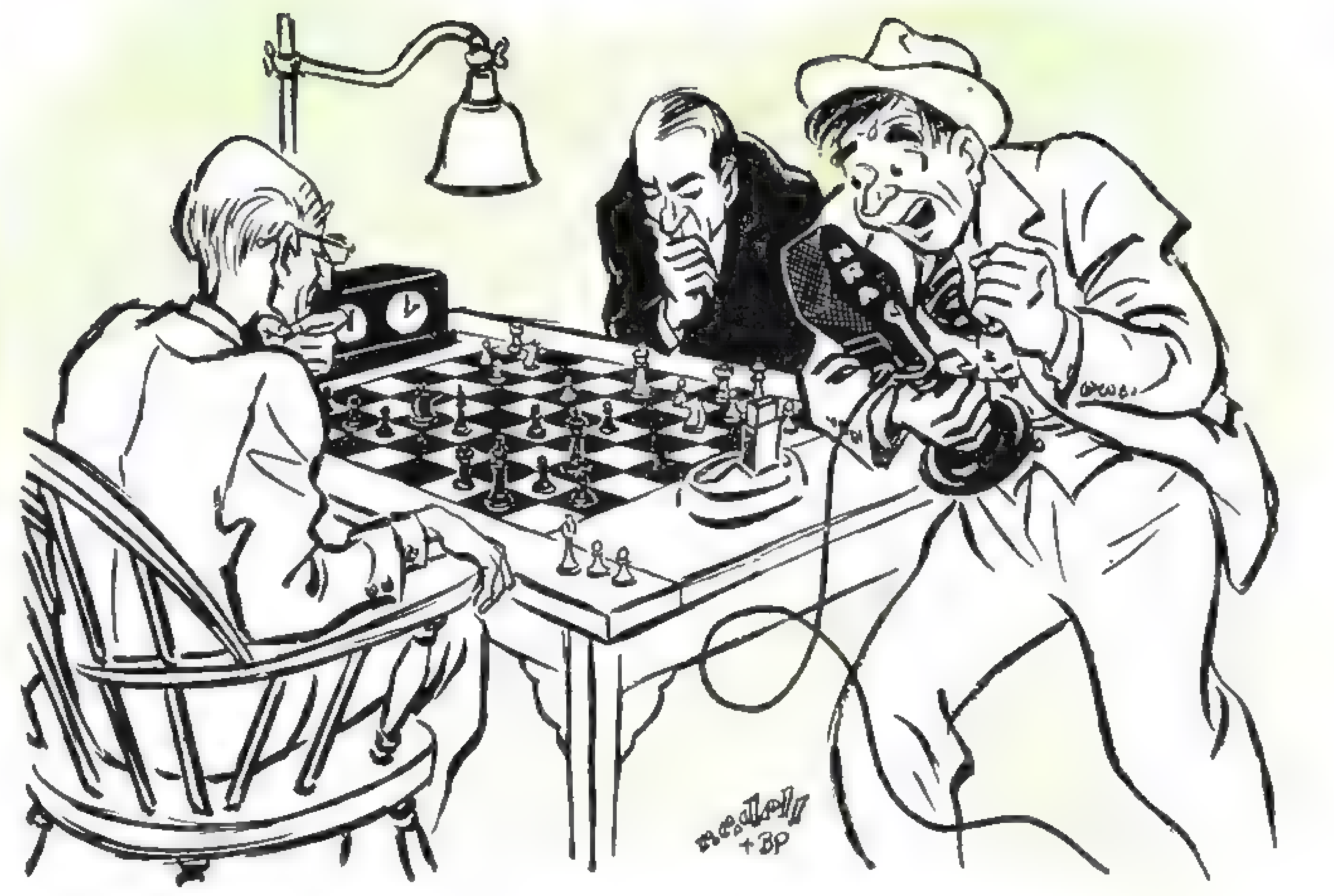
"I love you—ouch!"

And there you have the story of two porcupines necking.

•

Inspecting Officer to Boot: "Do your underclothes fit all right?"

Boot: "The skivvie shirt is okay, but the drawers is a little snug under the armpits."



"What a play! Man—what form!"

Prize Fighter: "Have I hurt my opponent yet?"

Manager: "No, but keep swinging—the draft might give him a cold."

•

Mrs. Jones: "I want to express my sympathy on the loss of your husband."

Mrs. Smith: "Don't be silly. He's at home this minute and very much alive."

Mrs. Jones: "So is your maid."

•

Little Mary, age six, gazed long and earnestly at the beaming boy friend who was calling again on her big sister.

"May I sit on your lap, mister?" she asked.

"Why certainly," said the man, "but why?"

"I want to see if I can find the word," replied Mary.

"Word? What word?" asked the boy friend.

"I heard sis say at dinner if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face, that man was you."

—*The Range Finder*

•

Two government workers unusually fond of relaxation were surprised to find themselves dismissed from their jobs.

"I thought we were frozen on this job," grumbled one to the other as they reluctantly walked toward the gate.

"Well, we're defrosted now," replied the other gloomily.

—Naval Repair Base *Pelican*

•

Nurse: "I think I shall take a course in obstetrics."

Little Brother: "You'd just be wasting your time. Some doctor will find a cure for it; then where will you be?"

—*Ace Pursuiter*

•

In the early days of Phoenix, Arizona . . . about the turn of the century . . . an old-timer was elected justice of the peace. As was usual in those days, he knew no law. When cases were brought before him, he had a fine-looking binder inside of which he had a Sears Roebuck catalogue. He would get out this massive looking book, turn the pages diligently, then place his finger on a given point and pronounce judgment.

He did so one day when he had a man up for trial. Thumbing over the volume he put his finger on a point and said, "You are fined $4.08." The man got up to expostulate. "Sit down," his lawyer said hoarsely, pulling him back in his seat. "You are just lucky he turned to pants instead of pianos."

—Siebert *News*

•

Pfc: "Every time I want to marry a girl for love, I find she has no money."

—Signal Corps *Message*

•

"The average woman has a vocabulary of only 500 words."

"Small stock all right—but think of the turnover."

—*The Bull Horn*

•

Several recruits went into Ship's Service. The only attendant was sitting comfortably behind the counter. The boots waited. Nobody came to wait on them.

"Won't you wait on us?" one finally managed to ask.

"Can't you come in some time when I'm standing up?" was the indignant reply.

—*Zoom*

•

To Walter Myers, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General who has charge of public buildings and post-office supplies, and who looks upon his scratchy pens and splashing ink like posies in a park, came the following letter:

Bingham Canyon, Utah
August 24, 1944

Dear Sir:

I've been wondering. Is it all right for a good citizen to go into a post office and fill his fountain pen from the inkwell therein?

I expect an answer.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Myers made this prompt reply:

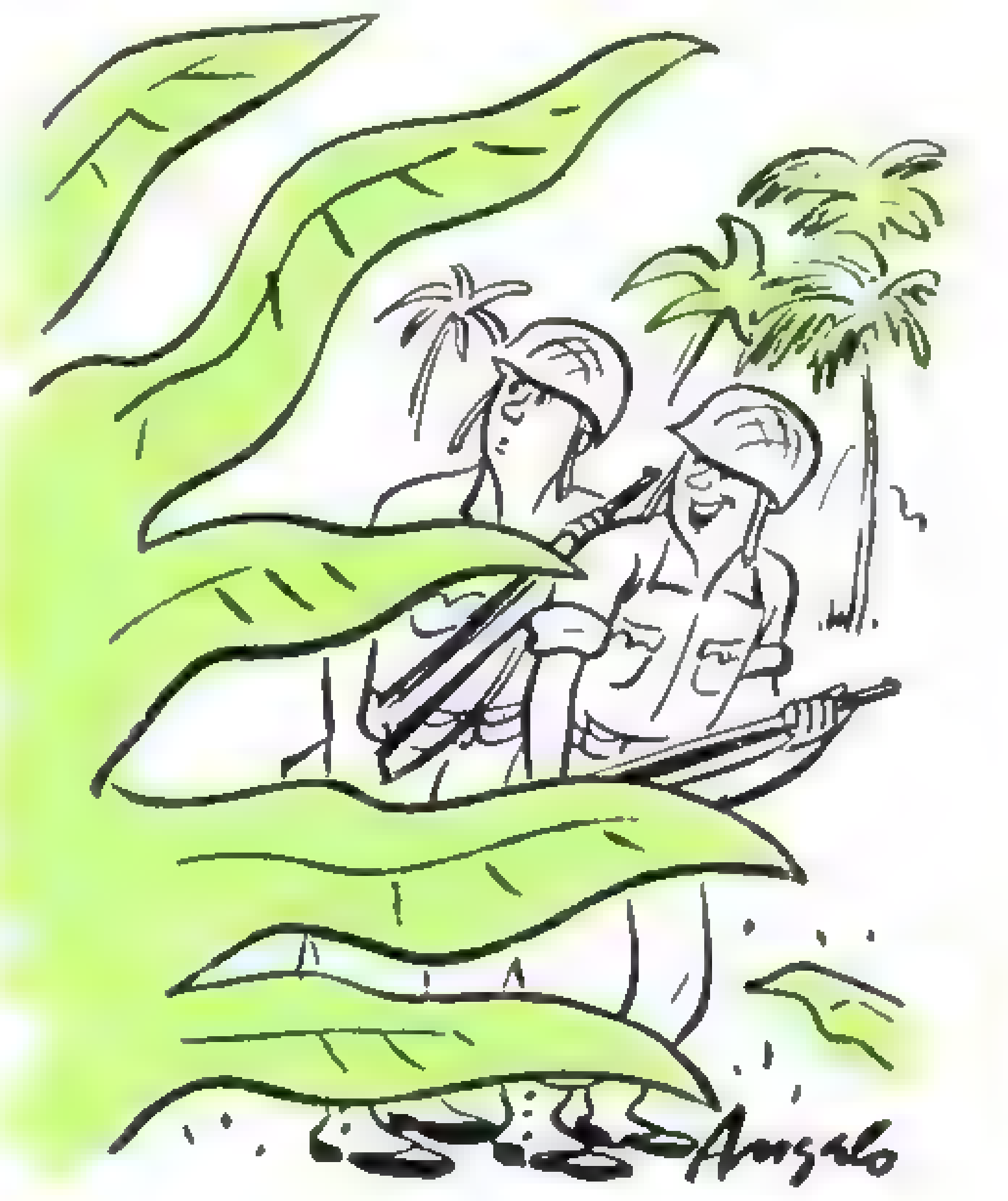
August 29, 1944

Dear Sir:

It is, if you don't get caught.

Very truly yours,
Walter Myers
Fourth Asst. Postmaster General
Washington

When signing the letter, Mr. Myers said that as a matter of scientific interest, he would like to see what would happen to a fountain pen filled with ink from a post-office inkwell.

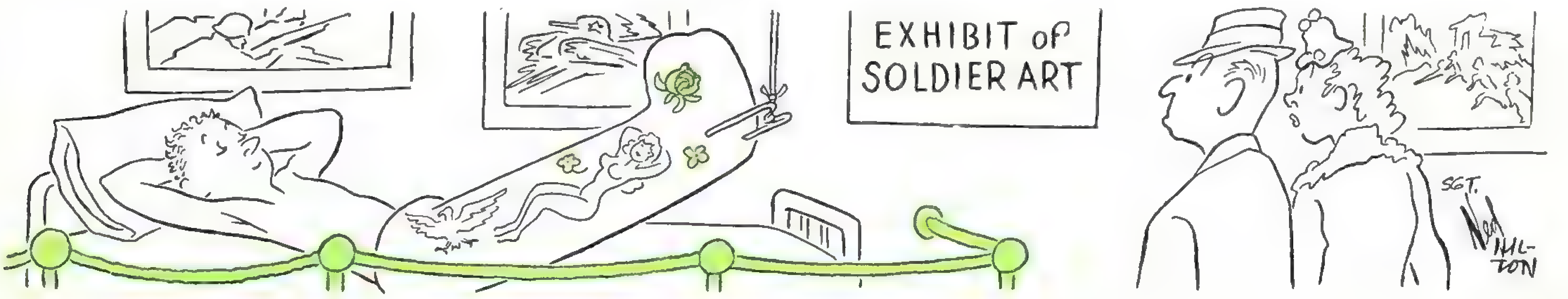


"Gosh, how my Aunt Minnie would love to have that plant in her parlor"

During the recent election one of the smaller papers carried the glaring headline: "Half of the Legislature Are Crooks."

A retraction in full was demanded of the editor.

Next afternoon the headline read: "Half of the Legislature Are Not Crooks."



The Little Chores of J. B.

Praise for that snubbed and libeled hero, John Barleycorn, whose good work extends from hotel men to Uncle Sam

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

“Hi-ya, John Barleycorn, you old relaxer. How goes the life without a care?”

“I wouldn’t know,” he said crisply, “I’m too busy working for an uncle of mine who has a war on. Caught short of rubber and smokeless powder, it was imperative that he swing into production of these two commodities and 190 proof alcohol was the first step. This meant a flock of distilleries, pronto. Luckily I had such plants, complete to the last gadget and representing about a hundred million dollars of private capital. What they would have cost to build under wartime conditions, and how long it would have taken, I don’t know. And I hesitate to imagine the handicaps our armed forces would have labored under meanwhile.

“More than half a billion gallons of high proof have been turned out, and all schedules met in advance. From that alcohol the trucks and jeeps of the invasions of France and the Philippines, and the B-29’s of Saipan, got their tires. But by last Fall the stupendous plants designed and set up by the petroleum industry had begun to take over. However, I’ll always be proud of what *my* industry accomplished in a tough emergency.”

BEAUTY
ALON
FACIAL
Lariar

“It’s an added service—it enables you to hear every word spoken in the place”

“But these stills have been granted holiday periods in which to produce whiskey, gin, and grain neutral spirits, haven’t they?”

“Yes, they have been allowed opportunity to bowl for Uncle Sam in the other alley—tax revenue to help pay for the war effort. As a feeder of the U. S. Treasury, the liquor industry ranks second only to the Income Tax Collector. If, due to lack of marketable wares, its gatherings (over two billions a year) should fall off, either income tax rates would have to be raised or Uncle Sam go deeper into debt.”

Besides as state and local taxpayer to the tune of more than half a billion annually, J. B. helps support education, public welfare, highways, state and city parks, things which will matter materially to the returning servicemen.

Harder to keep tally of is his bolstering influence upon other industries which pay taxes in their own right and would pay appreciably less if he weren’t around. Hotels, for instance. Breakfast in one’s room at a good hotel—the dream of many a G.I.—may run as high as a dollar and a quarter. But when you learn that the trick folding table on wheels, the linen, the polished silver dishes, coffee pot, creamer and flatware, and the china and glass, add up to 70 to 100 dollars of hotel property, you can be certain that, whatever the food and its preparation may have entailed, little profit is made on this carnival float. Nor are repasts in the dining room all gravy for the cash register. Veal cutlet, for which you are “soaked,” say a dollar and a half, came to the delivery door as a shoulder-load of meat, requiring butchering. Its preparation has involved a series of skills and various kinds of equipment, so that when it reaches your well-dressed table, cost and price are in a photofinish.

But order a couple of cocktails at a dollar fifty for the two, and the management comes off much better. Chances are the cocktails are shaken up at a service bar conveniently located in the very same room. If ordered in the bar lounge, they involve no tablecloth; “linen” consists of tiny paper mats and dinky paper doilies. Hence the spread between cost of ingredients and price comes through the transaction with comparatively little shrinkage.

Total business done by hotels in the U.S.A. runs to something like one billion three hundred thousand dollars a year, of which a quarter billion represents beverage sales. That quarter billion is what keeps the mortgage holders at bay. As pieces of property, these hostleries have a value estimated at four billion, and I wouldn’t shave that price one nickel. As tax yielders they wouldn’t amount to much if it weren’t for their liquor license. And that has been the case all through American hotel history; food and furnishings were the decoys and fame winners, but J.B. was the sustainer.

The Missouri River can testify as to the tug which tipple exerts, for on its banks lie Kansas City and Kansas City, one in Missouri where cocktails flow legally, and the other in Kansas. And you know Kansas. When clocks strike five in the latter community, a mighty migration of the people begins straight over the bridge. Once across, they don’t hurry back until they have had a bite of dinner, large bite preferred.

Dire, on the other hand, is the fate of a popular hotel, or restaurant, left high and dry by a Local Option switch. Food and room business dwindle into the red and no amount of glad-handing can get the clientele back. In a pretty little town in Upstate New York there is an historic hotel which has survived pendulum swings from Wet to Dry, Dry to Wet, through a series of prosperities and bankruptcies. Each time it goes Wet some optimist buys it, and the local voters give him a chance to get somewhere before they do their stuff. Not even cats playing with mice have more fun.

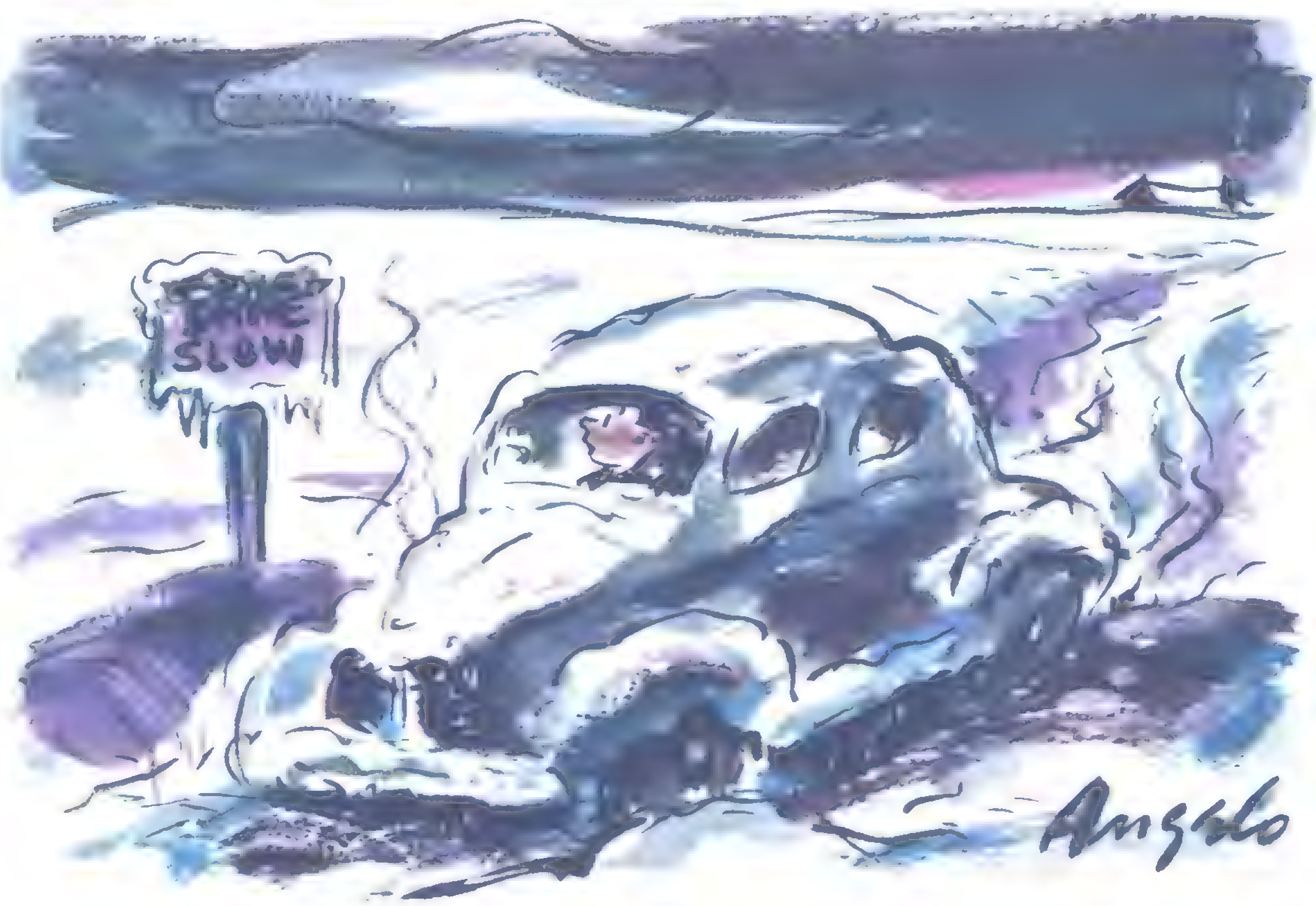
Though such hazards don’t beset big-city night clubs, these establishments do have business uncertainties enough to drive owners crazy. The song stylist who was supposed to wow the customers, leaves ’em cold. The comedian alleged to be a “find” has terrible material; a writer hip to what goes with this clientele must be secured quickly, to write him some gags. The only solution for these troubles is a show directed by the “right person” and featuring the “right people,” all, expensive. Host and partners get their heads and bankrolls together, and plunge into that show of their dreams. The show clicks, leaving them nothing to worry about except the salary list, the big payroll of employees, the meat cost, the vegetable man’s bill, etc. Where do they get that dough? From J. B., the showman’s rescuer. (The drinks aren’t very stiff, but the prices are.) Customers don’t demur at the loading of show costs onto Scotches and Manhattans, but they grump at the cover charge. Twenty per cent cabaret tax is collected for Uncle Sam. Performers and employees pay income tax; so do the owners, both individually and as a corporation. In short, busy J. B. is making possible quite a revenue harvest, same as he’s doing in dine-and-dance rooms in hotels.

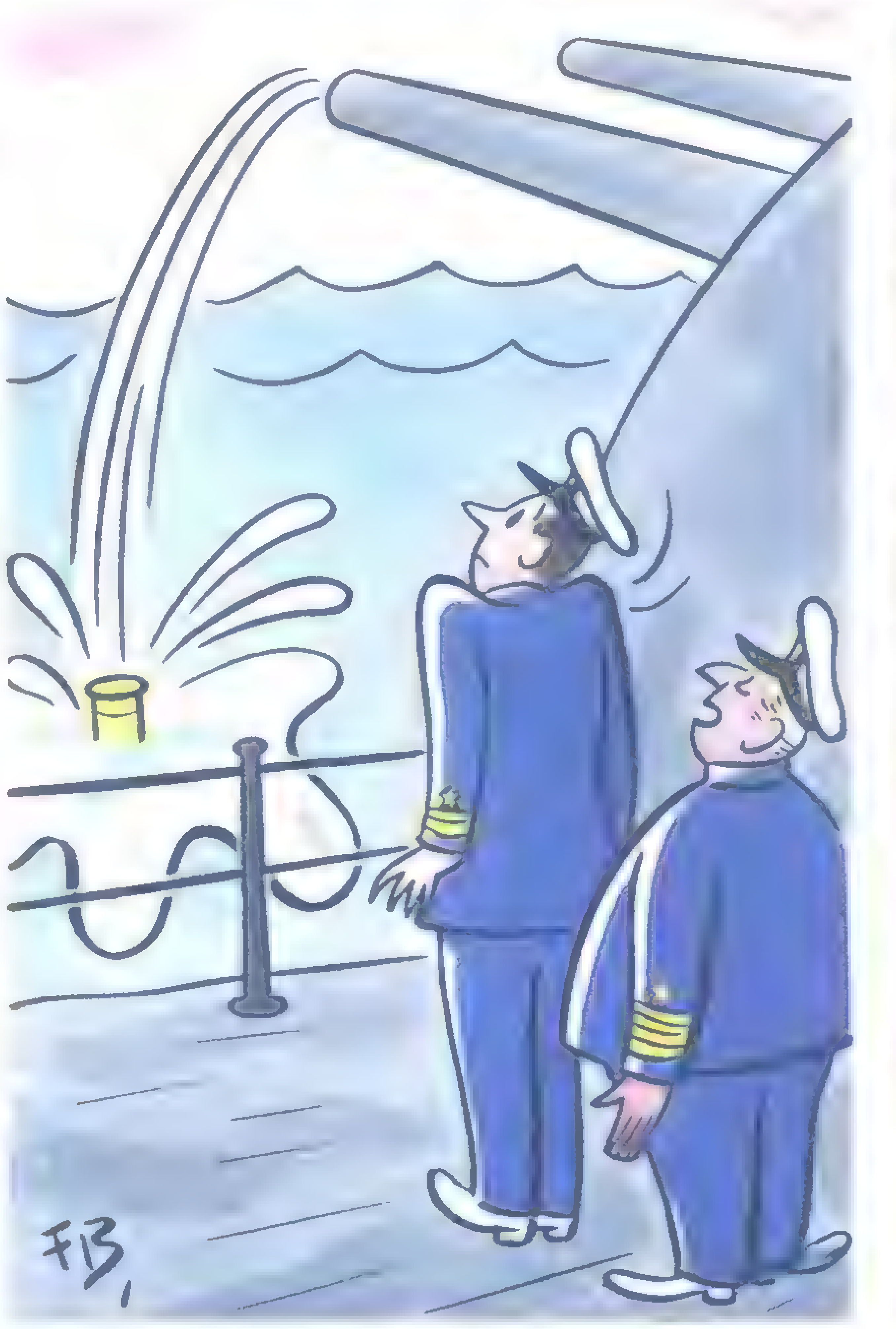
And would anybody recommend this remarkable fellow for an “E” award? Naw, that would be acknowledging indebtedness. Besides, there are Drys peeping around the corner and he’s a political football. Give him a kick.

Injustice of it burns me, gives me a puckered feeling in the throat. What do you say to a slug of something from one of those stills that saved the day?

FASHIONS AT AN EXHIBITION

The central figure of this group at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, is wearing a brown diagonal tweed topcoat with peaked lapels, Lovat Glen Urquhart worsted plaid suit, right angle stripe hand-painted silk tie, broadcloth shirt, brown hat and shoes. The man at right wears a red striped grey worsted suit, rayon tie, broadcloth shirt, tweed topcoat, grey hat and brown shoes.





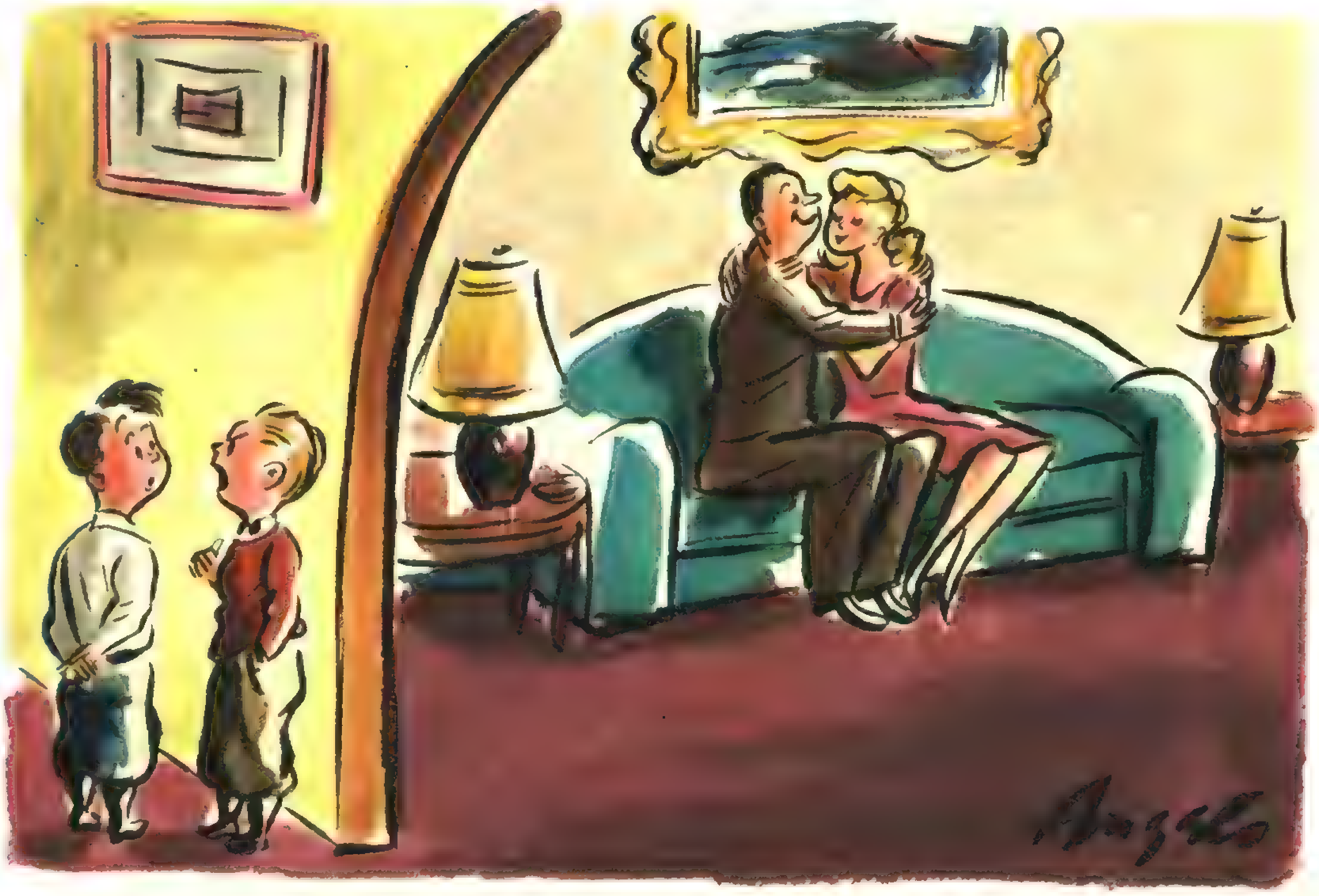
"You'd better have your men put a little more powder in those shells, Dilworth!"

ETUDE IN BLACK AND WHITE

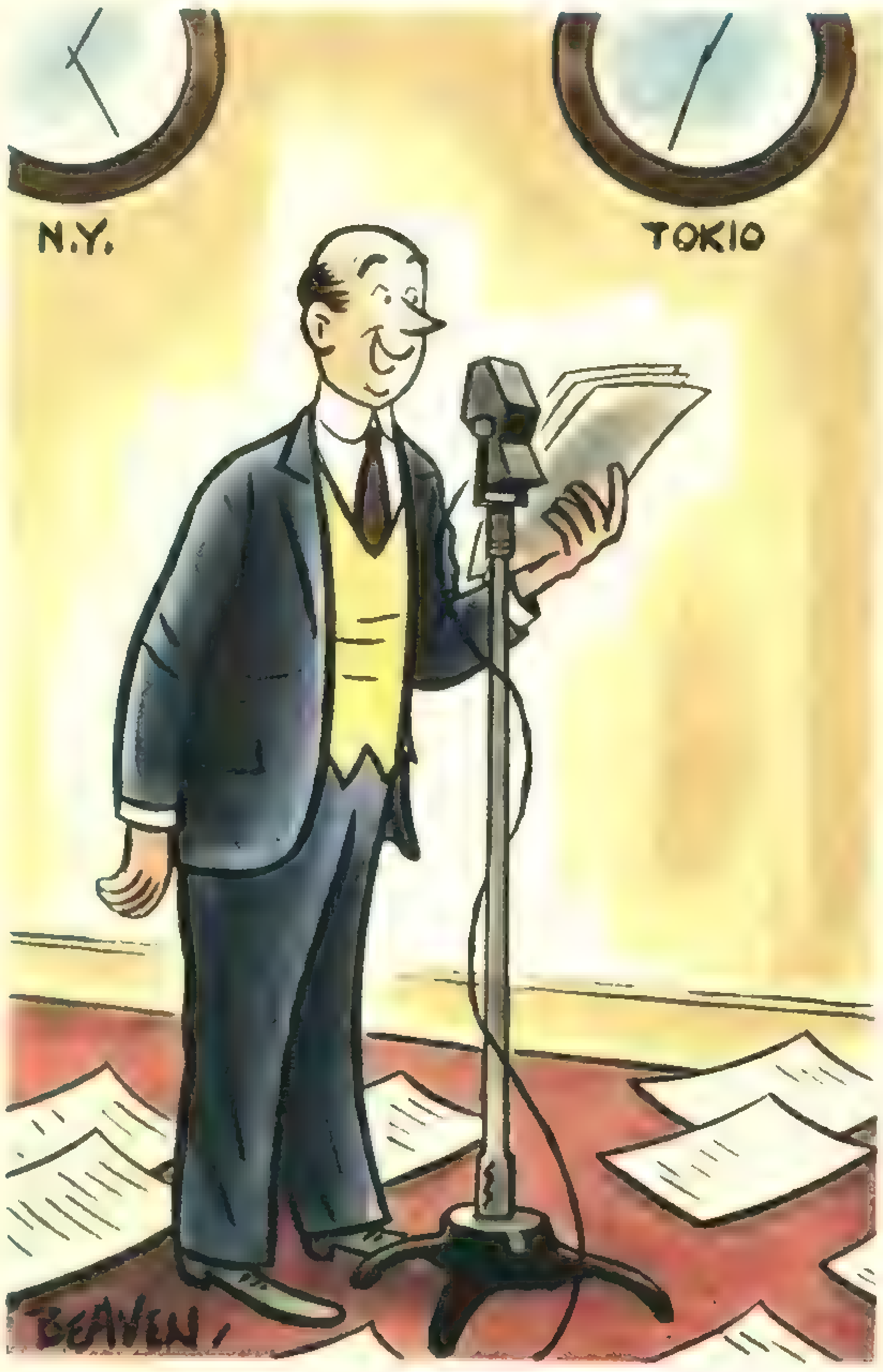
A Selznick Double Feature

Two of the new guard from Vanguard Studios. It's Rhonda Fleming in brief white and Cindy Garner in black . . . fillies in David O. Selznick's stable of stars. Introducing Miss Fleming of the flaming hair and green eyes who has just played her first important role in Hitchcock's new mystery, *Spellbound*. "I had to be an actress," says Rhonda. "My mother had her heart set on it." But it wasn't for mama that she began studying dramatics; she loved it. However, because of a sixth practical sense, she also studied typing, shorthand and bookkeeping . . . decided that if a neat figure couldn't get her places neat figures would! Thus far it hasn't been necessary for her to fall back on her stenographic background. Her career as an actress began at fifteen in a school play. She graced Ken Murray's *Blackouts* boards; was at Twentieth-Century-Fox for six months, but it wasn't until she joined the Vanguard ranks at twenty that she really turned on the talent. "It was my hair, you know . . . red, with temper to match that held me back," she confesses. "When I began dramatizing my acting instead of myself, I began to go places." On the subject of men says Rhonda: "They have one-track minds . . . they look at my hair, and see red." Introducing blonde Miss Garner: She's from High Point, North Carolina, is trim, full-fashioned and fits neatly into the latest diap-cut swim suit . . . all this and smart, too! Graduated from high school at sixteen, but the high point in her life at High Point was when she went to a War Bond breakfast. Movie guest star there was handsome John Payne. Just as in a movie script, the scene changes and we see Cindy in Ciro's selling cigarettes. "It's a good way to meet movie people," said she. And she was right. She met Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Maria Montez, Joan Fontaine, John Payne and Henry Willson . . . Willson thought she should be in pictures . . . that was what she thought, too. Willson introduced her to Selznick, and that was what he thought. So she got into pictures, a nice part in *Since You Went Away*, and now she goes to Ciro's as a guest. Cindy's a Ciro Cindrella!

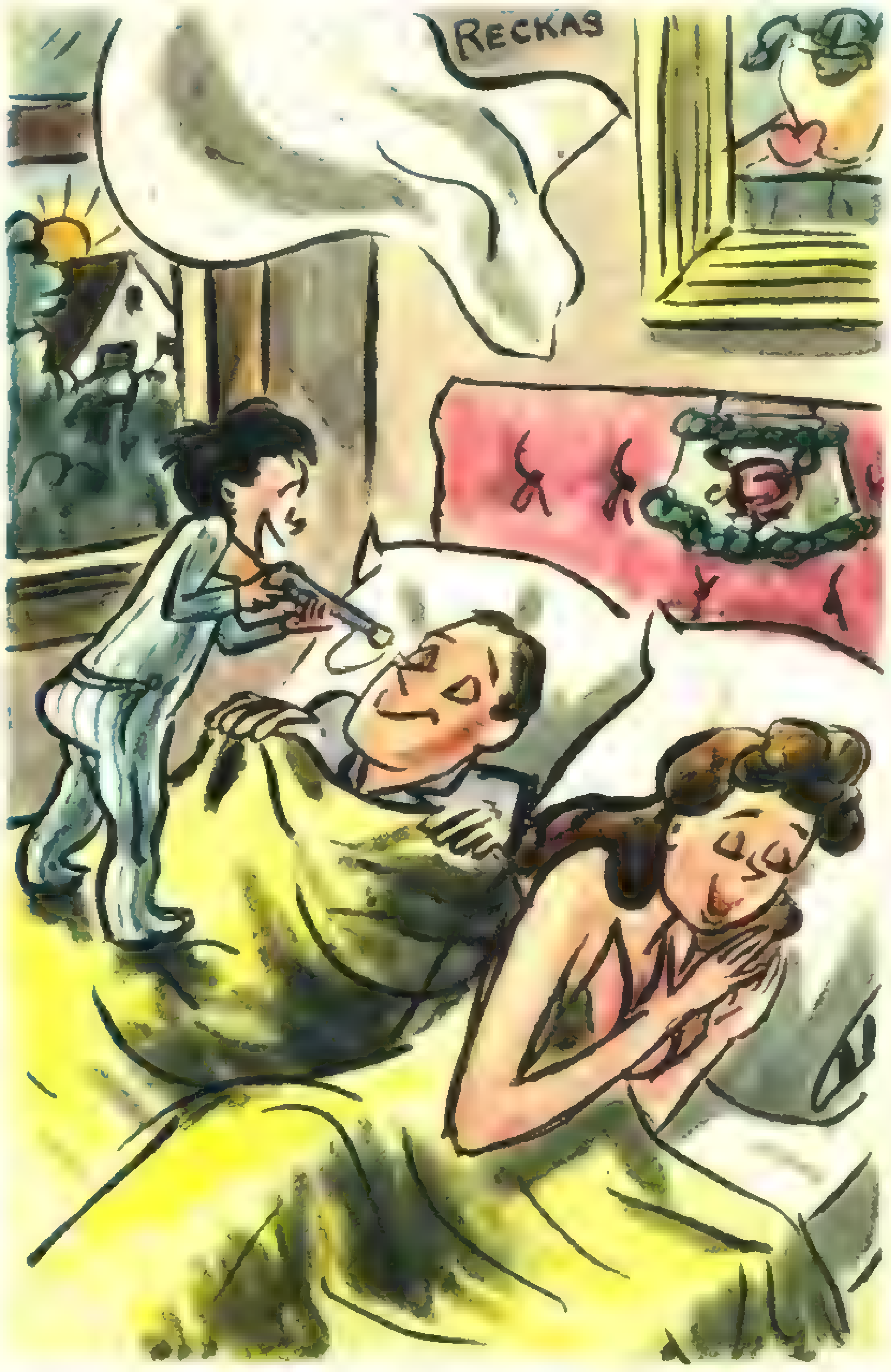
PHOTOGRAPH BY MADISON LACEY



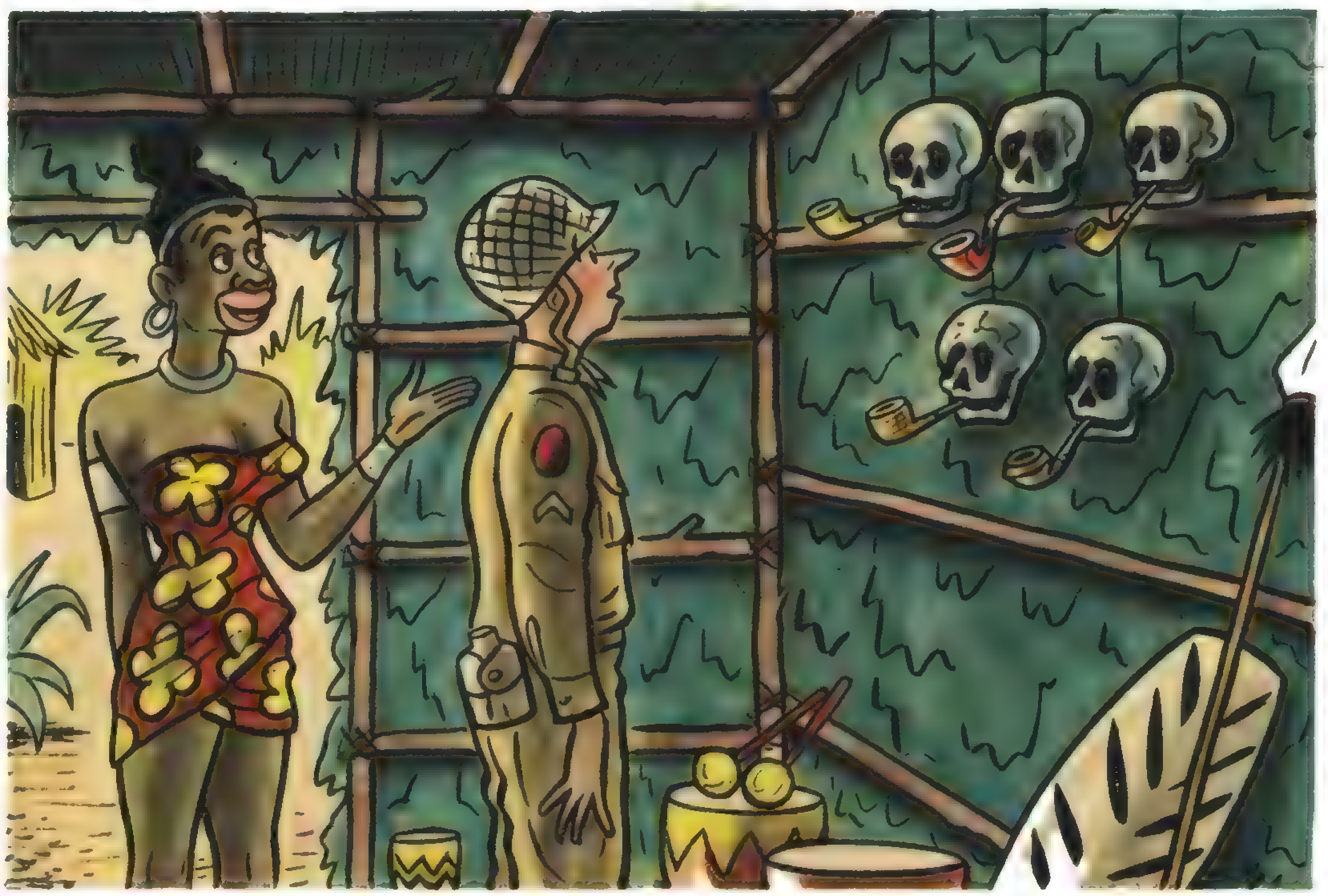
"Just when I had a nice racket worked up, netting me approximately $1.35 per week, Sis up and marries the guy"



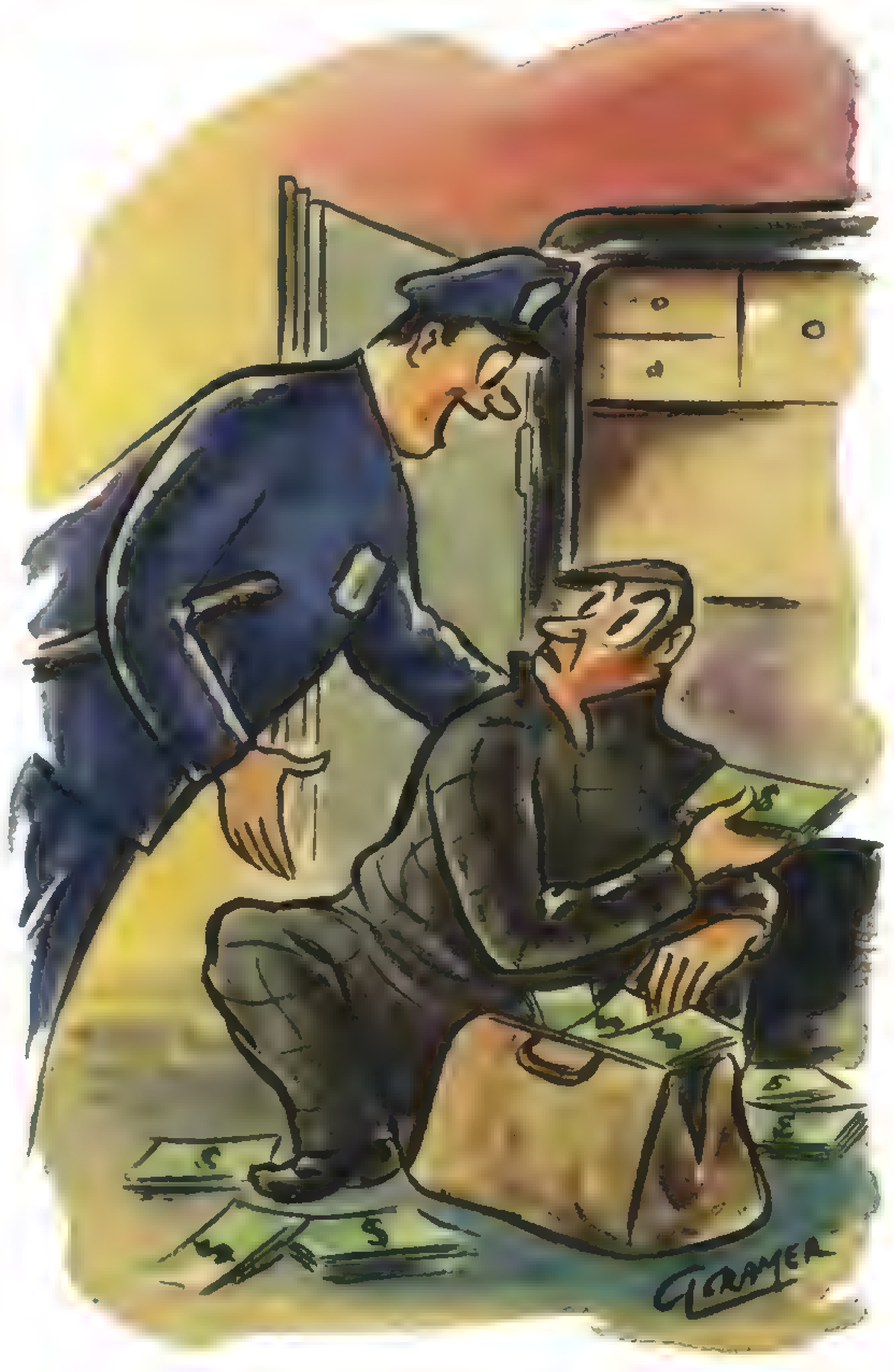
"Send for one of our beautiful illustrated maps of the United States and plan your summer trip as though you had the gas to make it"



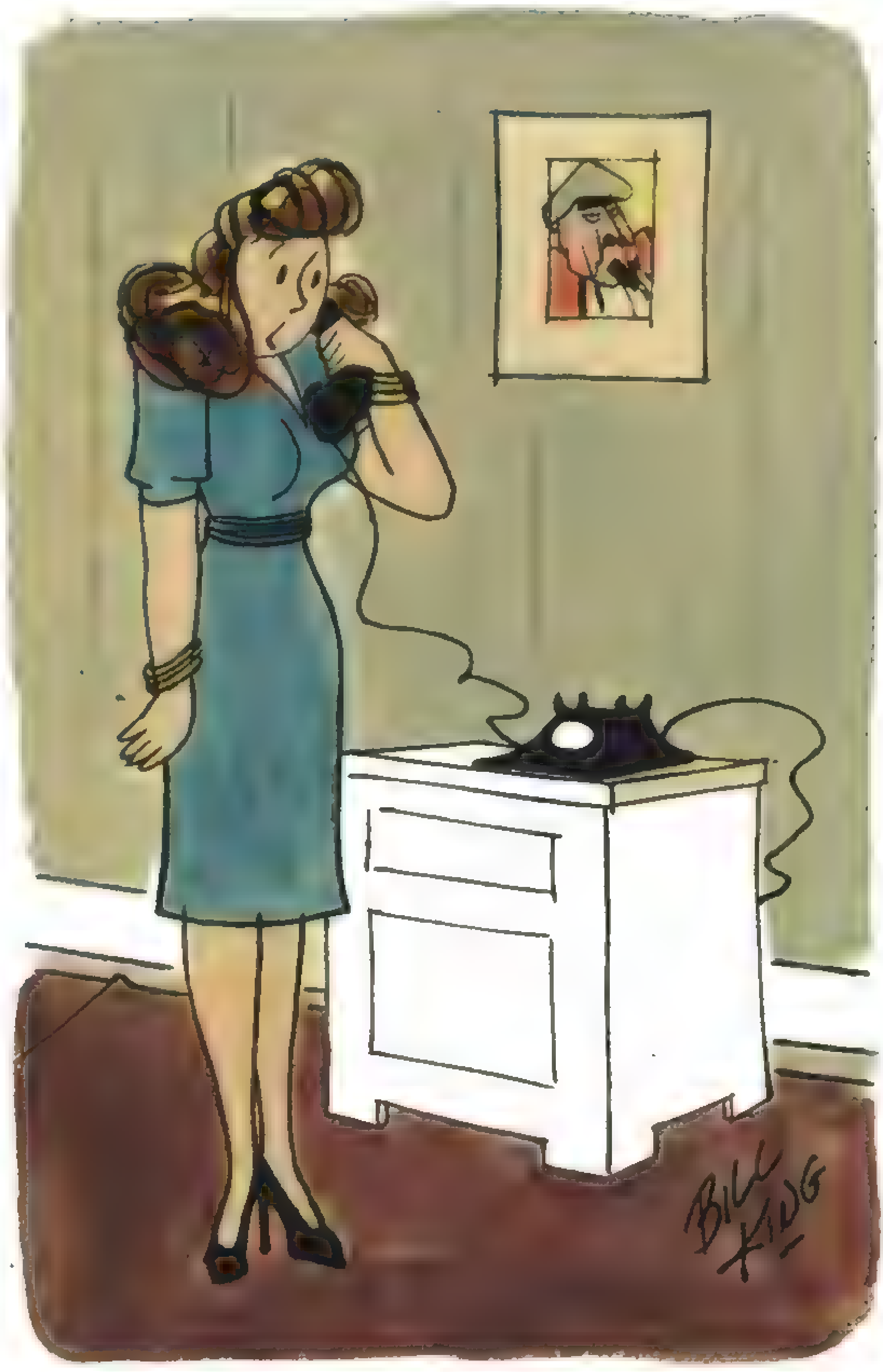
"Open your eyes, sleepyhead!"



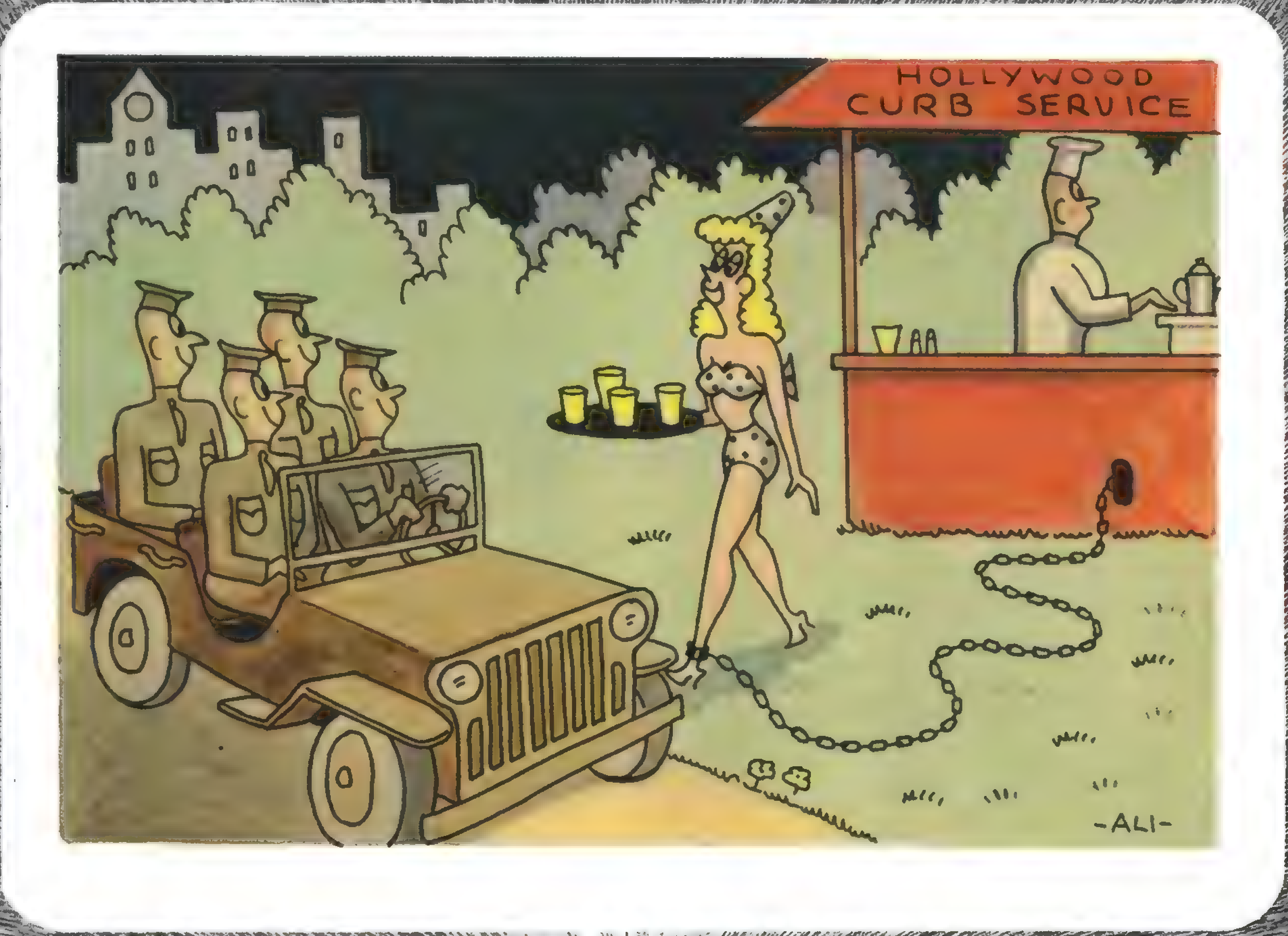
"—and this is Dad's pipe collection!"

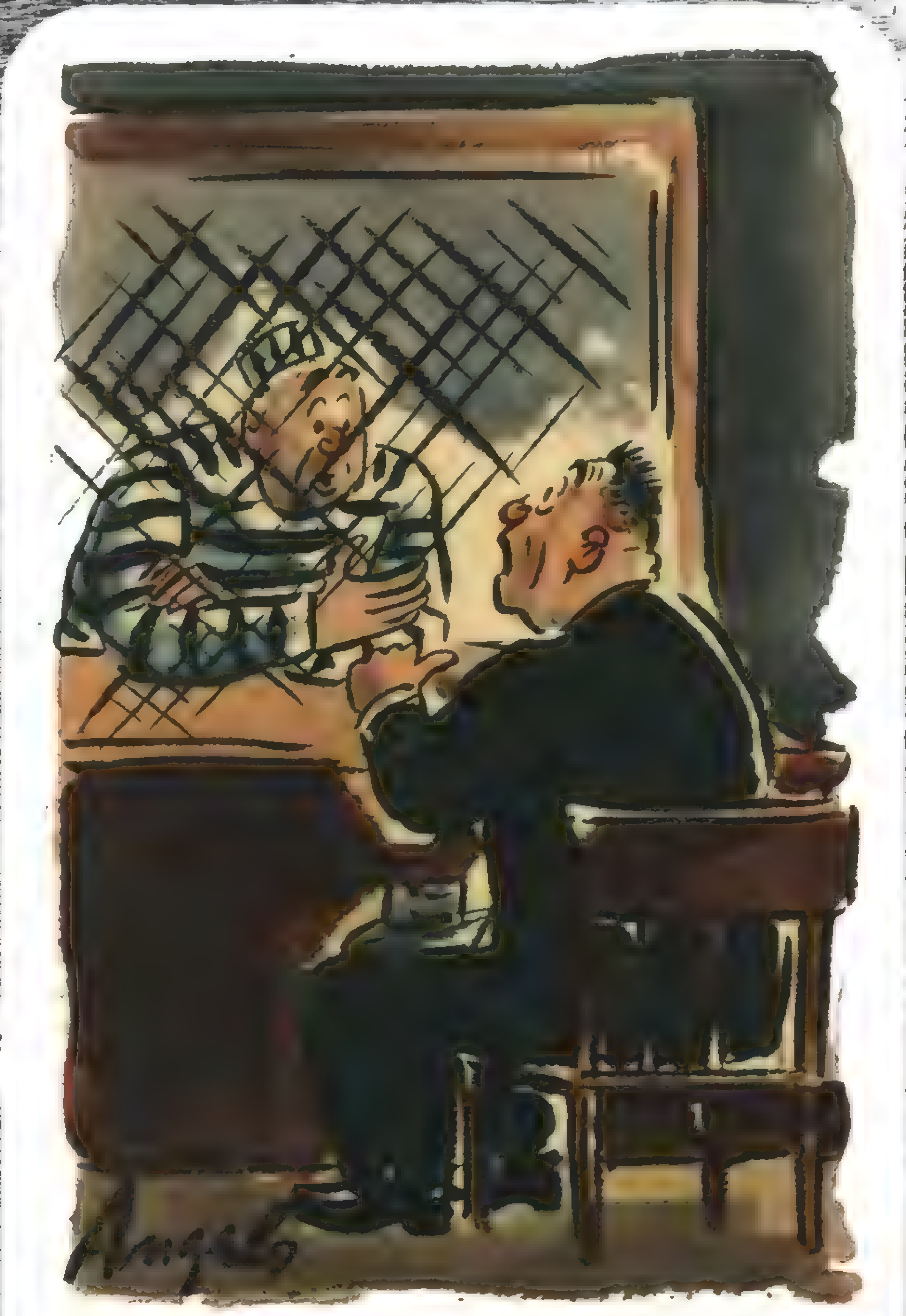


"Let me take you away from all this"



"What does he look like—not that it matters, of course"





"I just got into a jam, Slug—can you recommend a good mouthpiece?"

THE HELICOPTER AS GOOD SAMARITAN ➧

ONE of the high purposes of the U. S. Coast Guard, both in war and in peace, is the saving of life and property. For this rescue work seaplanes and amphibians have performed valiantly in cases where speed is primary. But as the speed of an aircraft increases, so do the problems of take-off and landing in the open sea, or in restricted areas.

Discovering that Dr. Igor Sikorsky's helicopter could take off handily, and as one pilot boasted, "even *jump* from the ground for a quick getaway," poise in the air like a hummingbird, climb sideways or backward with the greatest of ease, they adopted it for their own.

Since they established the first helicopter base at their Floyd Bennett Field Station, the awkward-looking, stubby-tailed little craft has performed many errands of mercy. As the painting shows, it hovers over a man drifting in the sea till the pilot can lower a harness within convenient reach. The victim then seats himself comfortably and is lifted vertically by an hydraulic lift, with no tipping sideways or forward, and is eventually set down gently at the door of the nearest hospital where he is received for treatment by the pharmacist's mate. If the man is uninjured he may, instead, crawl into the metal litter carried on the flotation gear.

Some of the miracles accomplished by the plane include the delivery of blood plasma to survivors of a Navy destroyer at Sandy Hook, and the rescue of a small boy stranded on a sand bar in Long Island Sound, and helping to fight a fire in a Long Island railroad car by lowering a CO_2 extinguisher to the firemen below. Many of its most important "pick-ups" remain secret, for reasons of security.

Experiments have been made with the helicopter to control the malaria-carrying Anopheles mosquitoes so dreaded by servicemen in the tropics. The handy aircraft distributes insecticide either in smoke or an oil spray. The smoke is used against adult mosquitoes followed by a spray to destroy the larvae. The downdraft from the rotor is a powerful means of beating the insecticides into swamps or jungle areas where vegetation is heavy. And should the entomologist in charge care to drop off into a swamp for special investigation, he may be lowered in a rubber boat and picked up again when he's ready to go.

9
A. Leydenfrost

CARNEGIE HALL
SING SING SING
PARAMOUNT THEATRE
CLARINET

Tension: Golf's Greatest Hazard

Answering the innocent dope in the gallery who thinks he could improve on the shots made in tournament play

by TOMMY ARMOUR

• SPORTS •

I ATTESTED my card for the final round of the National Open Championship at North Shore. Although it was the most disappointing championship that I had ever played in, I didn't have the usual feeling of fatigue and despondency that accompanies the completion of a big tournament, because drama was in the offing.

Playing immediately behind me was Ralph Guldahl, who I knew needed a four to tie Johnny Goodman for the title. I got a seat on the edge off the green and waited the results of Guldahl's effort with great anxiety. Even though I was not playing the hole, I could easily put myself in Ralph's shoes. I knew the strain he was undergoing.

His drive was perfect, leaving him about 160 yards to the pin. All he had to do was put the ball on the green and get down in two putts for a tie, and the odds to beat Goodman in the playoff were definitely in his favor, because Goodman then wasn't nearly as good a player as he ultimately became. The excitement, of course, was terrific. Ralph is a very methodical player, taking plenty of time to make any stroke, which added to the tension.

He looked around very carefully and selected his club. Though we were 160 yards away, we could hear the click of the well-hit shot. We knew the shot was well struck, but it faded to the right, gradually, more and more each yard, and all the body-English that the gallery could muster didn't prevent it from going in the bunker to the right of the green. That was bad. Ralph had to get down in two. The hole was approximately twenty-five feet from the edge of the bunker, and Ralph's recovery shot left him about six feet from the cup. This famous putt has gone down in history anywhere from one foot to three, but actually it was six feet.

With the right-to-left slope and the grain of the grass on the green running very strong, it made the putt practically impossible. To the uninitiated, it was merely a matter of a great golfer walking up and tapping the ball into the cup, but those of us who have been through these soul-breaking experiences knew differently. The hole then looks about the size of a thimble, the ball twice as big as usual. There were two ways for Guldahl to make the putt: trickle it with a very big borrow from right to left, or hit it firmly at the hole. The consensus of the experts around the green was that the latter was the correct method, and Ralph selected that one. He hit the ball firmly on the right edge of the cup, but the grain was too strong and the putt broke very fast, finishing below the hole.

A new champion had been crowned, and Guldahl retired in defeat, the target of all the ignorant and unenlightened.

A couple of months later I was sitting in the lounge of a celebrated club in Chicago playing cribbage with a multi-millionaire. At the completion of the game he owed me exactly 375 dollars. When we sat down to lunch, the subject of conversation turned to the Open, and of course ultimately hit upon Guldahl's famous putt. The scorn with which my friend denounced what he called Ralph's "feeble effort" provoked me, and I upbraided him with a few caustic remarks, telling him that he didn't know what he was talking about. He had never taken part in competitive golf, barring the local club championship, and hadn't the slightest conception of the terrific strain championship golfers are under in a situation like Guldahl's. I decided to have a little gamble . . .

I had practically stolen 375 dollars from him, so I asked him if he'd like to make a six-foot putt for doubles or quits. He said he'd love it. So the remainder of the lunch hour was spent in my describing the difficulties of short putts under the conditions that they had to be made. I impressed upon him the fact that he had only *one* chance. He wanted to go out right then and make the shot, but I said we had plenty of time. I carefully inquired of the manager if he had a tape measure. He had. I continued my tirade of the uninitiated's denunciation of feeble-minded golf pros playing critical shots; of criticism by people who I knew had no more intestinal fortitude than a jellyfish.

As we walked out on the golf course to start our round, I said, "This is the time—we'll putt it now."

We got out the tape measure and I asked what kind of putt he'd like—uphill, downhill, sidehill or just straight putt. He selected uphill. We got a new ball, carefully measured off the six feet, and placed his ball on the spot.

As he was preparing to make the putt, I took great pains to advise him of the fact that he had only one chance. Mr. Millions looked over the putt from all conceivable angles, took his stance, stood over the ball for fully thirty seconds, then walked away. He wasn't ready. Once again he took his stance, and then made what reminded me of a spasm—the most violent jerk at the ball—and he didn't even come close to holing it. As a matter of fact, he was at least six inches short and six inches to the right. He immediately requested another try, but I reminded him that he had had his chance. "The putt you were making," I said, "meant absolutely nothing to you. You're a multi-millionaire and the loss of 375 dollars is of no importance to you. You gamble in thousands of dollars every day on the stock market, and even the loss of 100,000 dollars has never meant anything to you. You're famous for that. But the financial investment has nothing to do with the point I'm trying to illustrate to you. I want to show you that with nothing to gain or lose, you made one of the most ridiculous efforts at holing a six-foot putt that I ever saw. Guldahl, when he tried to hole a six-foot putt, was trying for the American championship. It meant money, and I happen to know that at that moment Ralph's entire bankroll wouldn't have kept you for one day. He needed desperately to win, and in spite of that strain he made a magnificent effort."

No doubt the public knows less about the inside intricacies of first-class golf than of any other sport. It seems to be their particular delight—to watch a famous golfer miss a shot and then hold him up to ridicule.

When I hear those remarks they really infuriate me. I remember an incident at Oakmont when Sam Parks won the championship. At the tenth hole on the last round he had a very delicate little chip shot of about fifteen yards. To the average golfer it looked simple enough. But what that average golfer didn't know was that the greens were lightning fast, and Parks would have been unable to control a pitch-and-run. He had to play a little backspin niblick shot, which is extremely difficult, and under the circumstances the difficulty was multiplied ten times. He started to play a pitch-and-run shot, then changed his mind—and the club. He started to play a backspin shot and changed his mind again

Continued on the next page

◆ ESQUIREGRAPH No. 6—BENNY GOODMAN

PROFESSOR Benny Goodman has, after eight loud and quivering years, convinced even the long-hairs that jazz is here to sway. The Professor (a title bestowed upon him when he lectured at the august Juilliard School of Music) believes that jazz is as integral a manifestation of modern America as air conditioning and streamlining. When the Professor and his cats first got off on it at the Paramount Theatre in Gotham (upper right) in 1937 and the alligators busted the joint at the seams, the double-domes maintained an Olympian disdain. But when Benny's band invaded venerable Carnegie Hall (upper left) and sent gutbucket to a delirious audience, the conservatives admitted maybe the Professor had something. Since then Goodman has licked his licorice stick, (for which he was awarded the Gold Esky for first place in the clarinet division of Esquire's jazz festivals for 1944 and 1945) under the batons of such celebrated maestros as Toscanini.

Goodman is the best friend the record makers and rug manufacturers ever had. His rug-cutting devotees invoked a renaissance of the record industry by demanding the Professor's pancakes. Early Goodman recordings are collectors' items.

Benny has no quarrel with Bach; in fact he gives classical music a break, in the opinion of critics, by playing it well indeed. What he can't understand is why fellows like Kreisler and Heifetz never give out with such modern numbers as *Body and Soul* and *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.* The Professor feels age and importation do not necessarily make an opus superior to the better Tin Pan Alley merchandise.

Benny, thirty-five, was born in Chicago of Russian stock, and first played the clarinet in a neighborhood synagogue band. Today he has an opulent apartment on Park Avenue and a country estate. The Goodmans have a daughter, just two, who loves to hear Papa practice on his licorice stick between performances in the *Seven Lively Arts,* where he stops every show by swinging Mozart. Overtones come from the grave of Mozart—whirling Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

—ALAN HYND

RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOLLAGE

—and the club. He went back to his original club and was just about to strike the ball when he stopped and went back to the niblick for the backspin shot.

I was watching him, and a spectator standing beside me, in a loud, raucous voice said, "Why doesn't he hit the damned thing?"

I was able to appreciate both Parks' state of mind and nervous tension, and the difficulty and importance of the shot. I couldn't keep my two-bits' worth out, so I remarked, "If you were to try to play it I don't think you'd even hit the ball."

He turned on me like all belligerent Monday morning critics and asked me what I knew about it. Or how did I know?

(Parks executed the shot perfectly and laid it a foot from the hole, getting a very, very much needed four.)

"Pal," I said, "I know all right."

Somebody in the gallery must have told him about me, because he came up later and very magnanimously said, "Friend, I guess you do know."

"Yes," I replied, "I know. And that shot was probably the finest short shot that will be played in this championship."

The fellow really wasn't to blame. It's just the fact that people don't understand. Golf is a game which is entirely different from any other sport, because the ball is at rest. You can take as long as you like to hit it—or practically as long as you like—and fellows who only watch the experts play can't understand why these little shots should be so difficult—because they are made to look so easy. They never stop to realize that one stroke thrown away, one little false movement, one moment's lack of concentration, one disconcerting move on the part of the gallery, is enough to ruin a man's entire score. The quiet adds to the tension. The game calls for perfect nerve and muscular control and complete co-ordination. Just think of the physical gyrations a man must go through to hit the golf shot! He's got a club with a small face. He's got to twist his anatomy into the most peculiar, fantastic positions and strike that ball on what amounts to a square quarter of an inch! It is not only once—he has to do so time and time again, hole after hole and day after day.

It's impossible for the spectator to realize what a tournament player goes through. It isn't merely the three and a half hours the day of the match. His nerves start working about a week before. His eating becomes an effort. Sleep becomes more restive night by night. Day and night, unceasingly, his mind dwells on the forthcoming contest.

When the actual day arrives, he's probably in fine physical shape, but extremely nervous. Great tournament players like Bobby Jones find it practically impossible to eat during the tournament. He, for that matter, has been known to regurgitate at least once a day. It's just pure nerves. And Byron Nelson, one of the most nervous of all players, doesn't eat enough food during the tournament to compose one decent meal—and even at that he can't keep it in his stomach. The last time he played Ben Hogan for the playoff of the Master's Tournament in Augusta, three different times he tried to keep down a cup of consommé—but he couldn't do it. Yet he went out and played one of the most beautiful rounds of golf ever played.

It's like tightening up a spring to the breaking point. Watch the faces of these contestants after the completion of a big championship. There is no other sport in the world that is even comparable.

You've got to remember this: once the shot is gone, it's gone and nothing on God's earth can recall it. In first-class competitive golf it isn't a matter of hitting one, two or three shots well in succession; it's a matter of hitting dozens of shots with exactly the proper clubs, exactly the precise flight, with all the different types of swings the experts use: left-to-right swings, right-to-left, low shots; high shots; and the ball must still be struck on that quarter of an inch with perfect timing and footwork. All you have to do is to relax mentally for one moment and you're gone. Not that you lose the stroke—that is inconsequential. But it may result in the loss of several strokes. It's a simple matter to turn a four into a seven by that one bad stroke, as all golfers know—simple even for the experts to do. The matter of making a bad shot which costs you one or two or three over par also has other effects. It upsets your equanimity. Your tempo is changed. It has very seldom happened that a man starts a championship with a seven and finishes with a fine round. He has immediately put himself behind not just one, but ten "eightballs." He's fighting everything, himself included. Every shot must be perfect now. Every swing must be beautifully timed. Every movement of his body must be perfectly balanced if he's going to win. What usually happens, of course, is that the strain of the initial seven, or whatever it may be, destroys his concentration. It's like being hit on the jaw—you can't get it out of your mind—you think of it between every step you take during the rest of the round. That accursed seven becomes as big as a Colossus. Even though you do play the next two or three holes well, the dread of having another seven—of eliminating yourself entirely from the competition for which you've probably trained carefully for weeks—looms up constantly.

In other games you get another chance. In baseball you get three cracks at it; in tennis you lose only one point. But in golf the loss of one shot has been responsible for the loss of heart. Strain—that hackneyed word, incomprehensible to 99 per cent of human beings—the strain of competitive achievement. The desire for glory is something that I would not wish on my worst enemy, but the desire for conquest has made us all struggle to excel at our chosen endeavors. It goes through life in everything we do, and when it touches our recreation it prevails. The plea of the 100-shooter to do a ninety soon becomes the same plea for an eighty. Then he's in danger. It has ever been thus. As soon as he does eighty, he wants seventy, and when he gets in the seventies (a score very few accomplish) it then ceases to be recreation. It is then a mental and physical strain during his week ends, on his days or hours of supposed relaxation. It becomes hard, grinding work instead. He can't miss a shot! If he does, he is upset. A housewife peers with great concern at the face of her beloved returning from Saturday and Sunday golf sessions. If her beloved smiles when he enters, he's played well. If a look of fatigue and irritation is present, he probably did an eighty instead of a seventy-eight. Week ends of healthful exercise with congenial friends have given way to a contest of man vs. golf clubs, and the golf clubs usually win. That situation exists in practically every home in the country where a man shoots in the high seventies or low eighties. That poor individual imagines that he's going through the same tortures that the experts do. But he isn't. He hasn't even approached the strain they have to endure. By Monday at lunch he's forgotten all about Sunday and he's again looking forward to another battle next week end. Not so the expert.

That Sunday feeling of the amateur, businessman golfer continues with the expert day after day, week after week, year after year. Don't think for a moment that the only great golfers are those who win the big tournaments. There are more fine golfers who don't win than do, but the really great and famous golfers are those who have better nerve control.

Jimmy Thompson, the famous long-hitter, is a case in point. Undoubtedly Jimmy, who is one of the finest in the game, can hit the ball as well as any man ever did. Besides being a tremendously long driver, he's very straight. On the practice tee his iron play is absolutely magnificent. His putting is good. He takes superb care of himself, and he's a very fine physical specimen. He exudes strength and power—but I've seen poor Jimmy on the golf course with a look of strain on his face that was absolutely heart-rending.

Several years ago during a golf conversation with Robert T. Jones—the Immortal Bobby—at Pinehurst, I told him that I had the "yips." Robert, who undoubtedly has one of the keenest minds in this country, had never heard of the "yips" and asked me what they were. "Well, Bobby," I said, "I'll describe them to the best of my ability.

"The 'yips' are a mental condition which attacks certain golfers when they endeavor to hole a short putt. You've lined up your three-footer, you step up to the ball with complete confidence in your ability to hole it. You're perfectly relaxed. But—just at the moment you start your backswing with the putter, your mind goes absolutely blank. You go blind, a shudder goes through your body as though you were being electrocuted. All muscular control disappears. The putter automatically strikes the ball, but only because you've made the stroke so many thousands of times. You return to consciousness to find that the ball is not in the hole. You raise your head to the high heavens, gradually recovering from the tremendous ordeal, and walk along to the next tee preparing yourself for the same shock that's going to happen to you on the next green."

Jones smiled. "God, that must be terrible!"

I assured him it was the most awful feeling in the world.

Time marched on. Peculiarly enough, the scene was again at Pinehurst. My phone rang.

"This is Bobby."

"Yes, Robert, what can I do for you?"

"I want to see you."

I went up to his room. He

greeted me with, "Thomas, I've got the 'yips'!"

"You have?" I questioned. "Describe them to me."

Bobby made the most graphic dissertation on the effect of "yips" that I have ever had the pleasure of hearing.

A year passed. We were playing at Augusta in the Masters' Tournament. I saw the Immortal Jones in the locker room and asked, "How are the 'yips,' Robert?"

"I got rid of them," he replied.

With a look of skepticism I said, "Impossible, Robert, impossible. I shall watch you today."

On the first green Mr. Jones very successfully "yipped" a putt of two feet. His jaws jumped like the muscles on the back of a cat. After two magnificent shots on the second hole, a par five, he putted within two feet again and made one more beautiful exhibition of a "yip" putt. On the third hole he put the ball eight feet from the hole in two. He putted it a foot and a half from the cup and he never even came close to holing it.

Robert is a man with the finest control of a very violent temper, and I had no wish to be visited by his wrath, but as I casually walked back when he was on his way to the fourth tee, I said, "Robert, you certainly have got rid of the 'yips'!" and I continued to walk straight towards the clubhouse.

"Yips" are a by-product of many years of competitive golf.

One of the most pathetic cases of the result of nervous strain in championship golf was Joe Kirkwood's exhibition at Troon—I think it was in 1923. I met him on the 14th tee, asked how he was doing, and he said very well. He told me his score: he had just completed the previous five holes in three apiece! I said, "Joe, you can kick the ball around and win!"

On the fourteenth Joe hit a fine shot, but just a yard short of carrying the bunker. As there were no dynamiters (or sand clubs), his explosion shot was forty feet from the hole, and he promptly three-putted. Though he was two over par on the hole, there was really no cause for concern because he had such a big lead, but he was obviously shaken. On the fifteenth hole he topped his drive, and his second and third shots.

Now it was obvious to the initiated that his nervous and physical control were practically shattered. He got down in six, another two over par. He hit the first four shots along the ground at the sixteenth, and finally holed out in seven. Another two over par. At the short seventeenth he hooked his ball to the left of the green, got on with his second and down in two, and finished the eighteenth with a five. There was the real tragedy of the tournament. A man whose golf had been very fine up to that point, his physical and mental co-ordination nearly perfect, had suddenly collapsed and literally thrown the tournament out the window.

To describe Kirkwood's feelings would, of course, be impossible. It was not a mere matter of Kirkwood becoming frightened or nervous. He's a big, rugged fellow, extremely strong and brave as a lion. His courage could never be questioned at any time. It was just that terrible strain that made him absolutely incapable of concentrated movement and thought.

That is tension. ⧻

Look Down, Father Washington

Give "Bee Bee" Washington two more years and he'll at least be middleweight champ

by ROGER L. TREAT

• SPORTS •

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., the ghost of George Washington watches the dual career of William "Bee Bee" Washington. Twenty-one-year-old Bee Bee appears to be trying for two titles: one, Champion Father of his Country; the other, Champion Middleweight Boxer of the World. He has a good chance for both.

He is the busiest boxer in the District, and when he goes into the ring he knows that his blind mother has an ear plastered against the radio at home, his wife Helen is watching him personally, and the five little Bees are waiting for Pop to bring home another scalp. He has collected quite a few in his short career.

Bee Bee is a well-built, taper-waisted youngster, with an ebony skin and a mouthful of grinning tombstones. He looks like the kid who should be peeking over a yard-wide slice of watermelon. But when he turns on that grin up there in the boxing ring—look out, brothers, the depth charges are about to go off, damage will be done in the form of multiple abrasions and contusions.

Washington's father was a boxer. His name was William, too, and they called him Bee Bee. Nobody knows why. The present Bee Bee has named his oldest son William, so he, in turn, may be Bee Bee too when he hops through the ropes fifteen years from now. The other little Bees are, Earl (3), Paul (2), Charles (1), and another too young to name. Neither Bee Bee nor Helen want to talk about next year's plans just yet.

Bee Bee is managed by Reginald "Billy" Edwards, a retired Negro welterweight, whose father once managed Bee Bee's father.

Edwards was boxing around the East from 1919 to 1933. In the North he boxed as "Billy Edwards." Then he got the idea of invading Jim Crow country. There was little gold in the southern hills for two Negroes boxing each other, so Billy decided to box with whites. That was, and still is, strictly no good. So Billy became "El Kadir" a Turk. He wore a turban into the ring, carried a little prayer rug on which he worshipped before the bout, refused to talk, as his manager explained that he could not understand a word of English. It was lots of fun until some Quiz Kid broke the story, and El Kadir broke all records getting back north of the Potomac. For a-while it appeared that the southern states might secede again because of the hoax—and Billy hasn't stopped laughing yet.

He is the greatest press agent in the world. For days before each of Bee Bee's bouts, Edwards tours the town howling "Bee Bee Washington fights at Uline's Arena next Monday. Come see the next Champion. We want Lloyd Marshall, we want Jake La Motta." There is only one middleweight he doesn't want—Holman Williams. "Bee Bee will take him someday, but not yet," he says. Edwards hasn't made a bad match for Washington yet. This is more than can be said for some other fight managers.

Bee Bee went to vocational school and learned to be a bricklayer. He has never touched a brick since. He works as a stevedore to keep his muscles loose, and trains every night. He has had thirty-six bouts from October, 1943, to November, 1944, and has had his mitt lifted thirty-two times. There isn't a big-name fighter in the lot, but they were all tough welters and middles.

"My, isn't it easy to like a man with a million dollars?"

He has a smooth-flowing boxing style; fast left hook with plenty of smoke on it; a vicious right cross. He likes infighting, head-to-head slugging with nothing barred and let the low ones fall where they may. The dirtier it gets, the wider goes that grin.

He isn't ready for La Motta, nor Marshall, nor Basora, and certainly not for Tony Zale, the "frozen" champion. Perhaps he never will be. But he is going up the ladder one step at a time, and he is still going up while some of the more flashing "sensations" have zoomed to the top bracket to come crashing down to the bottom again. Edwards says, "We've got lots of time—give us two years more and we'll be up there."

Boxing has been pretty good to the kid so far. Two years ago his home was a filthy slum shack. They live better now. Bee Bee is talking hopefully that maybe something can be done about his mother's eyes.

As the years go by, and Papa Bee Bee climbs slowly up the fistic pile, "Washington Washington" fight fans hope that his family multiplies at the present pace. Someday they may be known as "Ali Bee Bee and the Forty Little Golden Glovers." There is a poem going around amongst Capitol Mitt Maniacs:

> "The Bee, he is a busy soul;
> He has no time for birth control.
> And that is why in times like these,
> There are so many Sons of Bees." ⧻

Man the Kitchenette

You'll be a smooth man of the world in the eyes of your beloved if you follow these hints when you take her to dinner

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

A gentle touch of the hand, a smile, a kiss, the scent of a pressed flower, are supposed to nourish lovers. But only in the thoughts of idealistic fiction writers. To my mind, which is chiefly controlled by the stomach, one of the most important things for a young man in love to know is how to feed his girl. Therefore I shall give you a short manual, embracing every phase of that greatest of all events: dining out with your best-beloved.

There is a culinary maxim which asserts that "diners ought never be less than three, like the Graces, nor more than nine, like the Muses." But as with most proverbs, this is only half true, and can immediately be repudiated by another one—"three is a crowd." I vote wholeheartedly for dinner *à deux*, and feel posthumously sorry for Charles Lamb, who preferred solitary dinners. "Oh, what a pleasure to eat my dinner alone!" I shall have to answer him with still another saying—the last one, I promise you: "*El que solo se come su gallo, solo ensilla su caballo*," which translated from melodious Spanish means that he who eats his chicken alone will have to saddle his horse alone. Or push his 1936 Ford, out of gas, with a dead battery, two flats and a parking ticket, to modernize the picture.

The first commandment in taking your best girl to dinner is: you must abandon yourself financially. As a man gains his first impressions from the beauty of woman, she is impressed by his character. Bravery, steadfastness and generosity are three most appealing male virtues. However, you will probably not encounter St. George's seven-headed dragon on the way to dinner; neither have you time to prove your constancy; but you do have an opportunity to display your generosity.

Groom yourself scrupulously and dress simply, yet with extreme care. You might think this superfluous counsel in a how-to-dine manual, but actually it plays its part. You have to focus all your attention on your guest, you have to be brilliant in conversation, yet how can you do this if you wear a jacket with shiny elbows? In normal times, I would advise you to dress formally since women love to see a man in a dinner coat, and downright lose their mind over a man in swallowtail. They themselves enjoy dressing for dinner, possessing a sense of the decorative and adoring ceremony. Yet a décolletage makes them much less formal, and after all, that is what we want. Send her a bouquet or a nosegay, but not orchids or gardenias! Have more imagination than that.

Take her to a restaurant at least one grade above the rank of eating places she is used to frequenting, and where the help know you by your name. Since love involves a lot of hypocrisy, you may first go and speak to the headwaiter at lunchtime or an hour before you fetch your girl. Pronounce your name very clearly, and gesticulate while you are doing it. Headwaiters have nothing against gestures, particularly if in the course of them your bountiful hand touches theirs. A dollar or two will imprint your name on the headwaiter's memory forever. Thus, he will address you as you make your entry with your girl, be your name Hatzakordzian, Landsschaffhausen, or MacHynlleth.

Do not seem too meek as you come into the lobby; and not for anything on earth should you elevate your arm in the air and stick two fingers skyward, signifying that you want a table for two. This gesture is reserved for hostesses in tea rooms to signal their waitresses in faraway corners.

The dining room of a restaurant is probably the only place where a man precedes a woman, if only by a step. He faces the headwaiter and says carelessly: "My usual corner table." The well-schooled waiter will reply, "Certainly, Mr. Hatzakordzian! We never dispose of your table until ten o'clock, when we are finally certain you won't come . . . to our great regret . . . " At this answer your stock jumps ten points. Now you let your lady follow the headwaiter, and you follow her, fascinated by the tiny freckles on her alabaster shoulder and an unruly lock of hair above the nape of her neck.

"*Sometimes he spends a whole month of points on* one *piece of meat—he likes to live dangerously*"

As soon as you are seated, confer about the cocktail, and order it. A great many ladies are partial to dry Martinis and Daiquiris, yet you must know her preference. Do not drink—or make her drink—more than one cocktail if you want to enjoy the dinner.

If you wish to seem extra sophisticated, order vodka. It is a marvelous before-dinner drink and one or two really increase your appetite and your eloquence. Marshal Stalin can down his native firewater like soda pop. But Commander John S. Young, U.S.N. A.D.C. to Secretary Forrestal, tells me that when Secretary Hull was banqueted and toasted by Stalin, the latter only raised his vodka glass to his lips without taking even a whiff, out of respect for Mr. Hull, who is not a drinking man. And the great leader of that great country is extremely interested in what his guests are going to get for dinner, looks at the proposed menu for a state occasion, and often sandwiches in a Caucasian dish or two.

Excuse the digression. Now the headwaiter thrusts the menus into your hands. Disregard the table d'hôte or regular dinner suggestion—the occasion calls for à la carte ordering.

Direct your attention to the main dishes category. For when you ask the customary question: "What would you like?" she will designate only a main dish. This is invariably true of women; they merely say they like steak, chicken, lamb or pork. Then they nonchalantly let the menu card fall and look at you instead. One of your crucial moments of the evening has arrived—for around her main dish preference you have to build the entire dinner. You must use imagination, producing little surprises, satisfaction, yet none of that heavy, filled-up feeling which generates yawns and the dreaded sentence: "I must be home by eleven."

Do not offer as an appetizer grapefruit or tomato juice or fruit cocktail; your girl has that almost every night at home. Do not mention hors d'oeuvres *variés*, either; these myriad little appetizers are eaten only at luncheon. Shrimps with a good piquant sauce, a slice or two of smoked salmon, a crab flake or a lobster cocktail rarely displease women. Oysters and clams are another matter; while a few women love the mollusk, the majority abhor them. Melon with a slice of Parma ham is always a good idea for an appetizer.

The choosing and ordering must be done unhesitatingly, expertly. Quickly ask for soup, in cups, a strong hot consommé or a cream soup in winter, cold consommé, iced bortsch, or Vichysoisse in summer. Jump the fish course (unless she designated fish as the main dish) and order her preference in the way of meat. Pick two green vegetables, preferably one purĕed, the other more chewy, like broccoli—for women adore grass—and a dish of potatoes if she does not stop you with a little laugh and a declaration that she is gaining weight like mad. Finally order a salad.

Take a short breath and ask for the wine steward, since you must order your wine immediately after ordering your dinner. White wines have to be cooled, red wines have to be opened in order that the red wine may absorb the temperature of the room. Naturally, champagne is the real thing—there is something feminine and festive and uplifting about champagne. Women, who are more snobbish than men and enjoy showing off, revel when they become the center of attention on account of the well-known popping sound. Epicures would not think of drinking champagne with every course, because red meat and game cries for red wine, but gastronomically it is quite in order to drink champagne all through dinner if the feted one is a lady.

In Europe we used to fool the ladies: if we took them to a restaurant where we were known, we asked for the finest Roederer or Bollinger, but at the same time gave the waiter the high sign; as a result, the cheap native fizz water appeared, enveloped in a napkin. No one saw the label, very few women in the world can judge wine, and we never stopped conversing. A pleasant, deep male voice, and plenty of soft words meaning nothing, often fascinate women more than a bottle or two of 1928. But it must be admitted that champagne peps her up better than anything else, and that those expensive tiny air bubbles are marvelous allies.

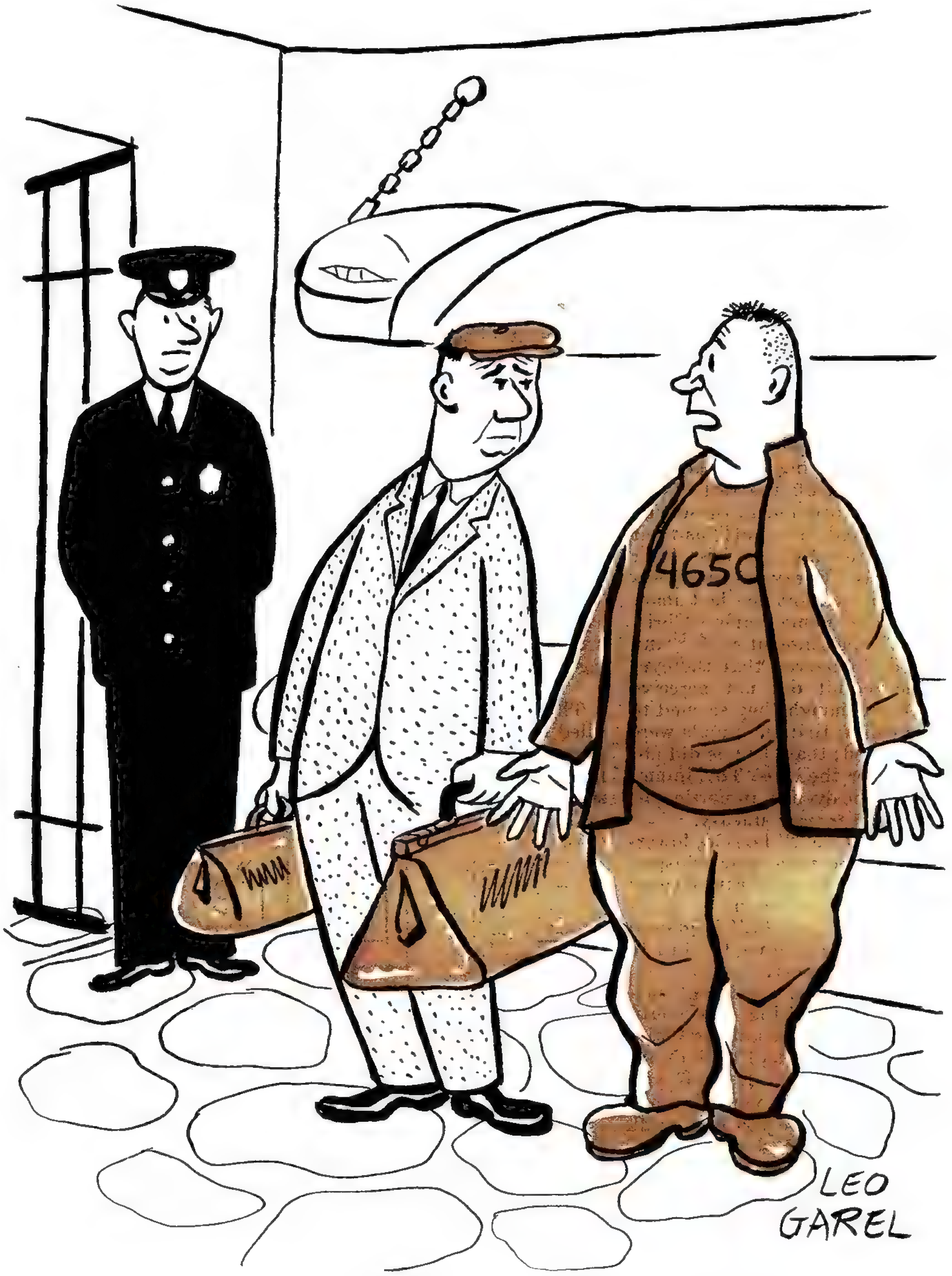
Usually dessert is ordered only after the main course is finished. In the case of soufflés, order after you eat your soup, because they take rather long. Roquefort cheese and fruit rarely miss their mark with ladies. But remember to balance the dinner, for this is most important.

Many years ago the late Kaiser Wilhelm, who in peace time was a yachting enthusiast, cruised on board his *Meteor*, and one evening got an especially fine dinner. "Whoever is responsible for this marvelously balanced meal should come to me at once!" cried His Majesty. Up from the galley they ushered the chef, Monsieur Escoffier. "You are an artist," said Wilhelm, "ask for anything and it is yours . . ." The little Frenchman knelt in the presence for a second. Then he straightened up and said in an unfaltering voice: "Sire, give me Alsace-Lorraine! So I can restore it to its rightful owner . . ." History does not record the Emperor's answer. However, we know that Escoffier was not broken on the wheel, for he lived to be the greatest chef the world has ever known.

A strong cup of coffee and brandy puts a period to this dinner with your best girl. Then offer your soul up to heaven and ask for the check. And that reminds me that my late friend, Anton Kuh, the Viennese writer, used to eat in the public restaurant of a monastery near Salzburg. Monks were waiting on the tables, and after the sumptuous repast Kuh would call aloud: "Waiter, I want to confess!"

It is comparatively easy for you to "confess" after such a dinner. It paves the way to everything. Even if she took little notice of you before or scorned you, the lady of your heart will be well disposed toward you forever. A good dinner reconciles everybody, said Samuel Pepys, who knew a good dinner when he saw one. Do not pay any attention to Augustus, *princeps civitatis*, or Seneca, the wealthy philosopher, each of whom ate bread for dinner, alone and standing up. Poor miserable great men! But pay attention only to Byron, who is responsible for these lines:

> "All human history attests
> That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner!—
> Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner." #



"Just when it's ripening into friendship—you're paroled"

The Stand of the Wooden Soldier

Christopher Sauer was a shock and a mystery to the Nazis, for he fit no category and responded to no command

by ALFRED NEUMANN

▪ FICTION ▪

It happened five years ago in Munich, in the courtyard of the Bodyguard Infantry barracks in Turkenstrasse, that Private Christopher Sauer "turned to wood," as the company sergeant said. Since the man stood in a line of inductees, his rigidity was not noticed until the sergeant called the roll. As each name was called from A to R, someone in the formation claimed it as his own and answered "Present!"

"Sauer, Christopher!" the sergeant called next, and there followed no "Present!" "Sauer, Christopher!" a second time, still louder, and then a third time, as loud as only a company sergeant can roar. But there was no answer. The sergeant disconcertedly looked up and down the row of young men, for here was something that could not be. The list of names had been compiled from the order which each reporting inductee had handed in. Everyone whose name appeared on the list was bound to be present—there couldn't be a simpler calculation. Shaking his head, the sergeant read off the rest of the names, then ordered all those who had answered "Present!" as their names were called, to raise their right arms. Everyone raised his right arm—except the last man.

"Is your name Sauer, Christopher?" the sergeant roared, and then he discovered that the eyes of the recruit did not perceive him, even though they seemed to look at him; that the pupils were rigidly fixed; that the lids did not flicker over the eyes. This immobility of the eyelids, in particular, made the sergeant uneasy.

"Are you sick?" he said, lowering his voice to a near whisper.

There was no quiver in the eyes of the motionless man.

"Probably has a fit," diagnosed the youth standing next in line to Sauer, Christopher.

"Shut up!" the sergeant bellowed, and noticing the youth wore the brown shirt of the Hitler Youth, with a squad leader's insignia, he added, "Even if you were a general in your damned kindergarten, here you don't talk unless you're asked to."

He turned again to the man at the end, and gingerly grasped his sleeve. Through the cloth he felt an arm as hard as wood. He tried to move it, to lift it sideways a little, to push it forward or backward. But the arm was immovable, as if it were not hinged to a shoulder joint, but grown fast to the body like a branch to a tree.

The sergeant summoned a corporal and told him to march the recruits off to the supply sergeant for their uniforms. The corporal gave the necessary orders, the sergeant watching hopefully, but Sauer, Christopher, remained as though staked to the ground.

The sergeant contemplated the motionless figure. "Look, son, be reasonable," he said. "You want me to report you for insubordination?" He scratched his head and turned around. "Okay, I'll go straight to the commanding officer," he warned, and having walked twenty steps, turned about, saw the man still standing there, and returned.

"All right, so you're sick," he said. "I'll take you to the hospital. You're unfit for service; a child can see it. They're sure to discharge you. Come on."

Neither whip nor sugar was of any use; Sauer did not budge.

"All right, now you come with me!" the sergeant shouted, and thrust his hand between the recruit's arm and body. But a strange feeling of horror kept him from using force. Not only his arm, but also his body was hard as wood.

The sergeant withdrew his hand and walked slowly to the infirmary, this time without looking back.

* * *

The office of the infirmary was ruled by Medical Sergeant Franz Mayr. The company sergeant's name was also Franz Mayr, and since the medical sergeant had been in the service a little longer, he was called Mayr I and the company sergeant Mayr II. They called each other One and Two.

"What's the matter, Two?" the medical sergeant asked, looking up from his papers as Mayr II entered and crossed at once to the window facing the courtyard.

"Come take a look at this fellow," said Two, and there was something in his voice that made Mayr I, a man inclined to laziness, get up and hurry to the window.

"What's the matter with him?" asked One.

"Turned to wood," Two said.

One smiled in disbelief.

"He don't hear, don't see, don't talk," Two said. "Just stands there, don't bat an eye—like he was wood."

"I'll fix that," One said. "I can handle them hard-boiled ones."

He put on his cap and led the way across the courtyard.

"Hey, wake up!" One shouted in the recruit's ear, beating the air with his fist in front of the man's nose. He circled around the rigid man, stopped behind him and suddenly pinched his ear.

"Two," he announced, "that ear ain't made of wood."

"But he don't budge," said the company sergeant.

"He will!" said Mayr I; and, backing up, he took a short run like a football player, aimed his right foot, and kicked.

Sauer fell to the ground with no gesture to protect his face, and lay stiff as a block of wood. He did not even bleed from the nose when the medical sergeant rolled him over onto his back. His eyes were open, but the lids never twitched.

Even the medical sergeant began to be alarmed. "Let's take him to the infirmary. Two, take hold of him," he said.

Mayr I grasped him under the arms, Mayr II under the legs, then they lifted him. He was much heavier than his slender build would lead one to suspect. His middle did not cave in, as it should when an unconscious body is carried, but stayed rigid. They dragged him into the building and up the stairs to the hospital division. Soldiers they encountered gave way silently and stared.

In the infirmary they put him on a bed. Mayr I tugged at one of his shoes, for it is forbidden to lie down with boots on. Mayr II loosened the other and it was hard to get off, because the toes were stiff and turned up a little, seeming to be firmly braced against the soles from within.

"That'll be all as far as you're concerned," One said to Two. "You put down the man fainted, and send the report over to me so I can countersign, then everything'll be in order. And forget about that kick."

The company sergeant did not seem to hear. He watched the figure stretched out on the bed and whispered: "The way he's lying there! Look!" He shoved his hand carefully under the young man's hollow back. "I can close my fist," he whispered, "and just the same I don't touch him."

"It'll pass," said One.

Two shook his head and departed reluctantly.

* * *

"Hm," grunted the medical officer on duty, as he looked at the patient, "how did he get these bruised spots on his forehead, nose and chin?"

"When he fell on his face, sir," the medical sergeant replied.

"And he fell flat on his face, just like that?" asked the doctor.

"Just like that," the medical sergeant answered. "Like a board."

The doctor made a cursory examination of the pulse and reflexes, pressed on the drawn-in abdomen, the taut muscles of which felt like the tightened straps of upholstery, and gave up. "Hm," he puzzled, "could be shock, could be a malingerer—what's your opinion, sergeant?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Then we'll just let him lie here," said the doctor. "Perhaps he will have made himself more

DOMESTIC RELATIONS COURT
PRIVATE
Angelo

"We had another quarrel, your honor—would you reconcile us again?"

comfortable by the time we make the evening round."

Meanwhile Mayr II, the company sergeant, could not rid himself of the man who had turned to wood. He went to the infirmary an hour later and saw that the recruit still lay exactly as he had left him, dressed, except for his shoes, motionless, with open eyes and hollow back. The bruises on his face had turned darker. The company sergeant opened the collar of his red-checked sport shirt, though without touching the skin of the man's neck, then sought the medical sergeant.

"If the man isn't looked after immediately, I'll report it to the captain!" he threatened.

"The man was examined by the assistant medical officer," said Mayr II.

"This is a case for the chief medical officer!"

"Sergeant," Mayr I cried out: "it is definitely not up to you to decide this matter! It is entirely a matter for the medical department and will be decided at the time of the evening round!"

The evening round was made at four o'clock and later, when the company sergeant returned, he saw his man lying in unchanged position on the bed. He learned from the other patients in the room that again the assistant medical officer had made the round alone, that his effort in behalf of Sauer, Christopher, had consisted of feeling his pulse and saying "Hm!"

For the first time in fifteen years of military service Mayr II violated regulations and entered the chief medical officer's room from the corridor in order to circumvent the medical sergeant's office. In the name of the commanding officer of his company he requested a thorough examination of the recruit. The reference to the captain was not strictly true, but Mayr knew that his chief would back him up. No commander will fall out with his sergeant if he wishes to continue a tolerable existence.

"What's wrong with the man?" the chief medical officer inquired brusquely.

"In a way, sir, he is not alive; he turned to wood, sir."

"Oak or mahogany?" the doctor joked. "Well, let's have a look at the carving," he added, reaching for his cap. Then he boomed out: "Mayr!" The medical sergeant entered and shot a devastating look at the intruder. But Mayr II stood fast. "Captain von Kirchbaum requests the chief medical officer to examine the inductee Sauer, Christopher," he said.

"What's the matter with the man?" the doctor asked the medical sergeant.

"The assistant medical officer is not yet certain if the man is a faker and wanted to report to you tomorrow after the morning round."

The doctor went to the infirmary with the two Mayrs. He studied the motionless man, opened the red-checked shirt and put his ear to the hairless, tanned chest. "I wish I had a heart like that," he announced and, as he straightened up again, his face was redder even than usual.

"Let's change his position," he said finally. "Put him on his feet."

Mayr I promptly stepped to the bed and grasped Christopher's shoulders. But the company sergeant hesitated. "How do you mean, sir?" he asked to gain time.

"You are to lift the man out of bed and stand him on his feet, sergeant!" The two Mayrs lifted the recruit from the bed just as they had lifted him into it: One by the shoulders, Two by the legs.

"Two steps from the wall and one step from the bed!" the chief medical officer commanded.

The medical sergeant clasped the recruit around the middle and lifted him like a dressmaker's dummy to the prescribed spot.

"So," said the doctor as he turned to leave, "when he gets tired of standing he can lie down again; when he gets hungry, he can open his mouth; you may tell your captain he will soon have his block of wood back again and that he need not congratulate himself on this new acquisition."

The medical sergeant waited at the door until his rival had also gone through it, then he slammed it and snarled: "From now on you are forbidden to enter the infirmary."

* * *

Christopher stood two steps from the wall, one step from the bed, in stocking feet. His roommates gave him diverse bits of advice and finally ceased bothering when they realized they were talking to the wind. The supper tray that was brought for Christopher stood near him on the bed cover, untouched for twenty minutes, till it was removed by the firmary corporal. The men told some obscene stories, but they sounded forced. The man standing there motionless bothered them.

When the lights were turned out at nine o'clock and only the bluish night light shone from the ceiling, a restlessness began. Each of the men had turned his back to the standing man. One after the other they turned about again to stare at the rigid figure outlined in the bluish light.

"Lie down, man!" someone called suddenly. Then they all shouted senselessly as if it were a weapon against the lifelessness standing among them in the room.

The noncom on night duty rushed in, turned on the lights and let loose a storm of abuse. It was not his appearance that restored the men to reason, but the brilliant lights. They demanded that the "creature" be put to bed. The noncom snapped that the man could lie down when he wished, that he had explicit orders not to touch him. The men should close their eyes and sleep, then they wouldn't see him; and if further disturbances occurred they would all be liable to arrest. Then he turned the lights out and went away.

After a half hour the restlessness started again. This time it became a conspiracy to put the standing man to bed. They whispered back and forth, but no one was willing to perform the deed. Finally a man with an injured foot hobbled toward the rigid man.

"Give him a push, and he'll flop on the bed," they whispered.

"Then he'll lie crosswise," someone warned.

"At least he'd be lying down," another said.

The foot patient stared at the lifeless face which seemed phosphorescent in the bluish light. "That fellow is dead!" he exclaimed, backing away.

Someone whispered, "Room Three is unoccupied." This was the signal for a soundless exodus.

* * *

Company Sergeant Mayr II awoke in the night, turned on the light and looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past two. He got up and the floor creaked under his heavy bulk.

His wife started from her sleep and asked: "Six already?"

"Nonsense!" he growled, "go back to sleep!"

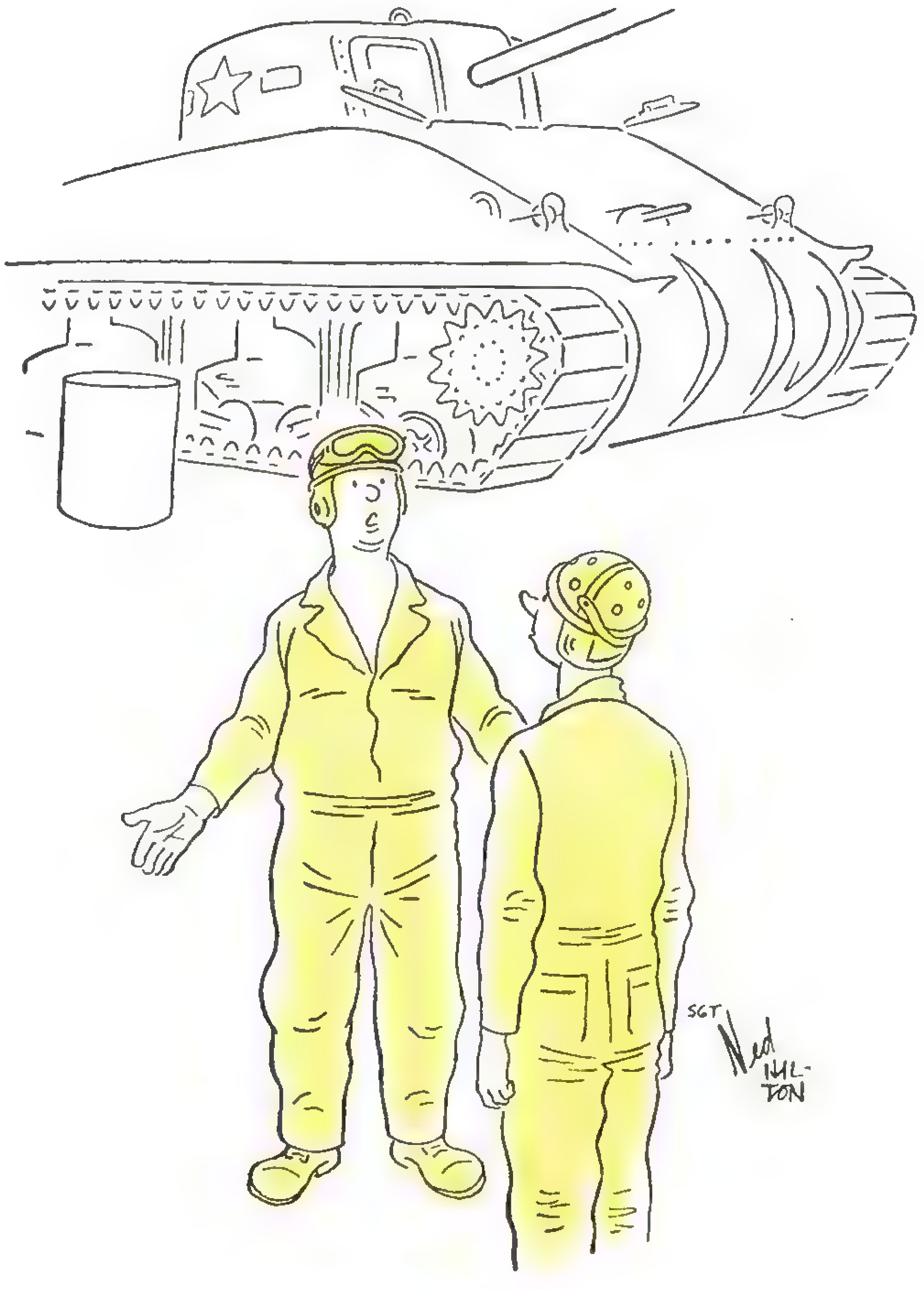
"Why are you getting up then?"

"I've got a sick man over there," he grumbled, putting on his trousers and tunic and felt slippers. Mayr I lived in the apartment next to that of Mayr II. There was little danger that the medical sergeant might not be asleep at this hour, but not wishing to wake him, he sneaked quietly past his neighbor's door.

Entering the infirmary it took him awhile to get accustomed to the dusk of the bluish light; he saw first deserted beds, and then the man standing, two steps away from the wall and one step from the bed, in terrifying solitude.

Christopher gave no indication of being startled; his wide-open eyes stared unseeing through the visitor, and the eyelids never moved. The shadow of a beard covered his chin and cheeks, the eyes rested in the deep shadow of their hollows, the face seemed to have grown smaller and harder still; but the chest moved up and down, breathing. Mayr stepped in back of Christopher, put his arms firmly around the recruit's shoulders and chest, just below the neck, then slowly walked backward, pressing the young man's body to himself. As Christopher's body leaned against him obliquely and stiffly, he let the upper part slide gently to the bed and then lifted the legs to the bed. He rubbed the feet, wrapped them in the bed cover, took another blanket from an adjoining bed and spread it over the rigid

Continued on the next page



"I feel naked without a tank around me"

man, covering him up to the neck. Then he removed the identification card from the foot of the bed, stepped under the night light and printed on the back of the card: "At 2:30 o'clock in the morning, while making inspection, the undersigned found the man described on the reverse side of this card standing motionless next to his bed, and conformable to duty, put him on the bed assigned to him. Signed, Franz Mayr, Sergeant, Company 5." He deposited the card on the recruit's chest.

* * *

Next day a military ambulance delivered the recruit Sauer, Christopher, to the psychiatric hospital. There the patient was at first dumped in bed and let alone. But his rapid, almost eager deterioration necessitated recourse to artificial feeding. Professor Ackermann, who was the medical director of the hospital, personally took charge of the observation.

The professor saw Christopher asleep, and his attention was immediately riveted to his face. He saw in that face such fanatical defensiveness and enmity, such a determination to persist, that even sleep could not assuage it. The professor regarded sleep as a soul mirror, much clearer than the contorted symptoms of the waking psychopathic. Christopher's sleep was no relaxation of body and spirit, it did not relieve the tension of the organism, but even increased it—sleeping seemed to be a mysteriously sad chore. The doctor would have designated it a perfect example of stupor sleep, had he not doubted whether the man slept at all. Now, without any physical contact or noise occasioning it, Christopher slowly opened his eyes, as if his eyelids were pushing back a great weight.

"Did I wake you up?" the professor asked casually.

Christopher did not answer; his face was frozen. Dr. Ackermann gave him a very extended examination of tormenting thoroughness, with many painful and startling reaction tests. Christopher suffered them as though it were not his own body.

He was put on a wheel-bed and wheeled to a bathroom. There his bed was cranked up so that a tub, filled with water and heavily padded with rubber, came within his field of vision. Then three attendants brought in a muscular man with tufts of hair on his chest. He acted like one afflicted with St. Vitus' dance who, in the harried rhythm of his convulsion, brays like a donkey.

It took long, horrible minutes for the attendants to get the jerking body into the tub and to spread over him the rubber sheet which had a slit for the neck and held the head above water. As the man, looking like nothing but a mouth torn wide open, brayed like a drowning donkey with ever shorter and more harassed cries, he beat against the tub with crazed limbs under water.

The tepid bath, added to the excessive straining of the body, had a strange effect. Suddenly the drumming and screaming ceased. The head, resting on the rubber mat as if severed from the body, swayed back and forth for a short while with open mouth. The screams gave way to a throaty rattle. Then these sounds died out and a melancholy settled over the worn face, inexpressibly dull and resigned. Only now he noticed the man on the cranked-up bed, stared at him with his protruding eyes, stretched his head forward on the rubber surface as far as the neck slit permitted, his look clinging like a leech to the stranger, and softly and hopelessly put together the syllables: "An-ne-ma-rie. . . ." Then he wept quietly.

Dr. Ackermann had been sitting behind a screen watching Christopher. He observed that the catatoniac in the bath made no impression whatsoever on him. Motionless he looked over and past the scene. Christopher was wheeled out of the room.

At the next round Dr. Ackerman said, "Put the patient among the restless ones. He may become restless himself any moment."

Christopher was taken to a big hall where the doors never open, where ingenious devices prevent accident or escape, a place dominated by rebellion against the world of reason and morals. Unrest is a moderate and human word. These restless ones, however, were inhuman; they had no restraint nor objective; and inhuman was what they produced by way of screams and of commotion. The insane restlessness—whether noisy or, more horrible, a speechless asthmatic furor—never stopped, but had its periods of ebb and tide. High tide came at night between twelve and three: that was witches' Sabbath, the dance of the mad dervishes; then, the ringleaders were fished out of the horde, put on the bed, kicking, and held down until they received the injection. As they faded out, the mob furor ebbed away too.

Christopher lay quietly in this hell of unrest, a strange saint of quiescence. On the third day Professor Ackermann asked him if he wished to get out of the department of unrest. Christopher took no notice of the question. Every third day the doctor asked him the same question and received no answer. Christopher stayed two weeks among the restless ones, let himself be nourished intravenously, had a thick, black beard on his bony face, and something like an isolating wall around him that kept him from seeing or hearing anything. Then Dr. Ackermann had him removed to a private room.

A week later Professor Ackermann brought a strange gentleman into Christopher's room.

"This is the poor devil," he said, pointing to the motionless figure on the bed.

"What did you say his name was," the man whispered as he produced a sealed document.

"Christopher Sauer," said the doctor. "And you need not whisper, Commissioner, his sensory apparatus is not functioning."

"Christopher Sauer," the gentleman repeated, looking at his document. "Incurable."

"That is what I reported to the Commission for the Elimination of the Mentally Ill," Dr. Ackermann confirmed. "It is one of the worst cases I have encountered—in short, the perfect case for a mercy death." As he spoke these words, he looked at Christopher.

"Quite so. The Commission has already decided upon elimination," said the gentleman.

"Where is he to be taken," the doctor asked.

"To Grafeneck," was the reply.

"And when is he to be taken there?"

"Immediately, of course."

"Of course," Ackermann nodded, his eyes on Christopher. "When will the operation be performed?"

"Immediately after the patient's arrival tonight."

"A very humane provision," the doctor nodded. "Just one other thing—and I trust you will not regard this as sentimentality, but merely as a medical recommendation, I plead for a strychnine injection followed by heart-puncture, and against experimental asphyxiation."

The gentleman wrote a few words on the document. "Made a note of it," he said. "Naturally this purely technical question rests with the Grafeneck commandant. Anything else?"

"That's all, Commissioner."

"Then may I ask you to sign the transfer." He handed him the fountain pen and document. The doctor signed. "Thank you," said the gentleman, "my men will be here in five minutes."

"The man is ready," said Dr. Ackermann, as he accompanied the visitor to the door. "The poor devil is always ready." He closed the door after the gentleman and turned around.

He saw that Christopher had closed his eyes. He stepped to the foot of the bed and leaned forward. Not a muscle moved in Christopher's face and it was dry. The minutes crawled through the leaden silence. The doctor never turned his eyes from the quiet, hostile countenance.

There was a knock. Dr. Ackermann said: "Come in!" and posted himself at the head of the bed. Two attendants entered with a stretcher.

"This is the man," said the doctor.

Christopher's eyelids did not flicker as he was lifted from the bed, stiff as a plank, and put on the stretcher. The doctor walked alongside the stretcher from the bed to the door, watching Christopher's face.

"Stop!" he said, and the bearers put down their burden.

The doctor bent over Christopher. On his forehead he saw tiny drops of sweat.

"Put him back to bed," he ordered. The attendants complied and, at a sign from the professor, left the room.

* * *

Ackermann sat down on Christopher's bed, pushed the lad's hair back from his forehead and let his hand rest just above the closed eyes. "Herr Sauer," he said, "the gentleman who was here a while ago is our head bookkeeper, a harmless man who has been with us many years. He played his part quite well. You play your part here better, you play unbelievably well, Herr Sauer, *almost* perfectly, my friend. The only flaw is beyond the control of your will. The sweat of fear is autonomic, like death sweat.

"At that," he continued, "your almost perfect portrayal is scientifically impossible. For such a stupor as you are exhibiting, Herr Sauer, is too static to be real. It should have eased up by now, should have given way to sustained excitement. But you were smart, my dear fellow, not to attempt that. Not even you could have stood such exaltation as long as two hours."

He stopped, and Christopher did not move.

"Herr Sauer," the doctor spoke again, "we know that you belonged neither to the Hitler Youth nor to the National Socialist Students' Union. We know that you were a member of the dissolved Catholic Youth Movement of Chaplain Rossaint, whose trial came off a few years ago. In brief, we know all about you."

He stopped, and Christopher did not move. But his forehead was dry again.

"When I say, 'we know,' I mean 'they know.' Only, in the last sentence I could not have said it, since knowing all about you refers also to the stupor. And as for that, only *I* know all about you."

He waited a long while. But Christopher did not move. Only a muscle near the corner of his bearded mouth began to quiver.

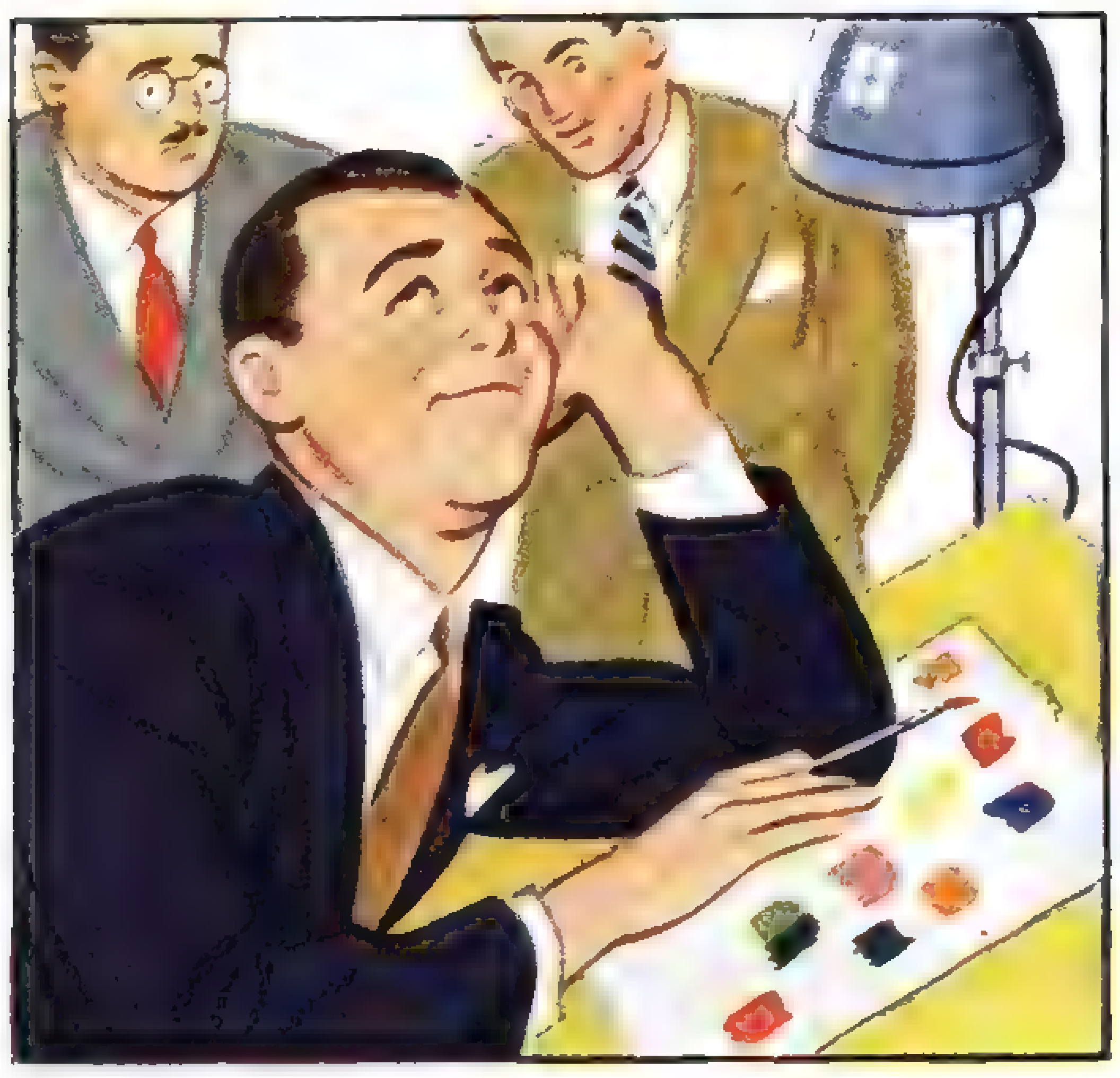
"I am recommending to the Army District Command," Professor Ackermann said, "that you be permanently discharged from the Army as unfit for service because of schizoid attacks. I am sending you to the Army Convalescence Home at Obertdorf. In six weeks you will have overcome the shock you have inflicted on yourself. Of course, you won't recover completely; for you are psychopathic, and as for the difference between Healed and Well, you yourself will have to settle that—even as many of us who are well and yet painfully await a healing, some faithfully, some skeptically, and only a few as fanatically as you."

The Professor touched Christopher's hand; he could feel the warmth slowly coming back into it. He pressed the hand gently and said, "And now, Christopher, open your eyes."

Christopher opened his eyes and looked at him, silent. #

Imagine!
from a little square!

Stan Klimley



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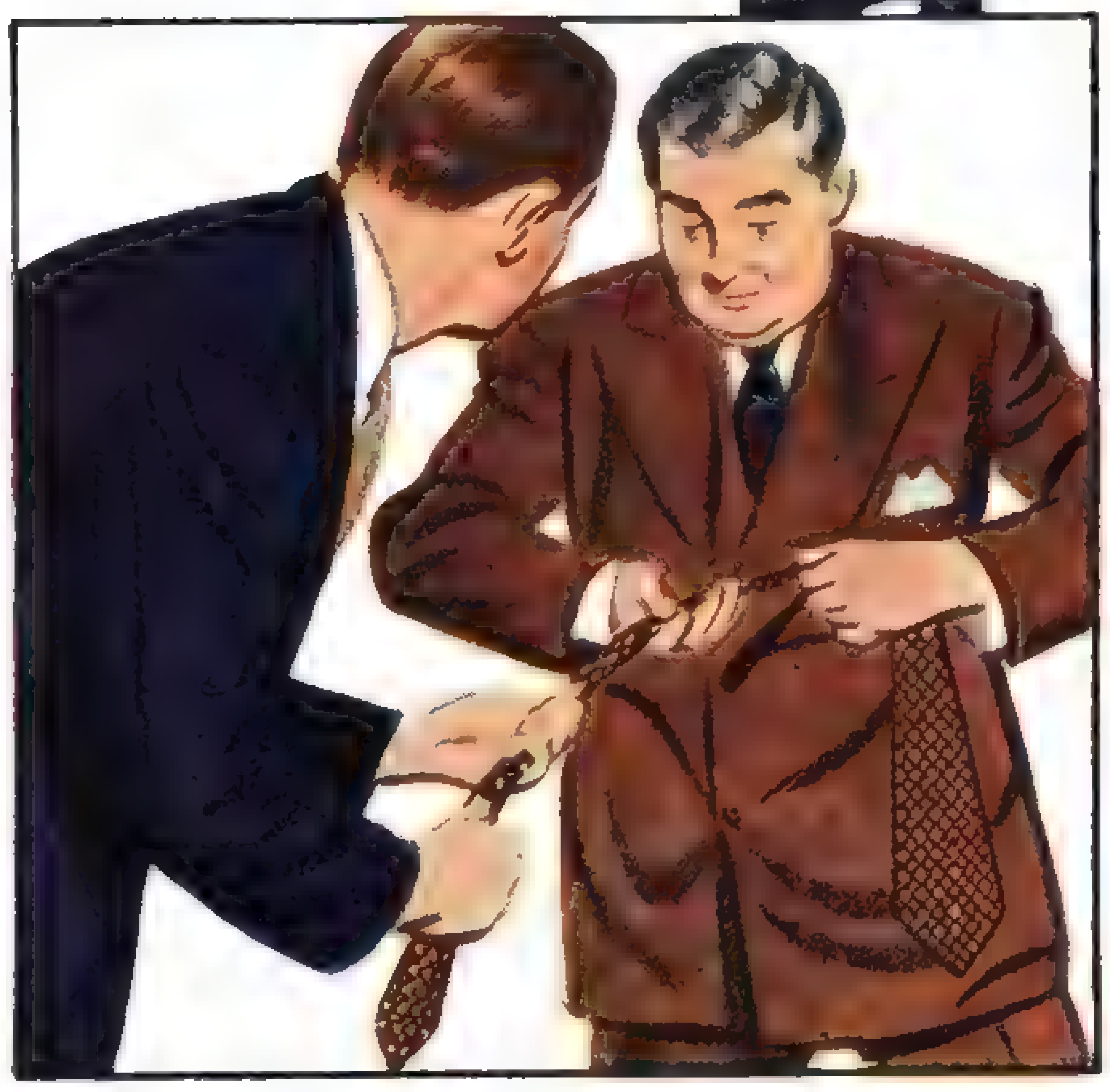

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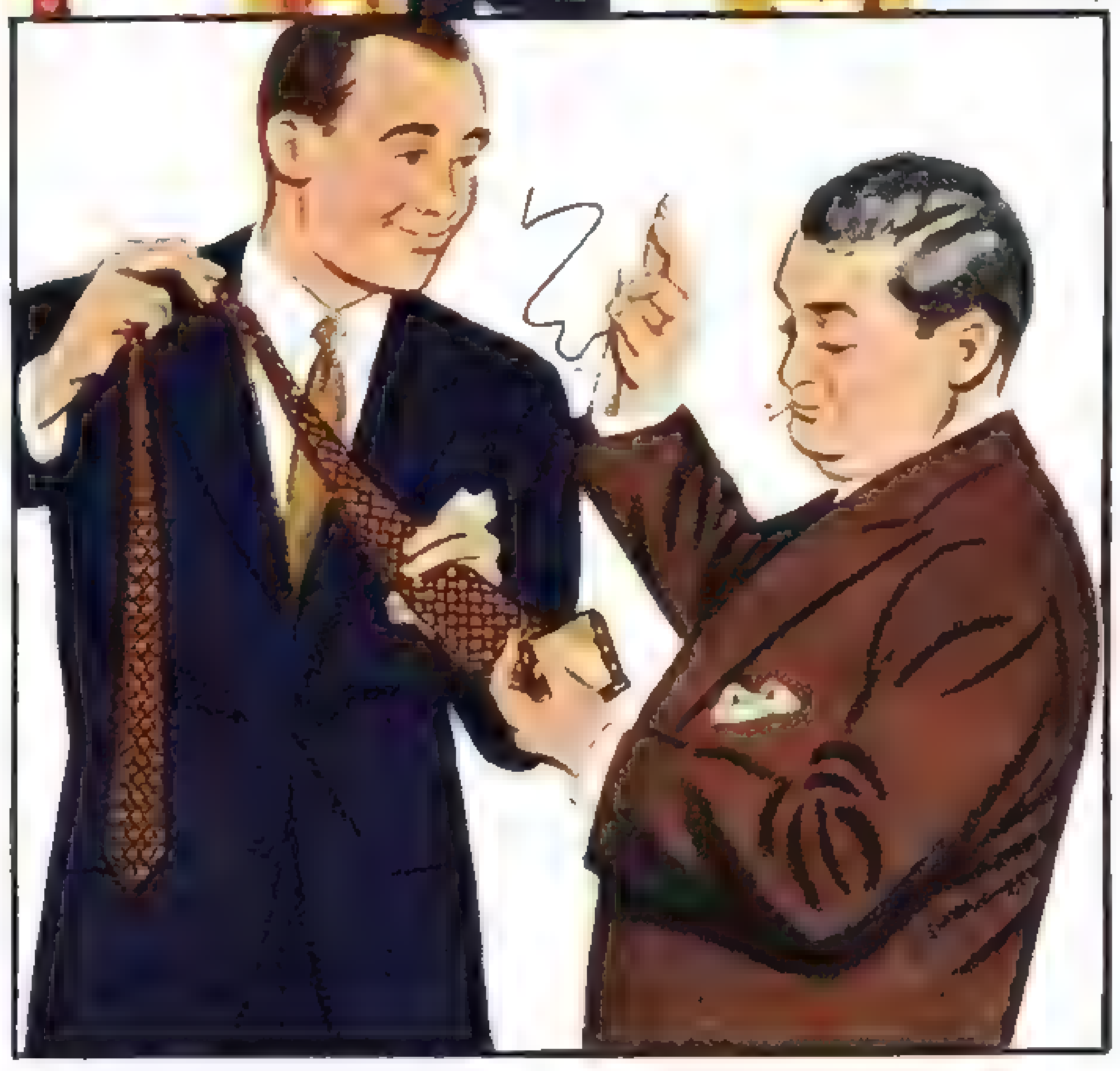

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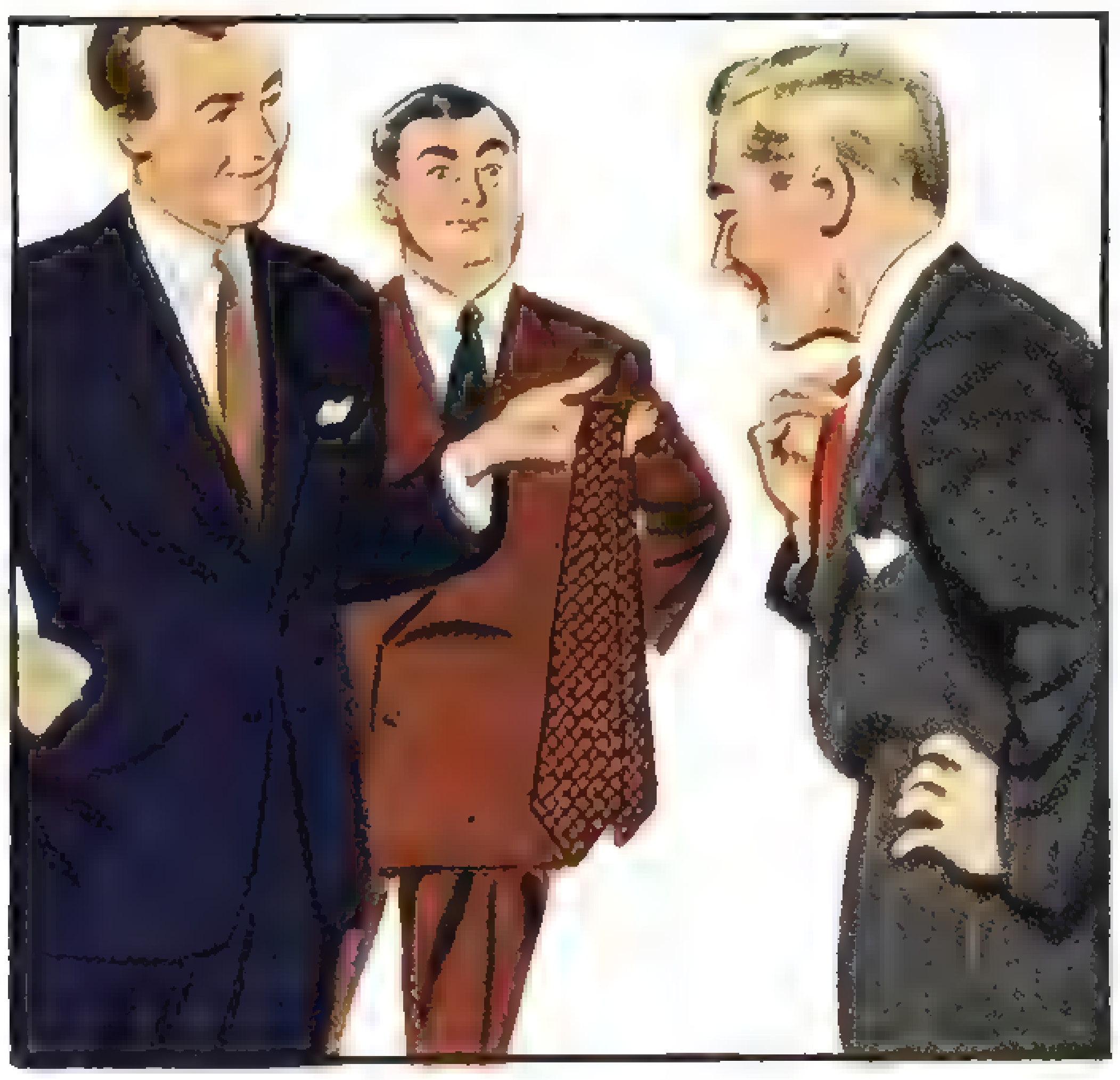

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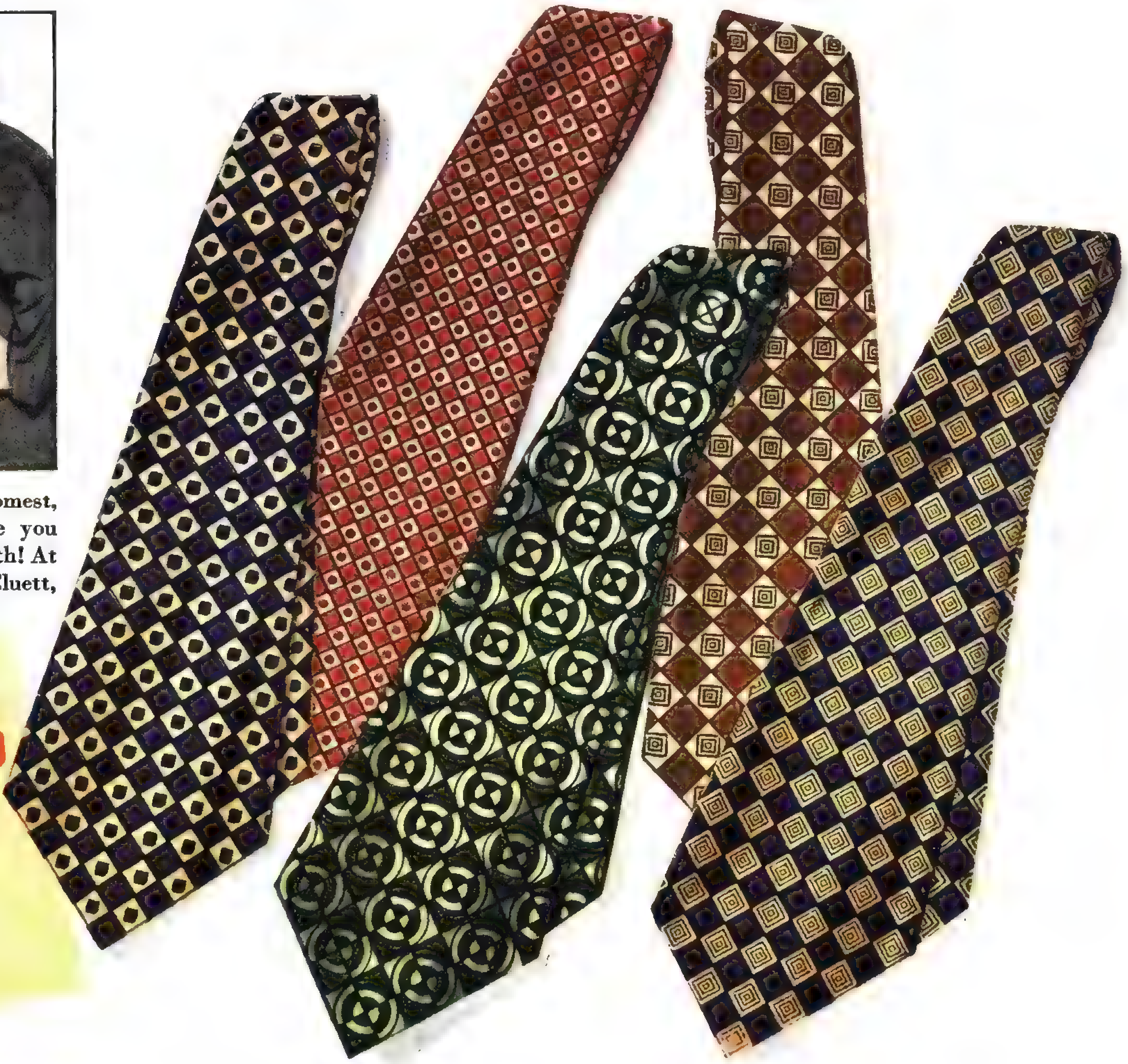

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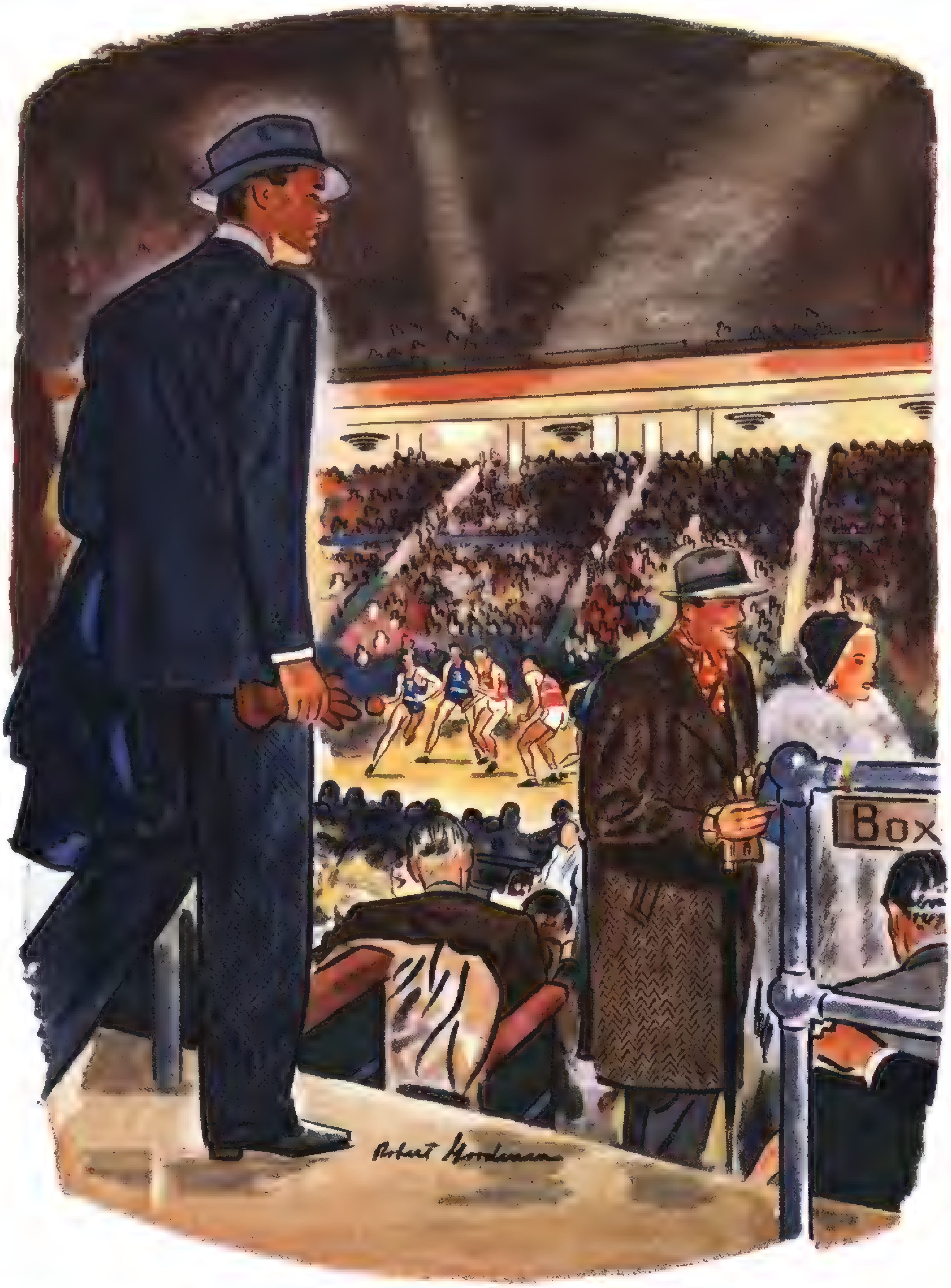

athletic floor show

Some places in the sports line-up require certain physical characteristics aside from skill. The coxswain of a rowing crew has to be pint size to lighten the load of the shell. So does a jockey. Other positions call for tallness. The first sacker on a baseball team has great height and reach. A guard on the football team is almost always a big bruiser. And, naturally, the center of a basketball team must be tall to get the jump on his opponent. The man at the left looks like an ex-center, or perhaps it is only the stripes of his sharkskin suit that make him look tall. The jacket is the American Blade model with extra fullness across the shoulders. He also wears snap brim hat, capeskin gloves, black shoes. The foulard muffler wearer chooses the brown tweed raglan topcoat, which is becoming more popular, pigskin gloves, grey-green hat, grey flannel suit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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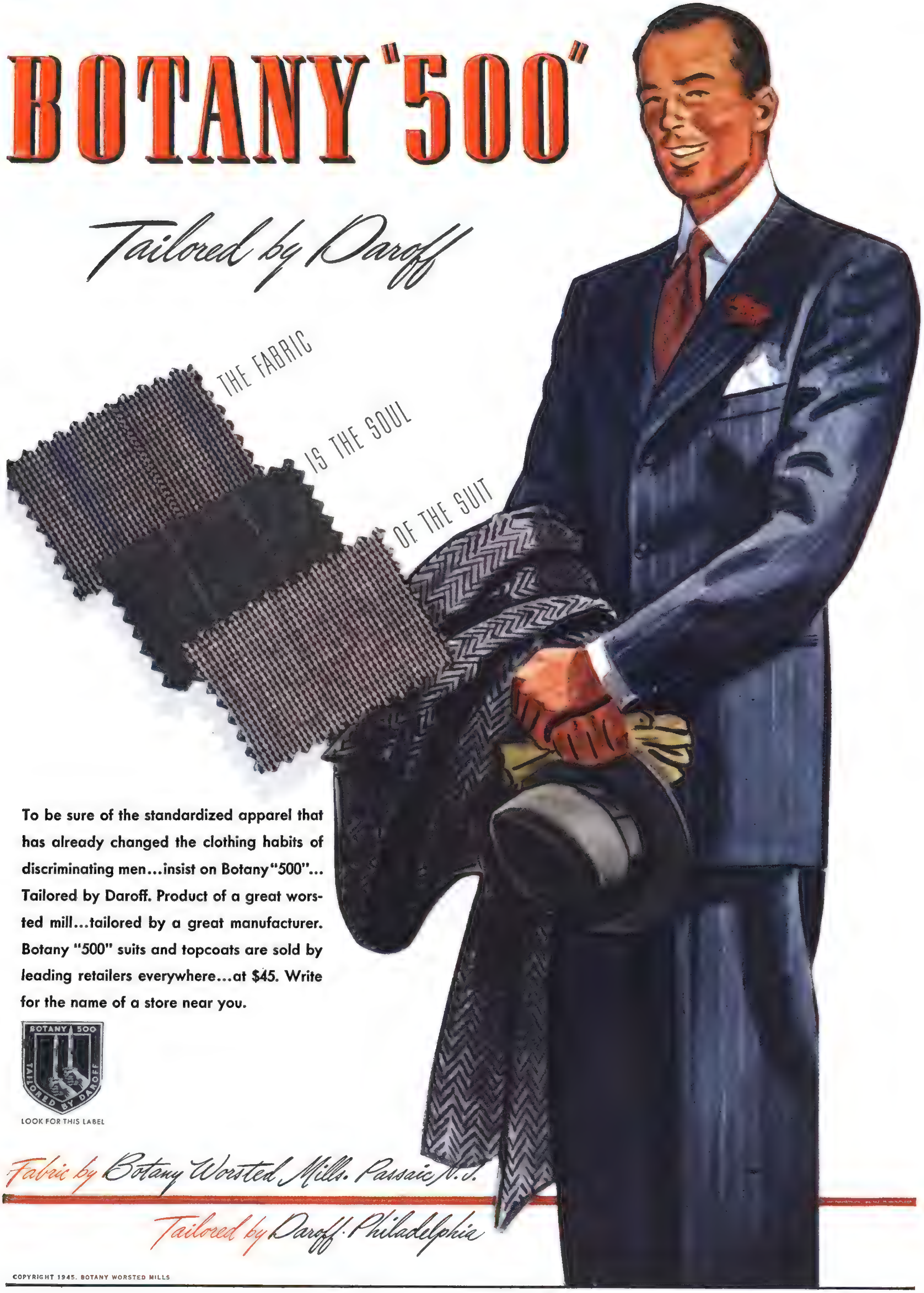

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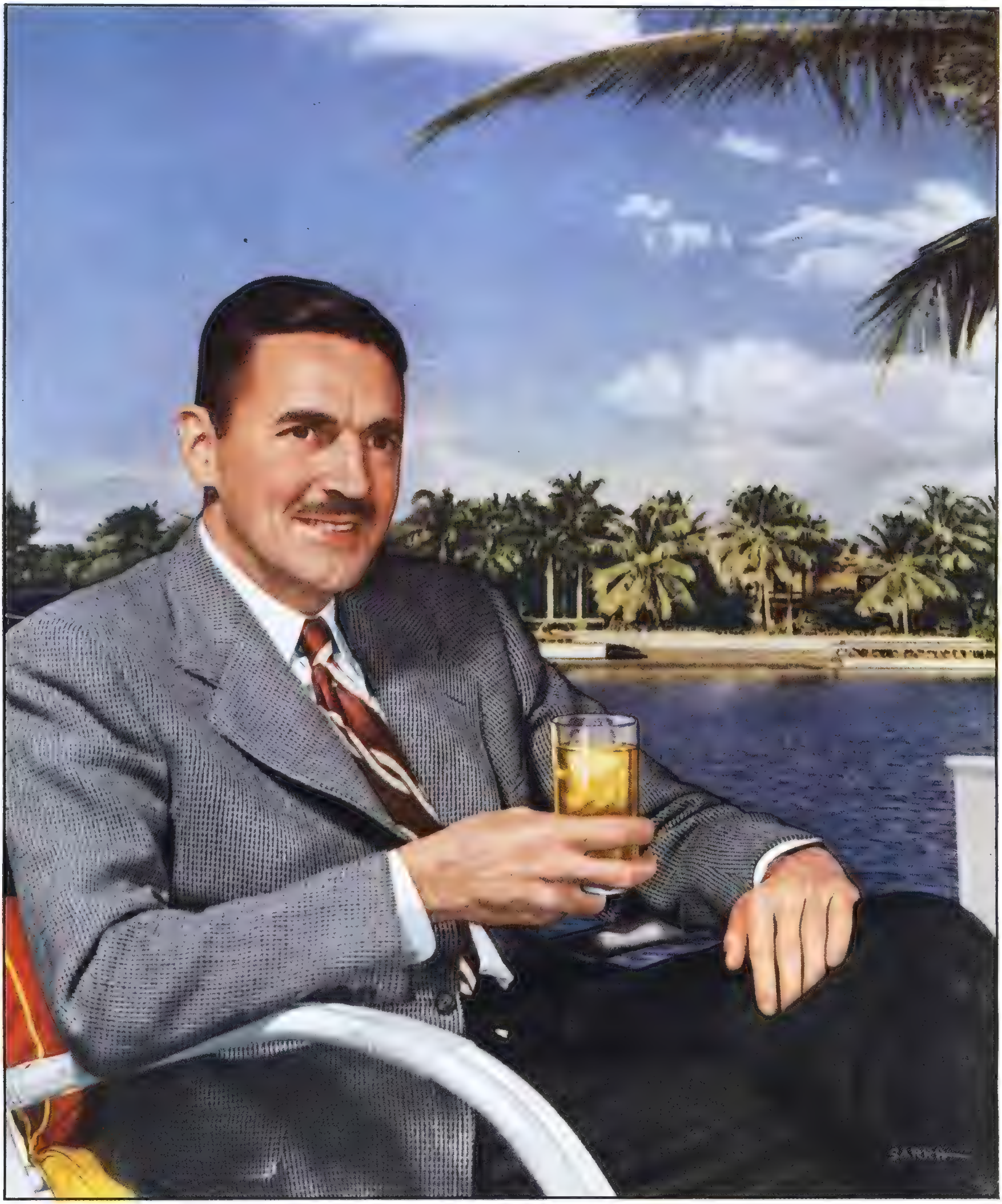

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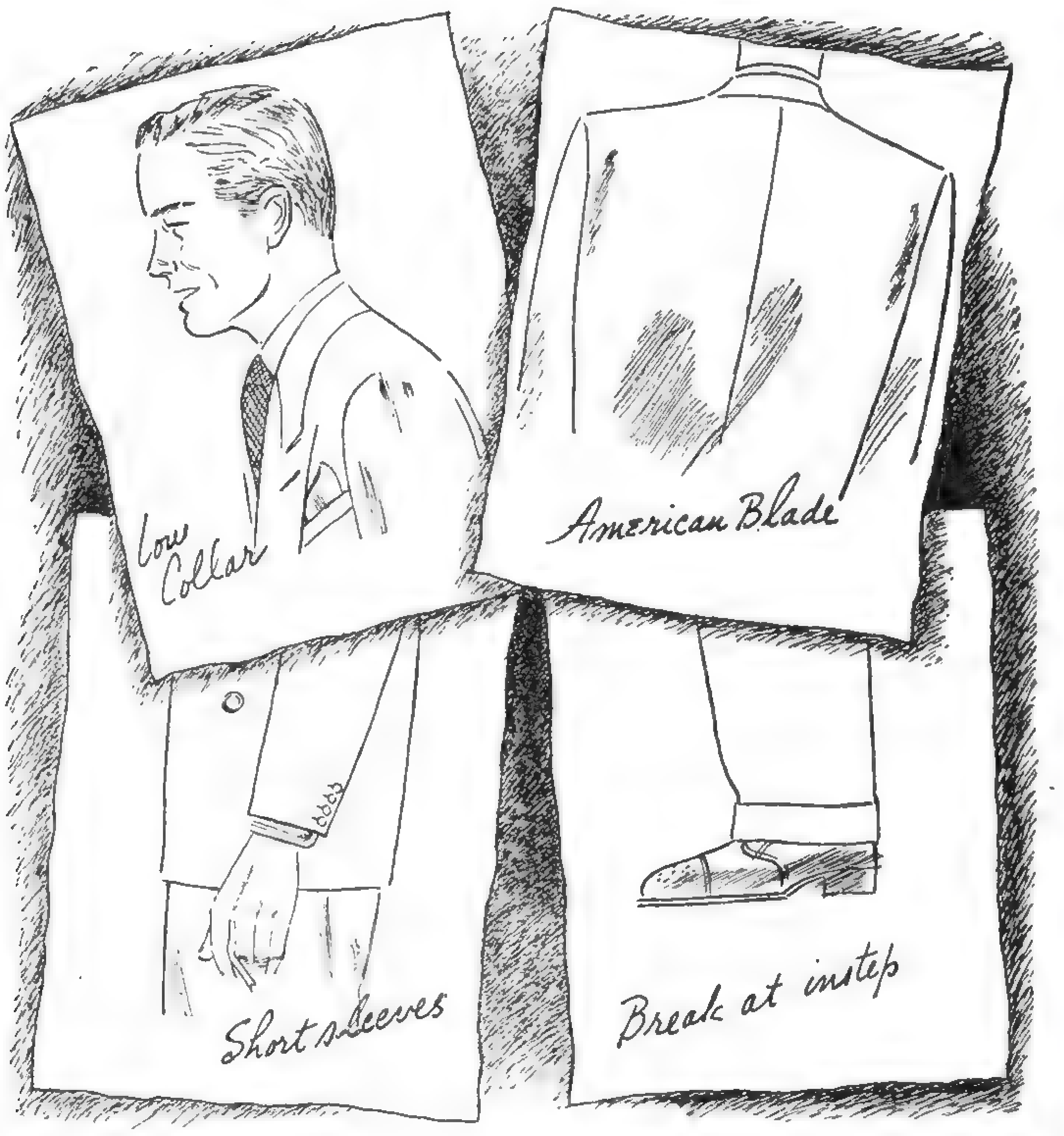
A Fashion Refresher

On such minor details as the length of trousers and cut of jackets, good grooming depends

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •



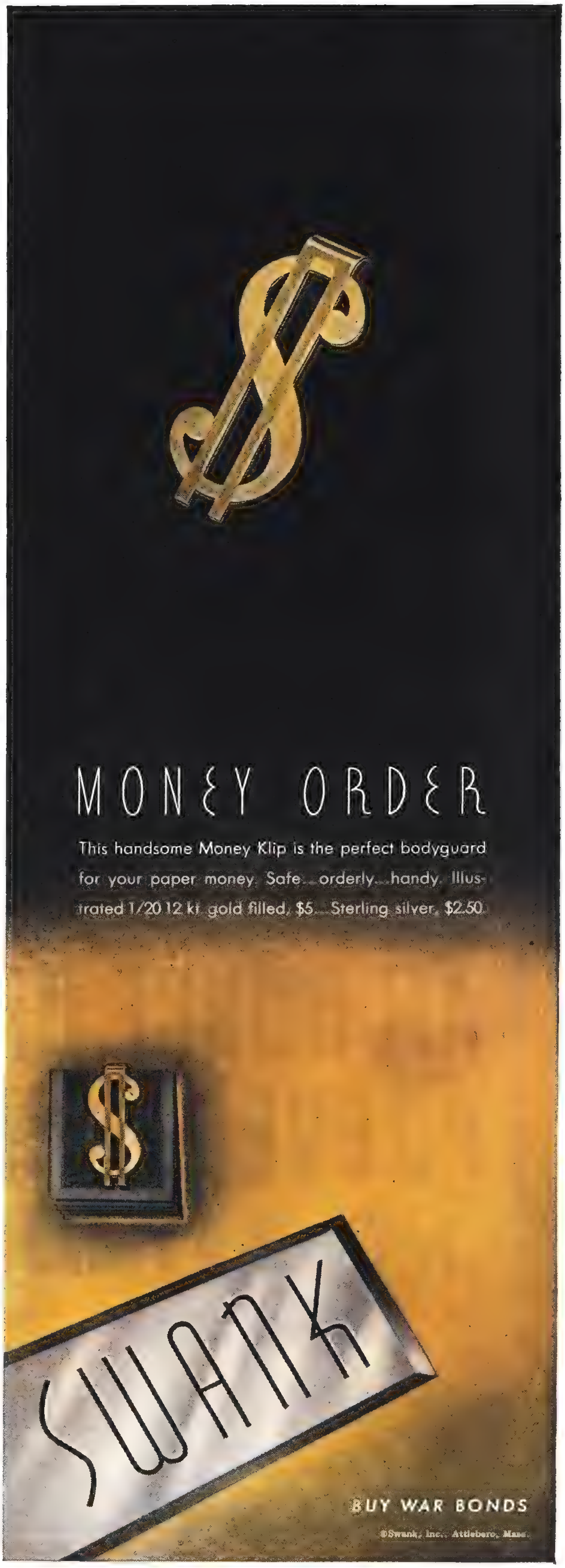
As veterans of the armed forces return to civilian life, and there are about a million annually, a refresher on fashion details may assist them to take the switch in stride. While they wore Uncle Sam's uniforms, ranging from fatigue to combat, civilian clothes were certainly the very least of their worries. Staying out of range of enemy snipers and keeping superior officers happy, were, to put it euphemistically, absorbing. But since appearance is one undeniable factor in getting and keeping a job, as well as giving the wearer a lift in this superficial world, some points about certain details of tailoring which might be overlooked by ex-Joes, leathernecks and tars, are discussed here.

The collar of the jacket, for instance, should be set low in back. The low jacket collar exposes the band of the shirt collar, a detail of correct grooming. Moreover a low collar on the jacket has the obvious advantage of not hiking up in the back and rubbing against the neck. Then, with a properly cut back, it prevents crosswise wrinkles from forming just below.

Lengths of sleeves are subject to variation and a safe guide to follow here is to have them on the short side so that from half to three-quarters of an inch of the shirt cuffs are visible. The shirt cuffs should be the right length, reaching just to the break at the wrist.

Fullness across the shoulder blades has become an accepted fashion detail, based primarily upon comfort. Called the American Blade, this takes the form of deep wrinkles on each side in back near the sleeve-head. Some carefully casual men like the drape effect in front as well, so intentional wrinkles appear vertically at the chest just inside the seams which attach the sleeves to the body of the jacket.

The practicality of high-waisted trousers has been learned in these restricted days of shorter shirts. When the waistband of the trousers are at the natural waistline, they drape satisfactorily, and even more important, feel comfortable. Such trousers are best worn with a pair of braces. A gauge of the best length is to make sure that they have a slight break over the instep. When being fitted, the wearer should attach a pair of braces, so the trousers will hang from the natural waistline and thus the correct length can be determined. Trousers that are too long festoon over the shoes unattractively. Conversely, while many college students in the past have worn very short trousers, this vogue is confined to the cloistered walls of universities. ♯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Going to Sea in an Oilcan

Continued from page 43

with no vegetation; barren, red shale streaked with oil; a rickety dock, cranes, hoses, huts, a sordid tavern, and overall a clinging, oppressive stench."

Why then do tankermen, so many of them, stay aboard tankers? Three reasons: better food, better quarters, more dough, fifteen per cent more than the wages on the average cargo ship. A mate aboard a tanker has his own toilet and shower, a bed, not a built-in bunk, a leather settee, a chest of drawers. But despite its comforts the cabin is carefully fireproofed. Its kneehole desk is steel. The bulkhead (wall) is of asbestos board. The door is a screen of steel mesh with a "kick out" panel which a trapped man can quickly displace if a torpedo jams the door. And in a tanker's cabin the porthole is big enough for a man to squeeze through if he happens to be penned in by fire.

How much gas does a tanker carry? Mr. Pettigrew leaned on the rail as our ship executed a forty-five degree turn in response to a Navy command, and studied the tanker abaft our beam. "A tanker's cargo," said Mr. Pettigrew, "is measured in barrels—forty-two gallons to a barrel. That tanker we're looking at carries an average cargo of about 125,000 barrels of oil. But if she's carrying hi-octane gas, which is lighter than oil, it probably took 146,000 barrels to bring her down to her marks, or about 6,000,000 gallons of gas!"

When a sign on a tanker says NO SMOKING it means it. Fire is the tankerman's nightmare. To avoid sparks aboard tankers, all tools, wrenches, sledges and crowbars are made of nonsparking brass. Even the tapes which sound out the tanks are brass, for ferrous metal, plus gas, equals trouble.

And when a tanker docks, after pounding through seas that build up a strong charge of static electricity, she must be "grounded" by special cables run out from the docks and attached to welded brackets on her decks, cables that will carry off the static electricity which could spark and explode.

If fire does break out aboard a tanker, master valves send a snowstorm of CO_2 (carbon dioxide) into the flaming tanks, where, being heavier than oxygen, the chemical snow soon displaces the oxygen and smothers the fire.

Oxygen is the danger element in a tanker's tanks. The amount of oxygen in a tanker determines its explosive point. Oil won't explode unless superheated to its "flash point," but gas will. Traveling "in ballast" with its tanks empty but "gassy," a tanker is more combustible than when loaded with fuel oil. This is why on the return trip the tankers in our convoy hoisted "wind sails," canvas chutes that caught the fresh salt wind and funneled it down into the gassy tanks. In port, the tanks are cleaned by the Butterworth process which sends scalding salt water hissing into the tanks.

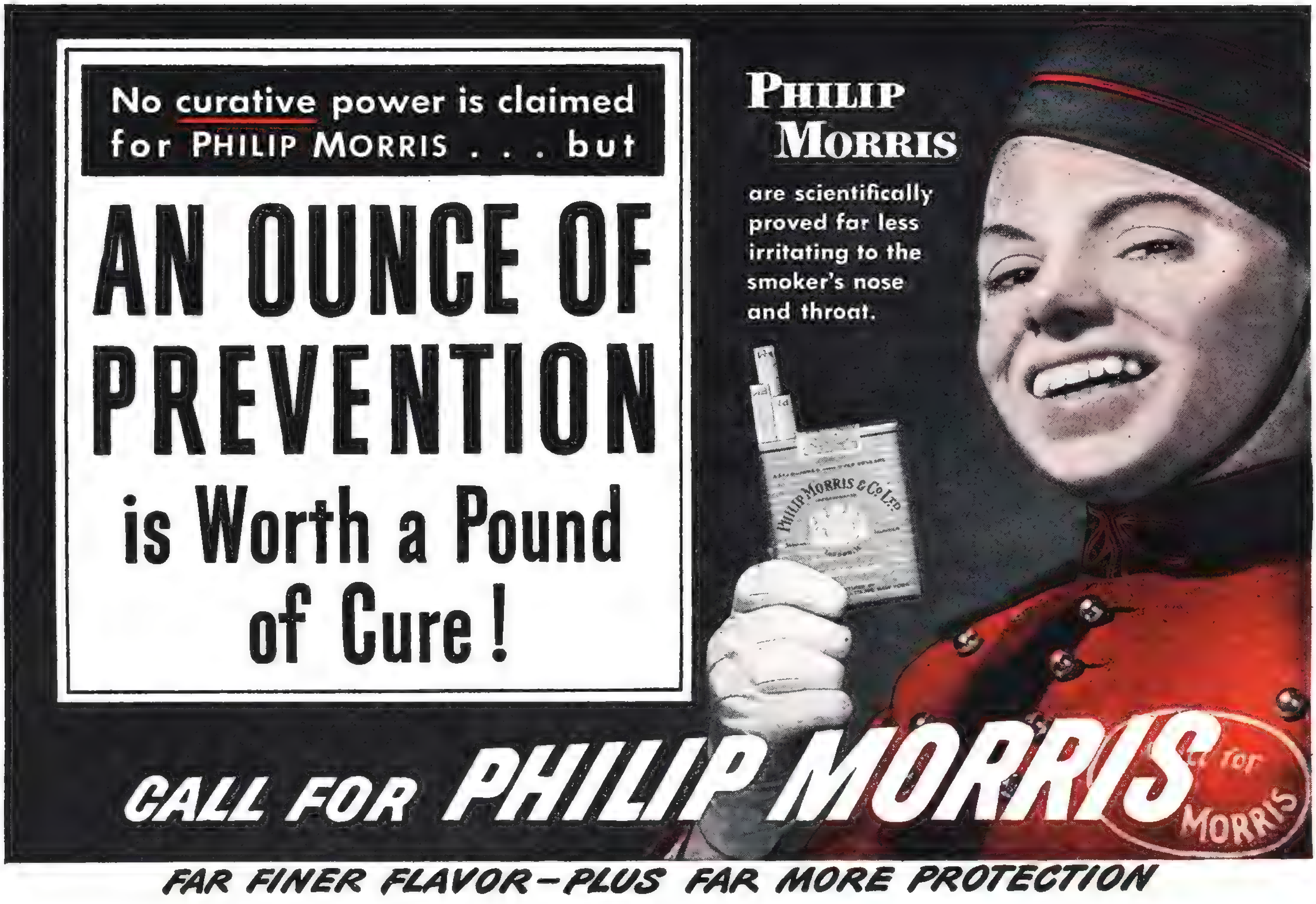
When a torpedo strikes a tanker anything can happen, from a holocaust to a freak accident like this: A torpedo hit an ocean-going tanker in the Number Two starboard tank. The tankermen ran for the rail, their nerves tuned taut for the explosion. Nothing happened. The tankermen stood poised at the lifeboats, frozen in fear and expectancy. Minutes passed, still nothing happened. Hours strained into days and the torpedo lay ominously in the fuel tank like an enormous sleeping crocodile swishing around in the highly inflammable fuel oil. On deck the tankermen walked on tiptoes and talked in whispers. By some miracle the tanker docked intact, the torpedo still dormant in the Number Two starboard tank. And on shore leave from that tanker, the crew continued to walk on tiptoes and speak in whispers in superstitious respect for the fate that had spared them.

In another freak torpedo-tanker encounter, a torpedo hit a tanker and started a fire which was neatly extinguished by a second torpedo hit.

Tankermen like George Pettigrew learn to swim under water so that if flaming oil spreads over the sea they can still escape, coming up for air flailing their arms to push the burning oil away. And they abandon tankers "to windward" to avoid the oil streaming downward. They don't use life preservers, which could become flaming, oil-soaked wicks. Many tankermen have saved themselves by coolly remembering these things when disaster struck. But many paid with their lives, dying a horrible death, burned in an oily inferno or drowned in a slimy, clinging sea.

The high seas are dotted with oilcans these days as the noose tightens around Hitler's neck and the war draws nearer and nearer to Tokyo.

Manned by men of the Merchant Marine, American tankers are delivering the oil and gas without which our armies and navies would sputter to a stop. ###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1. Drive to your nearest tire dealer today and have him check over each of your tires including the spare for cuts, bruises or other signs of failure.

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3. Do some actual pencil and paper figuring to see how long that mileage will last you. No one knows when the war will end, but if no new tires could be purchased, do you honestly think your present tires will pull you through at your present driving rate?

4. Cut down your driving to absolute essentials. Apply the same rule to anyone else who drives your car. When your car is in the garage you save rubber *and* gasoline. Our fighting men need both.

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Children of the Cemetery

Continued from page 39

air; there went up with it new cries and screams. The bird's neck was limp. It splashed many yards away and lay still as the mere object it now was. But they crowded to it, beat at it with the long knives, squealed laughter. One whished it up with his blade; again the blob sailed high in the air. Delight screamed.

The natives hacked at an isolated area of thick brush, peered into its denseness, jabbering. Then a bird broke out; it was like a black chicken; the parrot-like beak was bright red; it couldn't fly. After its skimming flight, a mob screamed. The wings beat machinely like the thuds of a machine gun in the distance. It ran into a native. He swung at it like a golfer, missed, hit it as it fled beyond him. The mob arrived at the spot in tumult—whacking, beating, shouting, screaming. The bolo knives slashed down; the bird became limp, mangled, still. The cluster milled in noise, then suddenly the little body catapulted into the air. Great cries cometed with it.

By a tree a young boy, pipe in mouth, was poking at the body of a bird half submerged in the brown water at his feet. Just poking with his big toe as if to see how solid it was. At screams he looked up. Another bird had broken from cover. The mob surged from spot to spot. Birds in death flew that had never flown in life. He looked back down, poked again meditatively.

Across the scene on the edge of action a huge-chested native in shorts held a live bird. He had tied its legs together, making them a stalk, now stood trying to guide its head into his pocket. But the bright-eyed, red-beaked head excusably swerved each time it was thrust toward the pocket opening. He stood for many minutes pushing it without success. Had he put down the bolo knife and used his other hand, the delicate task would have been done in a moment. All his soldier audience watched patiently as he essayed, commented on what that sharp beak would do when it was finally thrust deep into the pocket that slanted toward the native's bulging crotch.

Screams again at the flight of another bird. Now there were pieces and bodies and feathers scattered for yards around, floating on the shallow water, tread in the mud. Claws, heads, wings. And the spaces between lynchings grew longer until audience and sportsmen stood in the quiet that follows unreasoned excitement. Then everyone moved away. The natives reviewed the event in jabber. The knives lazily whacked at brush. The island again became merely a piece of land.

II

The little group walked along the bank. Across the river was jungle that covered the wildest center of the island. Two natives were leading the half-dozen soldiers to a remote spot where they'd found a dead Jap that morning. Now in the early evening two live ones stepped from the trees across the river.

One was shorter, stood back to one side of the other. The uniforms of both were pale from wear. The lower trouser legs and puttees were black with rich tropic mud. They were extremely thin. Apparently unarmed, they simply stood with hands hanging, looked blankly across the river.

The eight had stopped, now stood motionless. They stared at the enemy with eyes opened wide. The two natives had their long bolo knives with them; the soldiers each had a hunting knife and one had his rifle loaded with rounds found in the mud of the old battleground. The river was shallow, no more than ten yards across; a running man could splash through it within seconds.

But no one moved in the long moments. The three nations looked at each other across the river. The dry fronds swished, an instant of silence, then a thud.

This was release. One native gasped, "More! More Jap *there!*" His companion grunted a moan of horror and was running back the way they'd come before the others had realized what the sound had really been. Then commotion. The second native and four of the soldiers crashed away like the flight of brush-skimming chickens. The soldiers with the gun started after them, but the last man grabbed at his slung rifle. "Gimme that!" The running man tore away as if from an enemy, panic on his face. They wrestled at a run, hands grasped, tore, fumbled. Then the rifle went off.

III

The natives came in first. Their babble warned of a major Japanese attack. The first pair of soldiers modified this impression, but sprayed the same fear in air. The next two reduced the minor Japanese attack to a patrol that had fired on them. The fifth man staggered in, refusing to talk until he'd got his breath. The last man they had to look for; they found him nearly delirious: he'd lost his rifle and sense of direction and all hope. The patrol were questioned separately and carefully.

The search for the two Japs started out on a grand scale. At first the natives refused to go out to meet a heavily-armed enemy. But when they understood that they would just be guides, that the prey was two probably starved waifs who almost certainly wanted to surrender, they sharpened their knives and ran out eagerly.

Several miles further in the jungle from where the rifle had been dropped a group of thirty or forty natives were beating the brush. Now and then they spoke in low, excited whispers, short clatters of words. With them were a dozen soldiers with rifles and

Continued on page 120

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Children of the Cemetery

Continued from pages 39-118

knives. Their heavy shoes crashed noisily. The jungle was still. The shrieks of birds were infrequent, remote. Nothing moved.

Then suddenly close to them came a cry. At the right they saw the taller of the two Japanese running toward them. His hands were high in the air carrying a strip of white cloth in each. He was shouting a wail-like *ahhhh*. When he was within twenty yards, there was a report far back in the jungle behind him. His face became a black-red crater. He fell forward. There was just a little hole in the back of his head.

At the shot all the soldiers threw themselves flat. The natives were confused, thinking all these men had been killed, too. Some started running; some hid; some stood in dark paralysis.

There was only one more shot. It came ten minutes later when they were getting up, splashed up mud a yard away from the first man to rise.

The search was more careful now. After an hour they found the lost rifle lying empty in the mud. Now they dashed forward bravely. Five minutes later a native caught sight of their quarry far ahead on the left. The natives were beginning to let out little cries of eagerness. They followed the tracks like hounds. The path was devious. Each glimpse revealed the prey closer. Then they lost him.

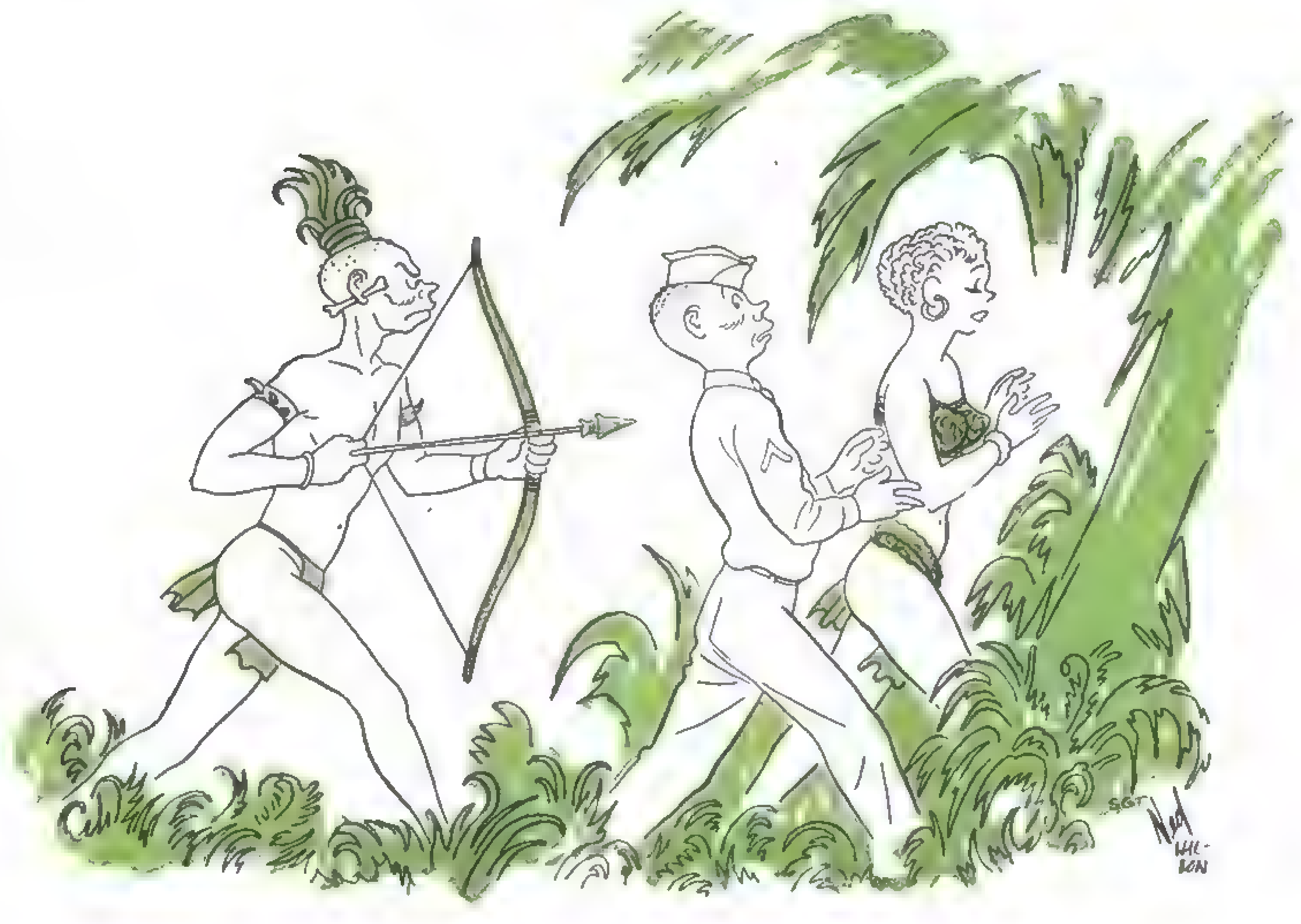
They were in a large clearing deep in the jungle. At a loss the searchers beat around it. There were no longer tracks to follow. They had ended as if he'd taken flight. The soldiers drew together, lighted cigarettes. The natives lackadaisically whacked at the brush as if it were a clearing job.

Then a beige-headed native simultaneously screamed and jumped away. Those around him darted back without knowing why. All faces turned to the spot, and they saw the Jap squatting in a little ball between two palmlogs. He returned their gaze blankly. Then he saw that those on the outskirts were drawing in. He sprang to make a dash. Because there were several soldiers between him and the nearest jungle, he started to cross the corner of the clearing. As he rose a short knife dropped from his lap; he ran with a little flag clutched in his hand.

One of the natives furthest away shrieked in exaltation and they closed in. They gave way to him as he ran. He could easily have been made prisoner but that first shriek dispelled thought. First red gushed from his shoulder, then half of one hand vanished. The soldiers with rifles raised lowered them uncertainly as the target mingled with the milling natives. The black lynchers screamed insanely, fluctuating as a unit as he darted in and out of them. He was now deeply cut on arms and face and legs. He moved quickly in all directions. Once he ran straight at a native who waited with both hands on the handle of his knife. The native swung and all the magnificent muscles of his big body went into the arc. The Jap's left arm dropped off just below the shoulder. Now as he staggered another knife dug away a chunk of his stomach. And in the instant before he fell to the ground, a long knife slashed down burying itself in his skull. They closed in, hacked the body to shreds. Their shrieks were of madness knifing the jungle silence.

Our men stood away, wondering how they could enter into the scene. "I hope they don't throw anything up in the air." As the soldier spoke a human hand flew high in catapult from the black seething backs. They shrieked louder at this. Then little unrecognizable parts followed the first flight. The most daring native acted last. He picked up the head. As it rose, the soldier turned and ran screaming.

At the sound the natives faced the soldiers, seeming to notice them for the first time. Their faces caused the soldiers to move together, push the safety off their rifles. The two nations stood facing each other. There was no sound in all the jungle. ⧺



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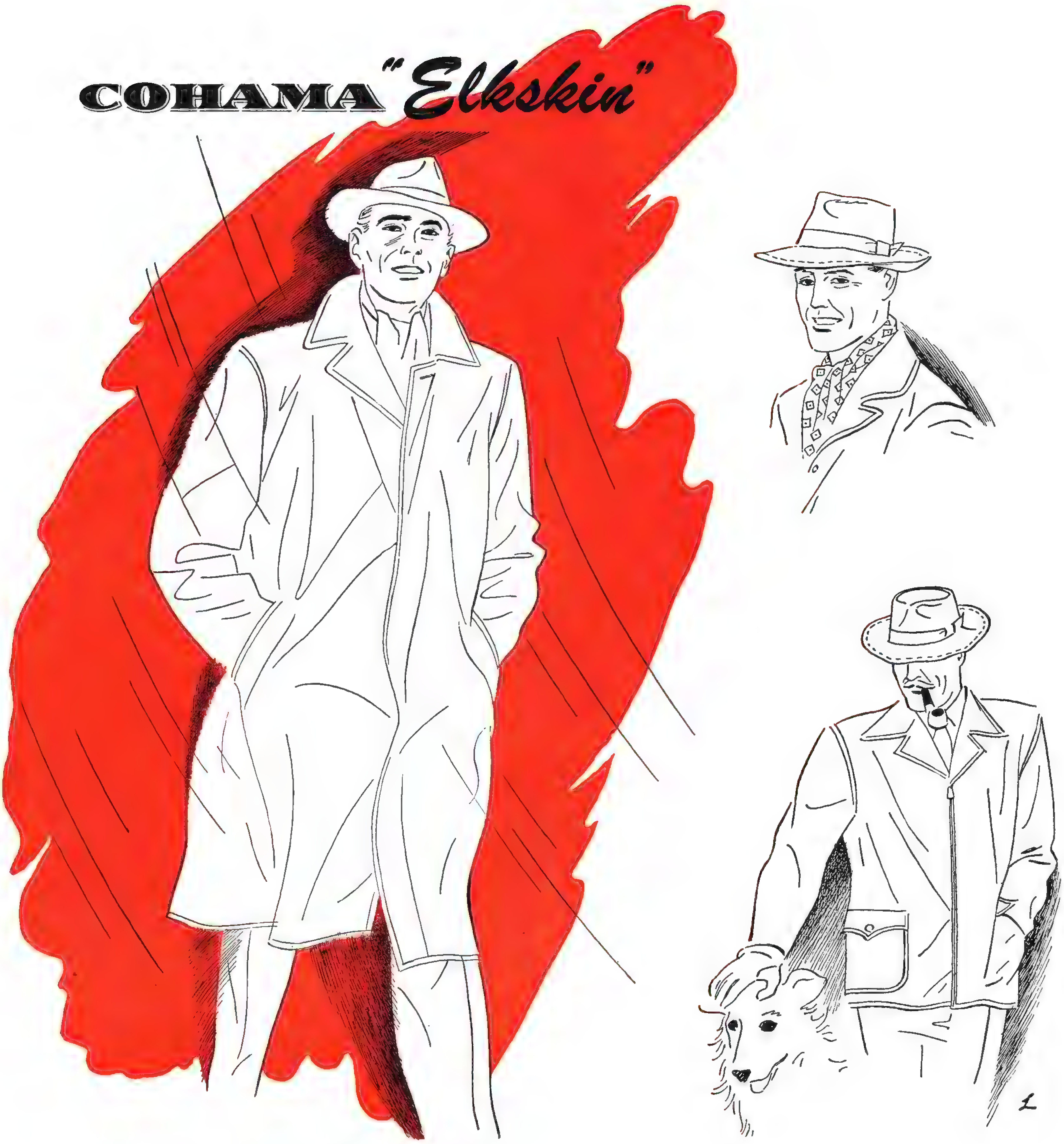

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Recipe for
20TH CENTURY SALAD BOWL

THE SALAD
one portion
make portions separately

- ¼ head of lettuce
- 6 pieces each of finely sliced onions, radishes, scored cucumber and celery
- ½ pkg. Roquefort or blue cheese

THE DRESSING
six servings

- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- pinch of dry mustard
- 1 dessertspoon sugar

Separate leaves of lettuce, place in chilled dry bowl, add sliced onions, radishes, cucumber and celery, do not mix in. Add crumbled Roquefort, place quartered tomatoes around.

For dressing, dissolve mixed ingredients in ½ cup olive oil in separate bowl. Add ¼ cup tarragon or malt vinegar (choice optional) and two cubes of ice. Mix well, pour over salad, marinate well.

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

GENERAL NOTE: In spite of the rush to make records, and the offering of one or two platters forty-eight hours after peace was signed (with Petrillo), nothing startling or wonderful has yet come through. The big companies are, naturally, recording those popular numbers which might be forgotten three months later. New orchestras (under old leaders, sometimes) are forming; we won't see the shape of records to come for several months.

The Marian Anderson Album (with William Primrose, violist, and Franz Rupp at the piano), is I suppose, a pre-Petrillo recording; it looks like the most impressive thing on Victor's list right now. The top of Columbia's list is non-musical, as you shall see; and Decca's leader (in my esteem) is *Bloomer Girl*, although Heifetz playing *White Christmas* may suit your fancy better.

Special Event

Othello—Shakespeare
(Columbia—Robeson, etc.)

This is a recording in three big volumes of the production with Paul Robeson, José Ferrer and Uta Hagen. The play was exciting; Robeson's declamation, which in a sense stopped the show, comes off superbly in recording. Ferrer is good and sinister; Uta Hagen's soft voice almost disappears into pianissimo.

A remarkable, perhaps inevitable, lack is in sound effects. We are so accustomed to radio, that when Othello says he is going off stage, you expect to have his steps suggested, if not realistically given. Quick picking up of cues helps—but the sense of a vacuum surrounding the actors persists. However, this is superior to the run of big dramatizations of novels, noted last year. Shakespeare who wrote to be played, loved rhetoric—and he *sounds*.

Hearts of Opera

Hänsel and Gretel—Humperdinck
(Red Robin—Musicraft—Earl Rogers)

La Bohème—Puccini
(Victor—Albanesi, Gigli, etc.)

Musicraft begins with narration, appropriate to children, and the narrator sings. The Victor album is actually a combination of the best-loved melodies of a most melodious opera, unencumbered with the long, dull passages. It is the ideal of the late Willard Huntington Wright—"opera with the curtain nailed down."

All the Rage

Bloomer Girl—Arlen
(Decca—original Company)

The Eagle and Me—Arlen
(Decca—Bing Crosby)

Evelina—Arlen
(Decca—Crosby, Feature—Lopez)

Right as the Rain—Arlen
(Columbia—Frankie Carle)

It took no special gifts to predict success for the music of *Bloomer Girl*. The Decca album has Dooley Wilson singing *The Eagle and Me*, a grand song for my money, with more emotion than Crosby gives it—but the Crosby version is one of his best songs. Also, the original has Richard Huey's *I Got A Song*, which is amusing, but wordy—a quality not felt in the stage. *Right as Rain* is full of charm—Carle combines it with *Evelina*. Harold Arlen has pushed ahead as a composer.

Everybody's Doin' It

Don't Fence Me In—Porter
(Okeh—Gene Autry)
(Columbia—Heidt & Orch.)
(Victor—Sammy Kaye)
(Bluebird—MacIntyre & Orch.)
(Columbia—Kate Smith)

No Westerner I—but an admirer of *Home on the Range* and even *Get Along Little Doagie*—I consider this a synthetic western, like a Bill Hart movie made by a French director. It's clever as can be—and is adaptable to Kate Smith's ballad style (she's clever, too) as well as to Autry's modified yodel. The Autry recording is coupled with *Gonna Build a Big Fence Around Texas*. What goes here?

More Than Meritorious

Sonata—Shostakovitch
(Columbia—Piatigorsky and Pavlovsky)

This work for 'cello and piano isn't recent—but Shostakovitch as a political figure, and his ins-and-outs with the Soviet government, are no longer important. The music is clear, says something the composer wanted you to understand—and is beautifully played by a great 'cellist and a fine pianist.

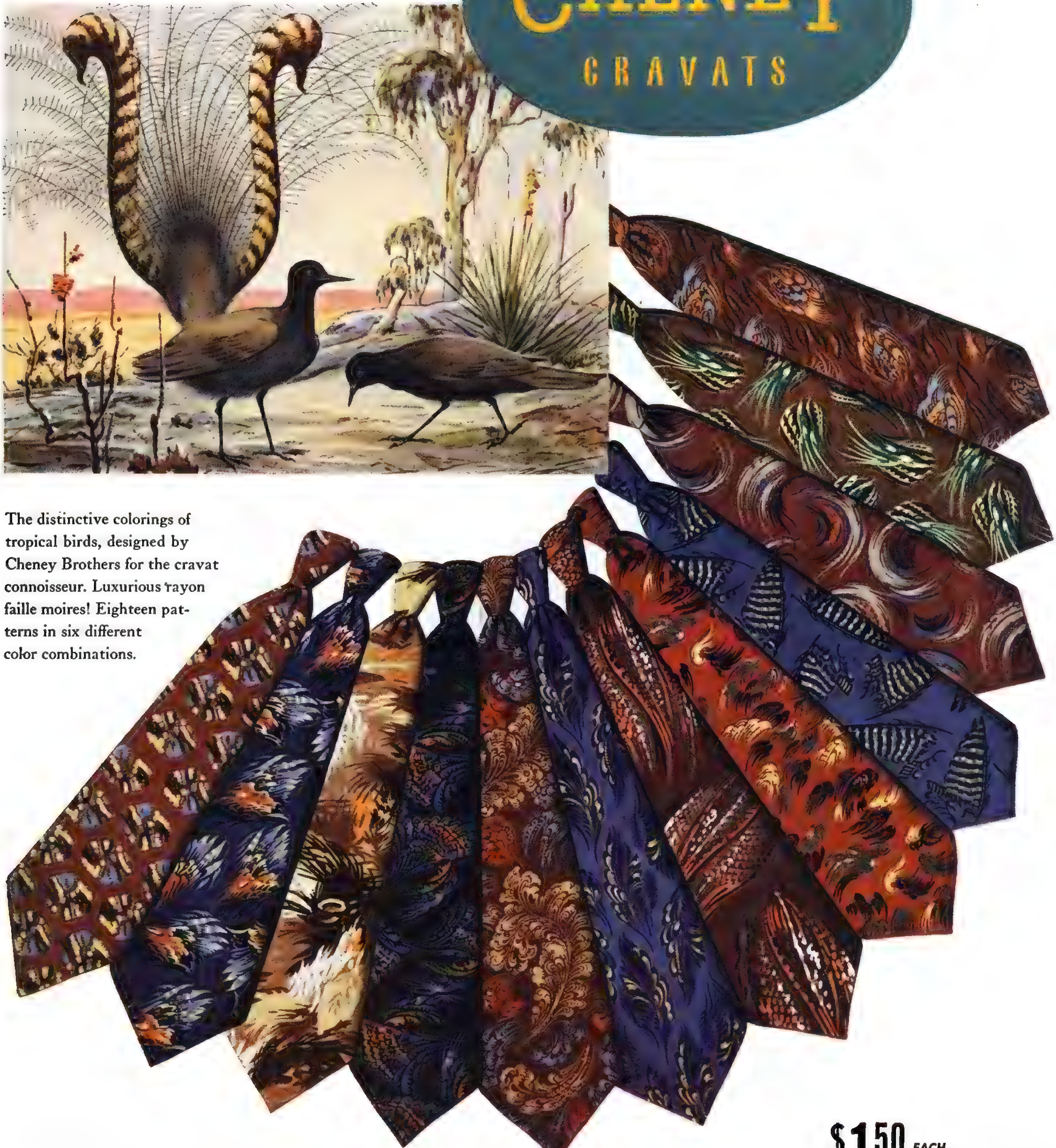
Comic Recitation

Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin' Caroline
(Capitol—Jerry Colonna)

Colonna's style—energy plus a kick in the shins—doesn't quite put this parody song over. It's fast—but faster than funny. Maybe, like Othello, it needs sound effects.

Tropical Bird Plumage

★ CHENEY CRAVATS



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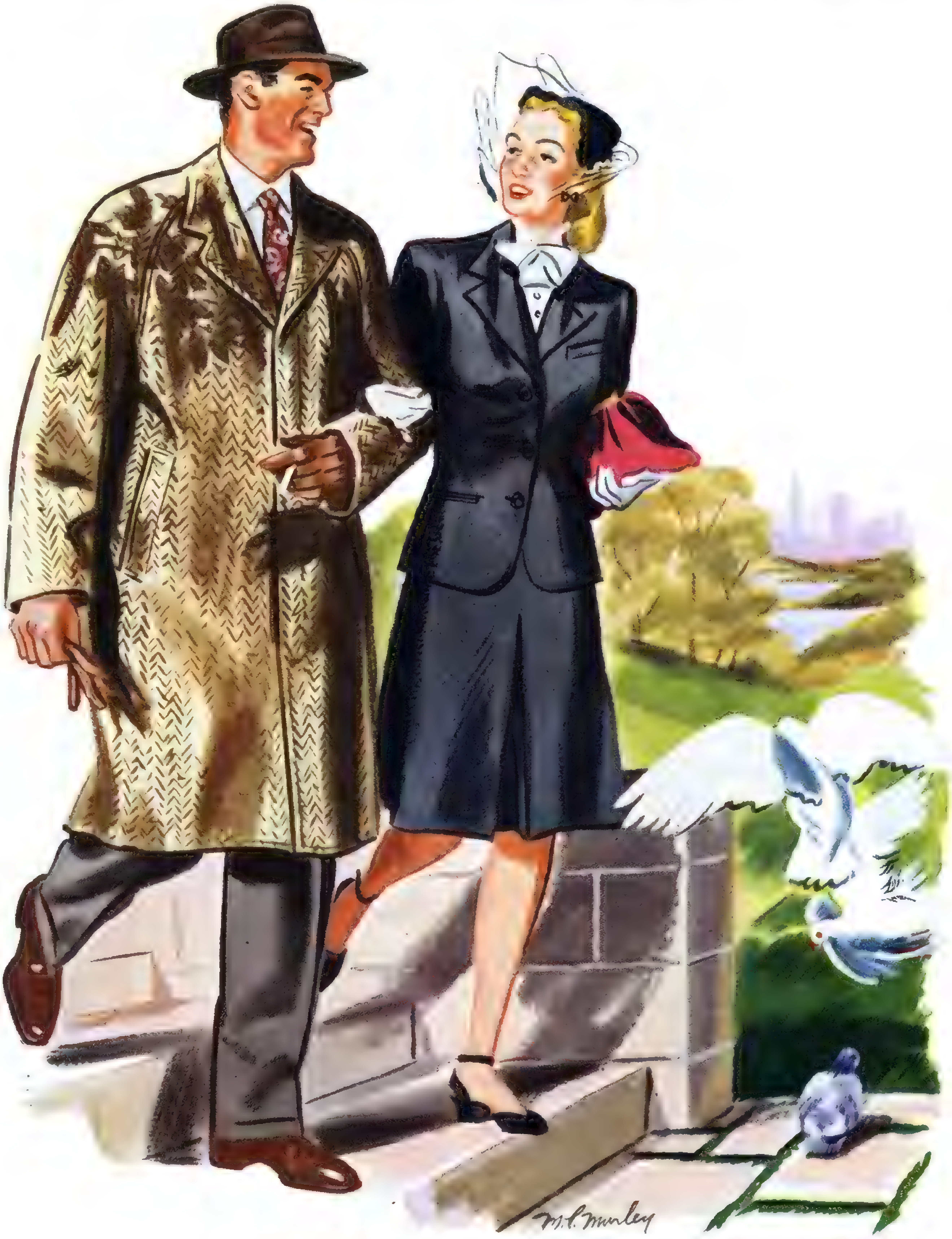

what's the date?

The amateur psychologist sometimes plays a friendly little detective game with himself. Upon seeing boy with girl, he tries to deduce if she's his wife, fiancée, or friend. His clues are gestures and inflections and the subtle telegraphy of glances which can give away so much. Evidence shows that this boy thinks of his date as more than a friend. The date is April, dove rhymes with love, and he has a good enough head on shoulders to understand the gal's way of looking at him. Speaking of shoulders, he's also made a very sensible choice in the topcoat he's wearing. It has raglan sleeves of a newly perfected construction which gives a perfect fit over the shoulders of a suit jacket. The coat is made of brown herringbone tweed, has slash pockets, a fly front and notch lapels. The rest of his turnout is a broadcloth shirt, rayon tie, grey flannel suit and brown blucher shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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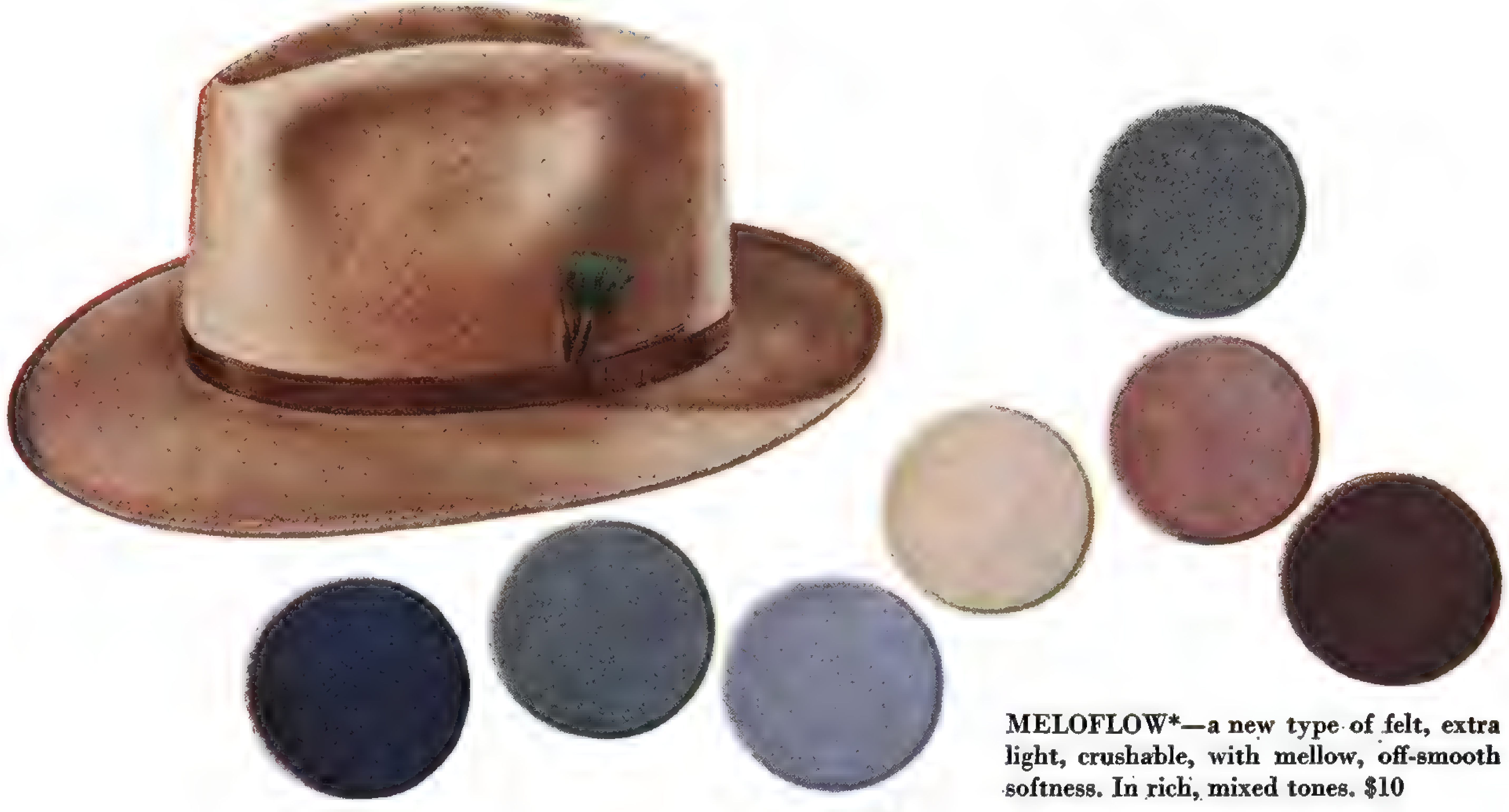

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This Man's World

Continued from page 61

tribes ardently desired the liver of brave men slain in combat. That pipe would have given me, perhaps, a hint of his keen insight into the souls of men. But he never laid it aside within stealing reach.

"Once, indeed, he put his hand on my shoulder. It was an investiture of the Star of India, blue silk, trumpets, and diamond-studded jewel, all complete. If hereafter, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, I fall to cureless ruin, I will tell the superintendent of the workhouse that Mark Twain once put his hand on my shoulder; and he shall give me a room to myself and a double allowance of Pauper's tobacco."

What did they talk of, these two, the Titan who Was, the Giant who Was-to-Be? You may read Kipling's account of the interview. They talked shop, of copyrighting and international piracy of literary assets, of autobiography, of Tom Sawyer, of a current popular novel that is completely forgotten today, of Twain's working habits and of his early life. And Kipling quotes Mark Twain on conscience, and vows that his words are mighty and to be remembered. For Mark told him:

"Your conscience is a nuisance. A conscience is like a child. If you pet it and play with it and let it have everything that it wants, it becomes spoiled and intrudes on all your amusements and most of your griefs. Treat your conscience as you would treat anything else. When it is rebellious, spank it—be severe with it, argue with it, prevent it from coming to play with you at all hours, and you will secure a good conscience; that is to say, a properly trained one. A spoiled one simply destroys all the pleasures of life. I think I have reduced mine to order. At least, I haven't heard from it for some time . . ."

Eventually, the second cigar was stub and ashes, and the young man from India got up to go, ". . . the great man assuring me with gentle kindness that I had not interrupted him in the least. Once outside the door, I yearned to go back and ask him some questions—it was easy enough to think of them now—but his time was his own, though his books belonged to me.

"I should have ample time to look back at that meeting across the graves of the days. But it was sad to think of the things he had not spoken about."

It must have been an exquisite, shivery, never-to-be-forgotten visit. I remember my father telling me once that when he was a young piano student living in Austria, the Austria of Frau Sacher and Franz Josef, he was sent on an errand to the home of Johannes Brahms, and how he trembled and stammered in the presence of the Great Man, and forgot what he had come to say and fled incontinently in the end, but with the picture of the warm genius of music burned forever in his memory.

I never met a Great Man when I was a boy, or a young student, and I envy those who have and who, like Kipling, have realized their dreams of heroes. All my Titans have passed into Valhalla, the men whose minds and words I learned to love.

I might have seen so many of them. I was five when Bret Harte died, and thirteen when Mark Twain passed away. I might have seen and talked to William S. Porter who wrote under the name of O. Henry; there was yet time while I lived in England to have visited Rudyard Kipling and G. K. Chesterton, to thank them for the greatness of their gifts to me.

But there shall be a pilgrimage, I promise myself, when this war is done, and there is leisure again. I will drive out and find the heroes of my early reading to discharge my debt. I will ask James Cabell to permit me into his study, and call upon Booth Tarkington and Joe Hergesheimer. And I will stop off in Baltimore and drink me a drink with Henry Mencken, for although I have met him I do not think he knows how fine I think he is and how skilled. And I should like to shake Don Marquis by the hand. I think I will not let that opportunity go by.

Old-Timer's Corner

A little silvery-haired old gentleman came to my house the other day on a matter of interest to us both. He introduced himself as Frank Erne. I asked him to sit down, and then I stared at him, for it was hard to believe what I saw.

He was pink-cheeked and clear-eyed and young-looking. His nose was shapely and his ears, unmarked and as smooth as they had been the day he was born, lay flat against his head the way ears were meant to do. There were no thickened ridges across his brows. His lively eyes peered out from beneath eyebrows normally grizzled by age.

He caught me staring and smiled. I said, "My God, but you must have been clever!"

That made him laugh. He said, "Oh, I don't know. I guess I had good schooling."

It was just a little short of a half a century ago that Frankie Erne beat George Dixon, "Little Chocolate," for the featherweight championship of the world at 122 pounds, in 25 rounds at the Broadway.

Frank Erne was in the prize ring for seventeen years, fought hundreds upon hundreds of fights against the best men in the world, and carries not a single mark of his profession upon him. And he very definitely has each and every one of his buttons. By George,

Continued on page 128

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FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

Can't skid off your shoulders

This Man's World

Continued from pages 61-127

but that made me think and marvel.

I asked: "But how did you do it? How *could* you do it. Why kids of today who have been in the ring only five or six years look as though they had been run through a meat grinder; lop ears, bashed beezers, ridged eyebrows, thickened lips . . ."

Erne replied: "We were taught how to defend ourselves. In my days, boxing was a real science. There was feinting and countering and blocking and slipping. We thought a man was a fool to take a punch he didn't have to take, or who struck a blow before he had created the opening for it. These boys of today bang away at each other, and if the first punch doesn't land they throw five more to the same place. Those were contests of wits and skill in which we engaged. Why we would work a whole round just to get a man into position and open him up. We never hit a man with the punch we showed him or led him to expect. We were always figuring two and three punches ahead for the one that would damage him . . ."

It struck me then, thinking back over the hundreds of fights that I had seen in my sports-writing days, how few, how infinitesimally few might be termed boxing matches, how very little actual boxing I had seen.

Frank Erne got up to illustrate what he meant by feinting and his movements were still poetry. What a pleasure it must have been to watch him in action, and how damned dull and boring prizefighting is today. The sweet science has been lost, and there are very few left these days to mourn it.

Erne also fought as a lightweight, then listed at 133 pounds. And he won the world's championship in that division back in 1899, when he beat Kid Lavigne in twenty rounds. He didn't always win. Terry McGovern knocked him out in three rounds, and Joe Gans chilled him in forty-five seconds in 1901 to win his lightweight championship. But those were the greatest ring sharpshooters the world has ever known. When they let go, they drilled a man. They understood not only the science of self defense, but of delivering a punch. Erne told me they punched with their legs.

"These are all arm punchers today," he said, "None of them know how to get set for a punch and get their legs behind it. Why, that was the greatest thing Bob Fitzsimmons had, his legs. Remember, he was kind of knock-kneed, with thin legs? But the legs were the strongest part of him. He used to be a blacksmith and his legs got strong holding those horses in his lap when he shod them. That's where his hitting power came from."

Incidentally, Erne tabs Fitzsimmons as the greatest fighter that ever lived. There were a dozen things I wanted to know about the game when it was in its heyday in this country, but mostly I wanted to know how the long fights compared with the modern ones for action. Was the pace slower because of the length of the fight, twenty, twenty-five, sometimes as many as thirty-five rounds?

Erne said: "They were good fights and fast, and a lot more interesting than those of today. There were less blows struck because the boys wouldn't waste one without an opening, but when they let go there was damage. And we were trained. We did from twelve to fifteen miles of roadwork every morning and then worked from two to three hours in the gymnasium in the afternoon, learning and practicing. We might box fourteen or fifteen rounds in the gymnasium and spend the rest of the time practicing, you know, learning how to deliver punches in series, working on defense, training to avoid blows by turning our bodies, or pulling away just enough to break the force. These boys today don't train. And they don't learn and they don't take the trouble to practice what little they do know."

I thought suddenly of modern fencing with epee, foil, or sabre, which is the participation game I like the best of all, and how closely it compares with the boxing of the old days, how the experienced fencer works and works on an opponent to open him up and prepare him for the thrust, and how much, like the old-time fighters, is done on second, or third intention, or in series, with the preliminary moves counting for no more than the paving of the way for the finisher.

Erne rated Benny Leonard as the last great boxer seen in the modern ring, and I could think of no other, though there was once a boy by the name of Jimmy McLarnin who made me feel as though maybe I was watching what it must have been like in the old days.

For cleverness and defense was not rated enough fifty years ago. The game of boxing was the science of annihilation and escape therefrom; the wily plan, the bait tantalizingly presented and then the ability to crush and destroy with a single blow when the opportunity was won. It was dueling in the true sense, and I begin at this late date to understand why it had its devotees.

Some day soon, I expect to be present again when Frank Erne, the little silvery-haired gentleman, now in the coal business, talks about those wonderful days of the ring and the superb artists who filled them, and when he does, I shall listen, and remember what he says and pass it along to you. ⵌ

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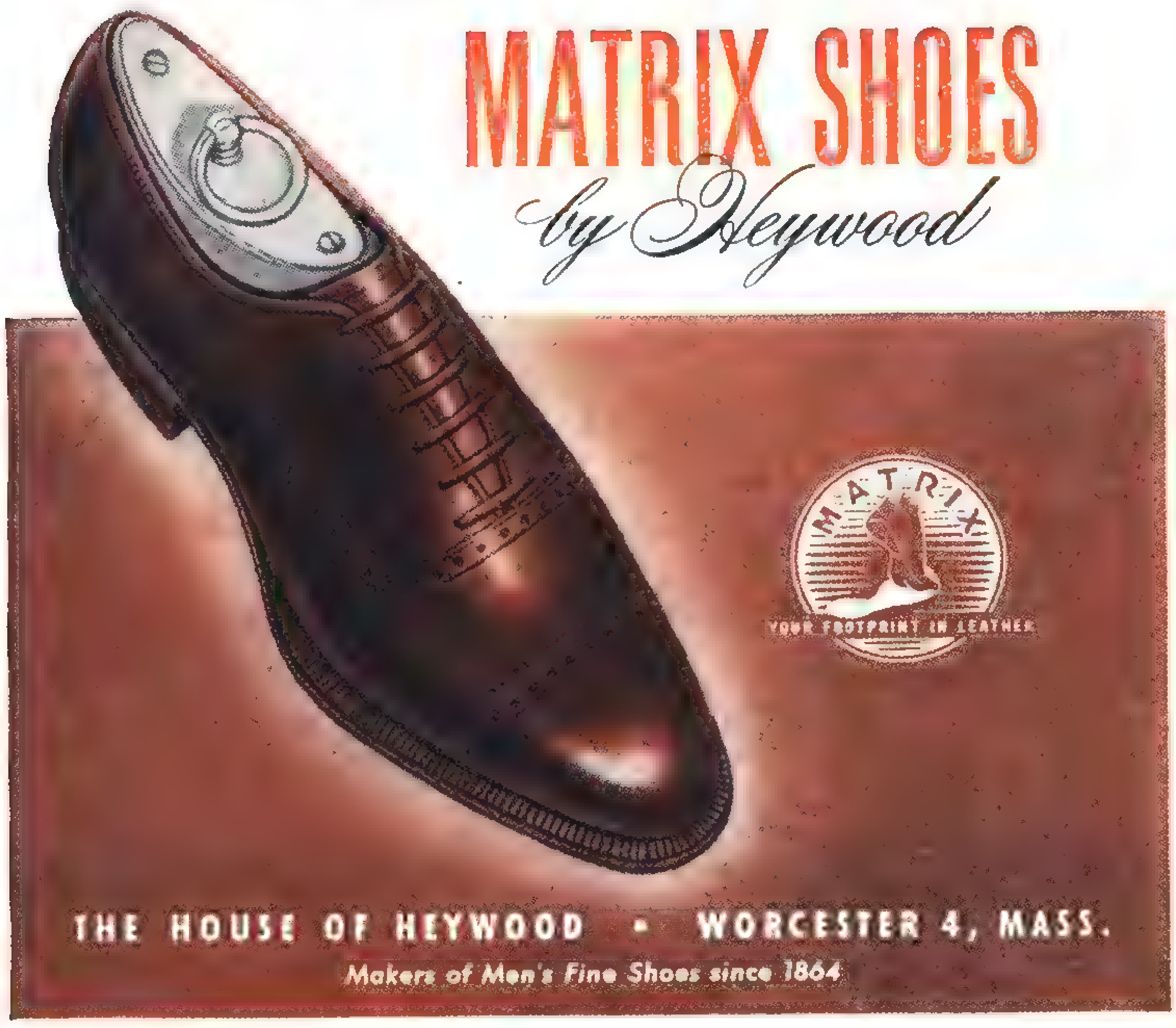

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For Him or Her } PLAIN ENDS / IVORY TIPS

Specially for Her } BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

The Pirate and the General

Continued from page 43

Sheep who desires to Return to the Flock.

"In case, Monsieur Le Gouverneur, that your Reply should Not be favorable to my ardent wishes I declare to you that I leave immediately so Not to be held to have Co-operated with an invasion. This can not Fail to take place, and puts me entirely at the Judgement of my conscience.

"I have the Honor to be, Monsieur Le Gouverneur,

"Lafitte."

If we are to make a case of honor among thieves, we might as well go back and investigate certain dishonor among so-called reputable men. You must remember that was a bad time. The country had been driven into a war it did not want, for which it was ill-prepared. The regular armies had been smashed, partly by the enemy, partly through the machinations of a group of traitors at Hartford, Connecticut, who planned to sell their country. Defeat in war, partition of the nation, loss of independence, all that was acceptable if only it would destroy democracy and put them into the seat of power.

But they are not our story; they failed. Our story concerns a pirate and a general. The pirate we have met; the general's name was Jackson, and he came from Tennessee.

When everything was lost and the traitors would have withdrawn all armies from the field and made peace, Jackson raised up his own army. He raised it from Kentucky and Tennessee men, who knew a horse and a rifle and were not ignorant of a thing called freedom. Properly, they were not a regular army, not even what they called the militia, but a people's army of armed citizens. The enemy was to call them "dirty-shirts" for the long, grey homespun hunting frocks they wore instead of uniforms. They were intent upon the preservation of the union because it involved so deeply their own preservation; let the union be dismembered, and they would be a fringe of homeless nobodies on a lost frontier.

There were between two and three thousand of them, and they marched south with Andrew Jackson to lead them. They picked up some regular troops on the way, and then marched west to where Wellington's veterans were preparing to land at New Orleans and deal a death blow to the Union.

When Governor Claiborne of New Orleans received Jean Lafitte's letter, he was inclined to be moved by it. It contained the first definite information concerning the British attack on New Orleans, and it offered, in defense of the city, a group of tried if undisciplined fighting men. But when he read it to his council, they pointed out that such a degree of honor was obviously impossible in a pirate, and therefore it was a forgery.

So he sent it on to General Jackson, who was approaching New Orleans with his army of frontiersmen. Then he sent what troops he had to destroy the pirate's stronghold at Barataria.

Jean Lafitte had his sources of information, too, and when he heard of the Governor's decision, he sent for Dominique You.

"By God," he told Dominique, "it is hard like the devil to be an honest man."

"And what for?" Dominique demanded. "Let them send their soldiers down here. We smash them—pouf!"

"We don't smash them."

"I think you crazy, so help me God. You don't want to be governor of Louisiana?"

And everyone agrees that Lafitte's answer, then and afterward, was, "What kind of damn fool land make me a governor? You want to live there?"

"Sure."

Lafitte said, "You're just a fool. How much it cost for a deal to get Pierre out of jail?"

"Maybe five thousand dollar," Dominique said hopelessly.

So when Governor Claiborne's little army showed up, the pirates had cleared out completely; his victorious return to New Orleans was marred only by the fact that Pierre Lafitte had disappeared from the city jail.

When you try to understand the motive of that strange pirate, Jean Lafitte, the people of the Delta can't help you. They remember that Governor Claiborne recovered from the hideout of Barataria over half a million dollars worth of loot that Lafitte's corsairs had garnered from the shipping of many lands and which he had not found time to remove. But why Lafitte fled from a miserable little force he could have ripped to pieces—that they can't say.

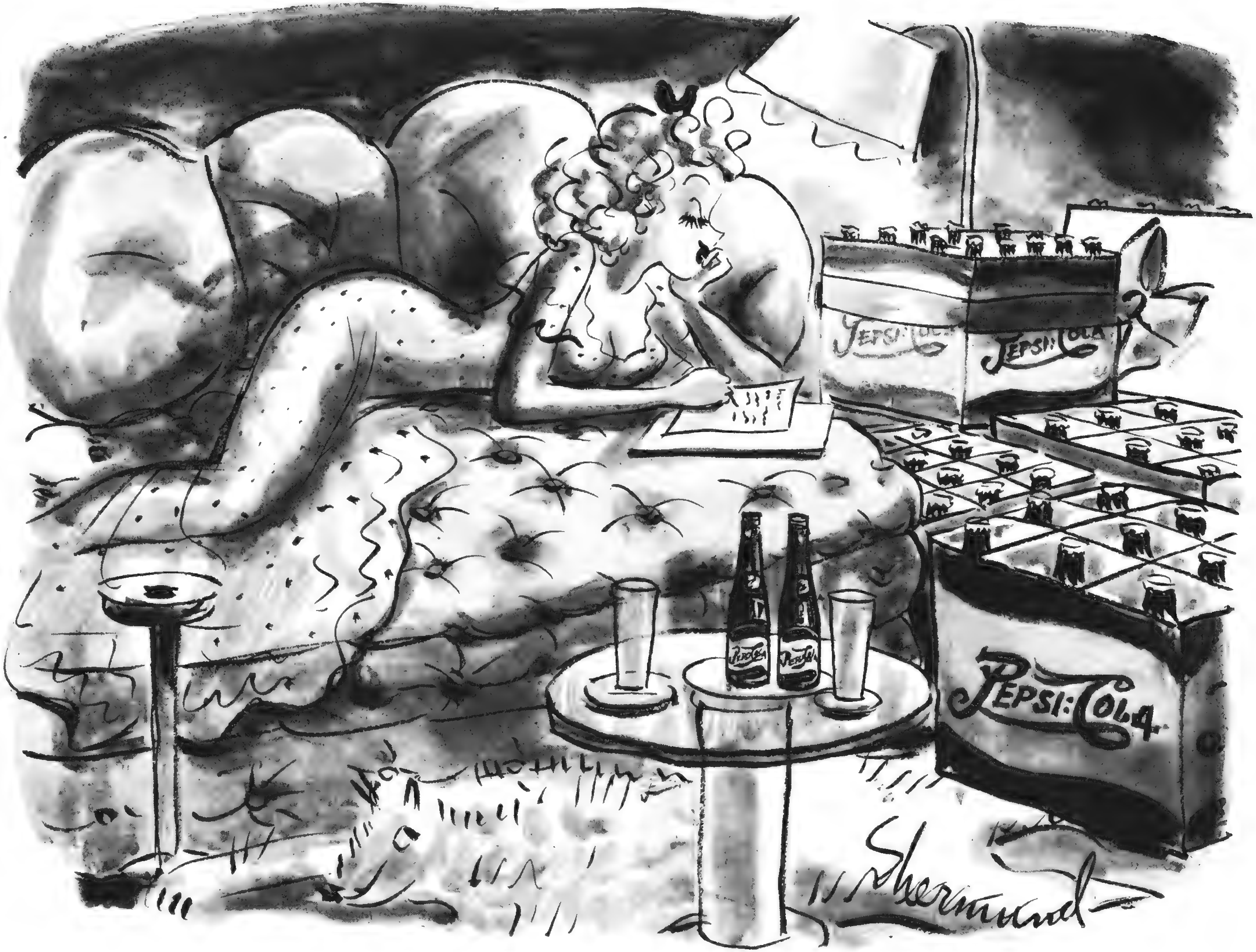
It seems that in his hasty departure from Barataria, Jean had time to take only a few choice items, one of them a necklace of emeralds; and a week later he slipped into New Orleans with a dual purpose in mind, to see his lawyer, Edward Livingston, a friend of Jackson and former mayor of New York City, and to give the necklace to a certain lady. Much legend attaches itself to this necklace, and it has been said that to obtain it Jean and Pierre fought a great battle against a Spanish frigate; but there is no proof of that. Anyway, one night, close to midnight, Jean turned up in the lady's bedroom, the necklace dangling enticingly from one lace-covered hand.

She was a practical lady. "Is it true," she asked the pirate, "that Claiborne took a million dollars worth of loot out of Barataria?"

"Unless prices go up—no. May-

Continued on page 132

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY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"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon. I have everything arranged just the way you like it."

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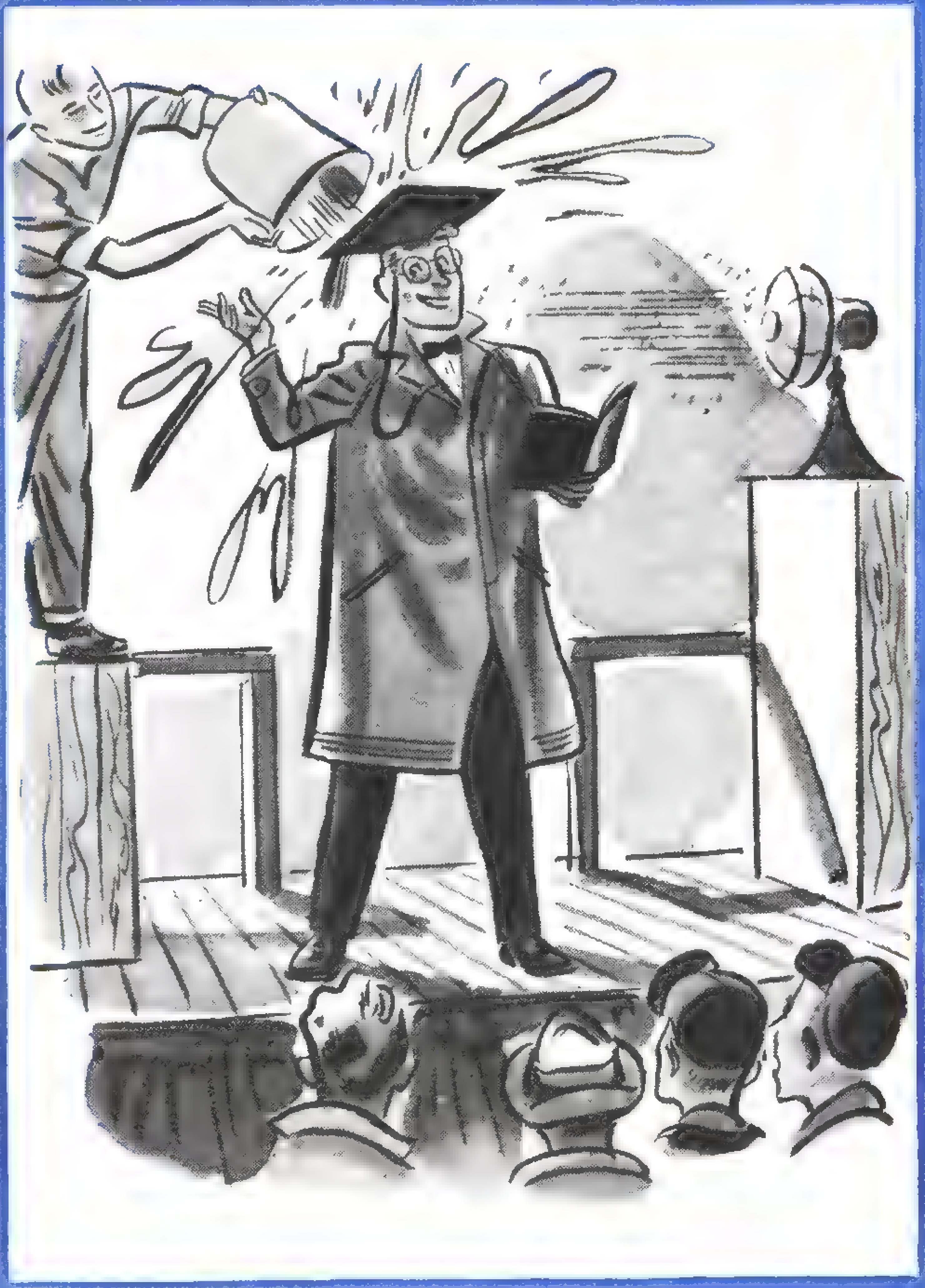

HE'S ALL WAT-A-TITE

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The dean's that anxious to teach the undergrads of R. U. the facts of Wat-a-tite Processed Rainwear life. In addition to this offering, Dean Bugbee will wind up his lecture by telling his charges that Wat-a-tite won't weaken fabrics (many times it strengthens them) . . . that several PROPER** dry cleansings will NOT remove Wat-a-tite and that cold weather won't make Wat-a-tite crack or crackle.

Take Bugbee's lesson to heart . . . keep warm and dry the Wat-a-tite way . . . look for the original Wat-a-tite label next time you're buying rainwear, or sportswear.

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Wat-a-tite fabrics retain their strength, retard mildew, resist spots and stains.
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TRADE MARK Wat-a-tite REGISTERED
A LASTING Water Repellent Finish for Cottons & Rayon

The Pirate and the General

Continued from pages 43-130

be half of that," Jean smiled.

"And you are angry?"

"I am always angry when I lose so much money," Lafitte nodded, and he put the necklace on her. But a little while after, he took it off her, and along with it her long yellow hair; for in a burst of sympathy she showed him a package of treasonable correspondence she had been conducting with the enemy.

Perhaps there is nothing new about the French custom of so treating a collaborationist female. But her father had influence with the governor, and it was said that clipping her hair was Lafitte's vilest crime. However, that is hardly true.

Afterwards, Lafitte told Dominique, "Love of God, there is no one without a price for treason."

"No one but maybe that damn Yankee General Jackson."

"I don't like Yankees—"

The Yankee General Jackson, sick with fever, suffering from ulcers and dysentery, lay in bed and cursed the citizens of New Orleans. He had good reason to swear. Having made his way to New Orleans with his army of backwoodsmen, having opposed, in doing so, much of the vaccilating Washington government, he discovered the city was ready to fall.

Somewhere to the south was a powerful British army. From one direction or another, the army would make its way north to New Orleans, and it was necessary that the enemy be stopped short of the city. But when it came to the knowledge of the wild, swampy land at the Mississippi's mouth, not only did no two maps agree, but no two citizens of New Orleans agreed on the number or direction of the waterways that led to the gulf.

Jackson called in his friend, Livingston. "There must be someone, Edward, who is sane in this damned comic-opera city!"

"Undoubtedly—"

"Someone who knows the swamp."

"I know someone who knows the swamp," Livingston said quickly. "His name is Lafitte."

A stream of ripe language put an end to that. "I'll hang him to the highest oak in the city," Jackson said.

Livingston subsequently repeated that to Lafitte, and Lafitte's only comment was, "What does the general want done?"

"The waterways blocked."

"They will be blocked," Lafitte said.

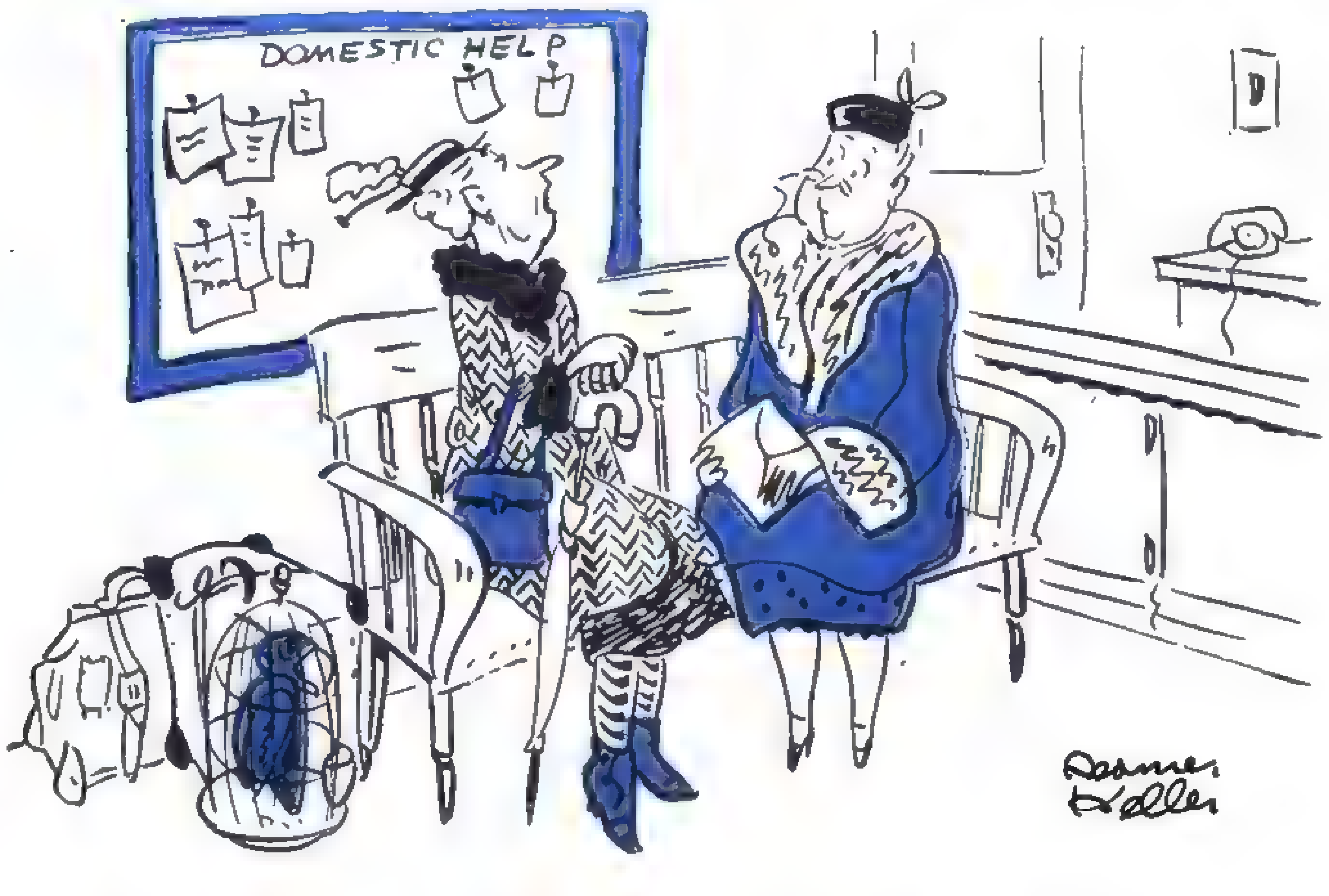
And so they were. Dominique You led a hundred of Lafitte's men up to Jackson's headquarters, where they volunteered for service in the swamp. Did they know the swamp? They said, yes, they had some little knowledge of the swamp. Of course, every Creole present knew who they were, but if the Americans were so stupid, that was their affair. The pirates blocked the swamp. The pirates volunteered for service in the few small gunboats Jackson had. And a week later, Jackson issued a handbill for the arrest of Jean and Pierre Lafitte.

Of course no Creole in New Orleans claimed the reward money that Jackson offered, any more than they had claimed the reward money Governor Claiborne had offered. By this time, the little French town which had so recently come under the jurisdiction of the United States was boiling. Five hundred red-sashed, cutlassed Baratarians owed allegiance to Jean Lafitte; everyone knew they fought like devils, and here was the Yankee madman, Jackson, posting handbills for their arrest instead of making a deal with them.

Well, Jackson had his conception of law and order, as was only fitting in a man who later became President of the United States, but he also had a sense of values, of forces. That is why, when a man showed up at his headquarters, was ushered into his office, and announced, "I am Jean Lafitte," he did not immediately have him taken out and shot. No; instead, he nodded, and said to him:

"Sit down and talk. You have

Continued on page 134



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NEW ERA SHIRT CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Pirate and the General

Continued from pages 43-130-132

fifteen minutes. Then I will order your trial by military court for the following crimes, piracy, larceny, abduction, murder and conniving with the enemy. On any single count, you can be sentenced to death."

It is true, he was a pirate, the Creoles will tell you, but not since the time of Henry Morgan had there been a pirate on so grand a scale; he elevated the profession. But murder—hardly. They will also declare that this Jackson was a hard man. The histories ignore the words that followed. They simply say that Jean Lafitte spoke to Jackson for fifteen minutes and convinced him that the Baratarians could be of service.

"It is true," Lafitte began, "I am pirate. Circumstances make me pirate. Circumstances make you general."

"I don't grant the comparison," Jackson said.

"Naturally. Everyone say, what for that damn fool Lafitte insist on helping American? Cost me maybe half million dollars already. Cost me very nice business down in Barataria."

"To save your neck," Jackson said.

"So? But British also want to save my neck. They make not one deal, but five. Jean—you can have this, or this, or that. Well, whoever win, Lafitte is finished. So I talk a little bit about the rights of man."

"Talk quickly," Jackson said.

"When I am small, I see the Bastille stormed. The citizens take up arms and go to die, and even as very small child, I wonder why; I hear about your Valley Forge. I watch Napoleon—by God, that's one bad man, even if I got maybe his best gunners in my band—"

"His best gunners?" Jackson inquired.

"What then? Dominique You, Captain of Artillery, Peter Vourage, Master of Guns, Jacque Mans, Maurice Fremont—but that is nothing. I talk about rights of man. I know whole story of your revolution, how bad they need guns, powder; what a shame, that is done, and I got five hundred guns put away—"

"With powder and shot?"

"With powder and shot," Lafitte nodded. "I say to myself, do you look into soul and conscience of every man who fight with you? Only good men fight for liberty? How is that, my general? You catalogue each one? Is it bad a tyrant should die with bullet from thief's gun, no? Or maybe it makes man a little better he fight for freedom?"

"These gunners of yours," Jackson answered, "have they artillery?"

Lafitte shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands. "It can be found. For all the men who can serve them, I assure you, there will be cannon enough."

"I offer no pardons," Jackson said.

"True—"

"When the danger is passed, I will be forced to order your arrest."

"Naturally."

"But now we can shake hands," Jackson said.

You can see that this took considerably less than fifteen minutes.

It is not our affair to retell the story of the awful battle of New Orleans. That was the last time an enemy in any force set foot upon American soil, and God grant there will never be such a time again. There have been greater battles than that, but it is doubtful that there was ever one more terrible in the toll American arms took.

For when the battle finished, after two horrible hours, the enemy had lost over three thousand men; our loss was thirteen. And with that battle, our long revolution was finished and a country made here in America.

But something should be noted. When Wellington's veterans attacked our barricades, they expected rifle fire—yet the terrible toll was taken before they ever reached rifle range, by red-sashed, barefooted pirates under the command of Jean Lafitte and Dominique You. They turned the tide of battle. They appeared for two hours on the stage of this country's history, served the guns, their golden earrings flashing, plunged home the ramrods, jammed in the grapeshot, and built in front of the American lines a wall of accurate, devastating artillery fire.

Two years later, the court records of Louisiana showed a conviction and sentence to three years imprisonment for one J. Lafitte. The crime was hijacking a Mississippi flatboat loaded with casks of rum. So the mighty are fallen. It seems that when he came out of jail, he attempted to re-establish himself at Barataria, but the new Yankee administration was in no mood for anything so impractical as pirates, and in one month a police detachment ran him out and burned his hastily-contrived warehouses. Dominique You fatalistically accepted honest employment on a sailing vessel; and when Jean Lafitte attempted to establish a small if somewhat illegal enterprise in New Orleans itself, a court order gave him just three days to leave the city.

He drifted west to Galveston, and after a short residence there, got across the Mexican border just a few steps in front of the sheriff. And in the lonely province of Yucatan, in Mexico, he died without glory.

They say down on the Delta, that he was born too late. "One hundred year earlier," they tell you, "that Jean Lafitte, he is one great man." ⌗

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Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

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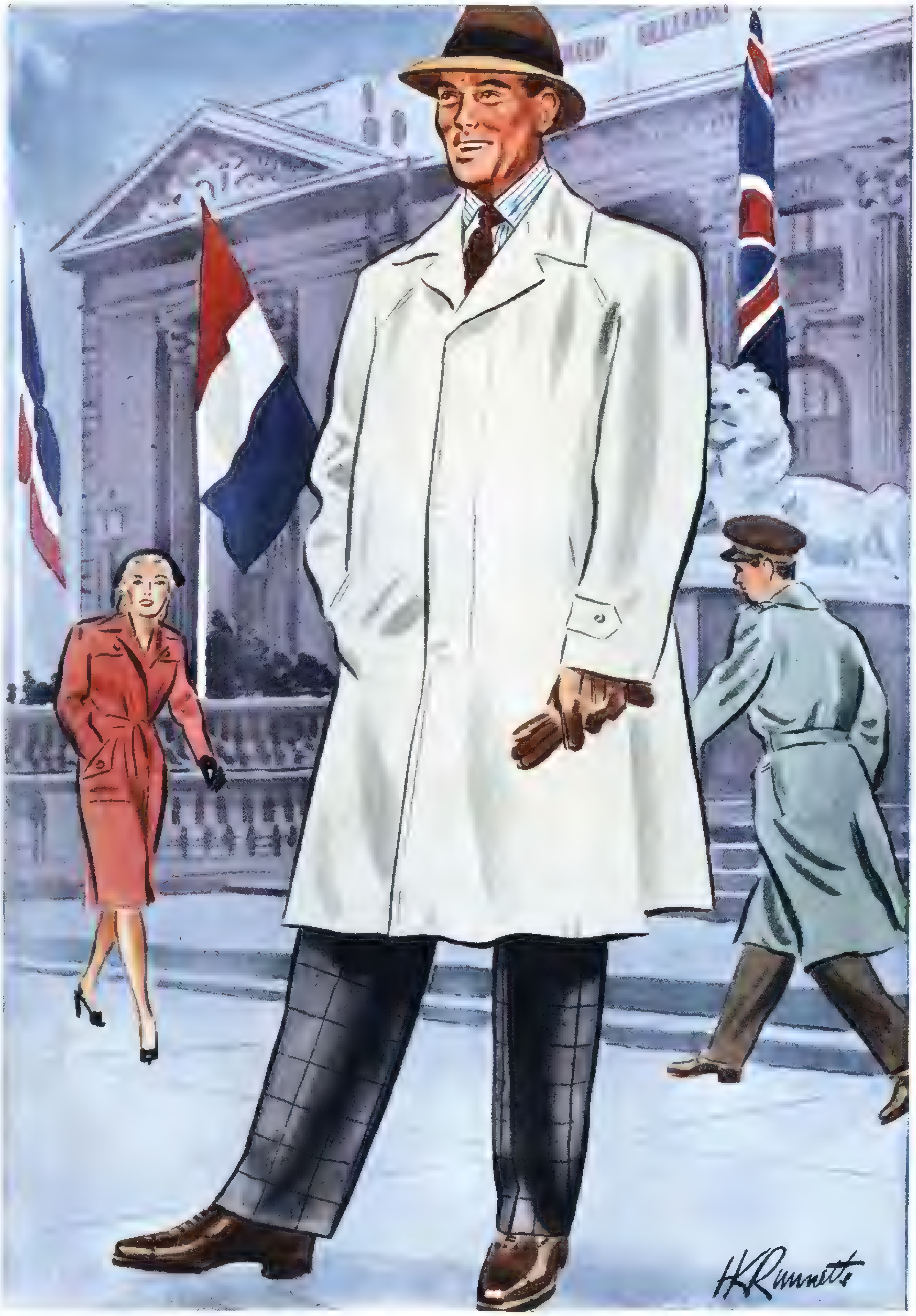
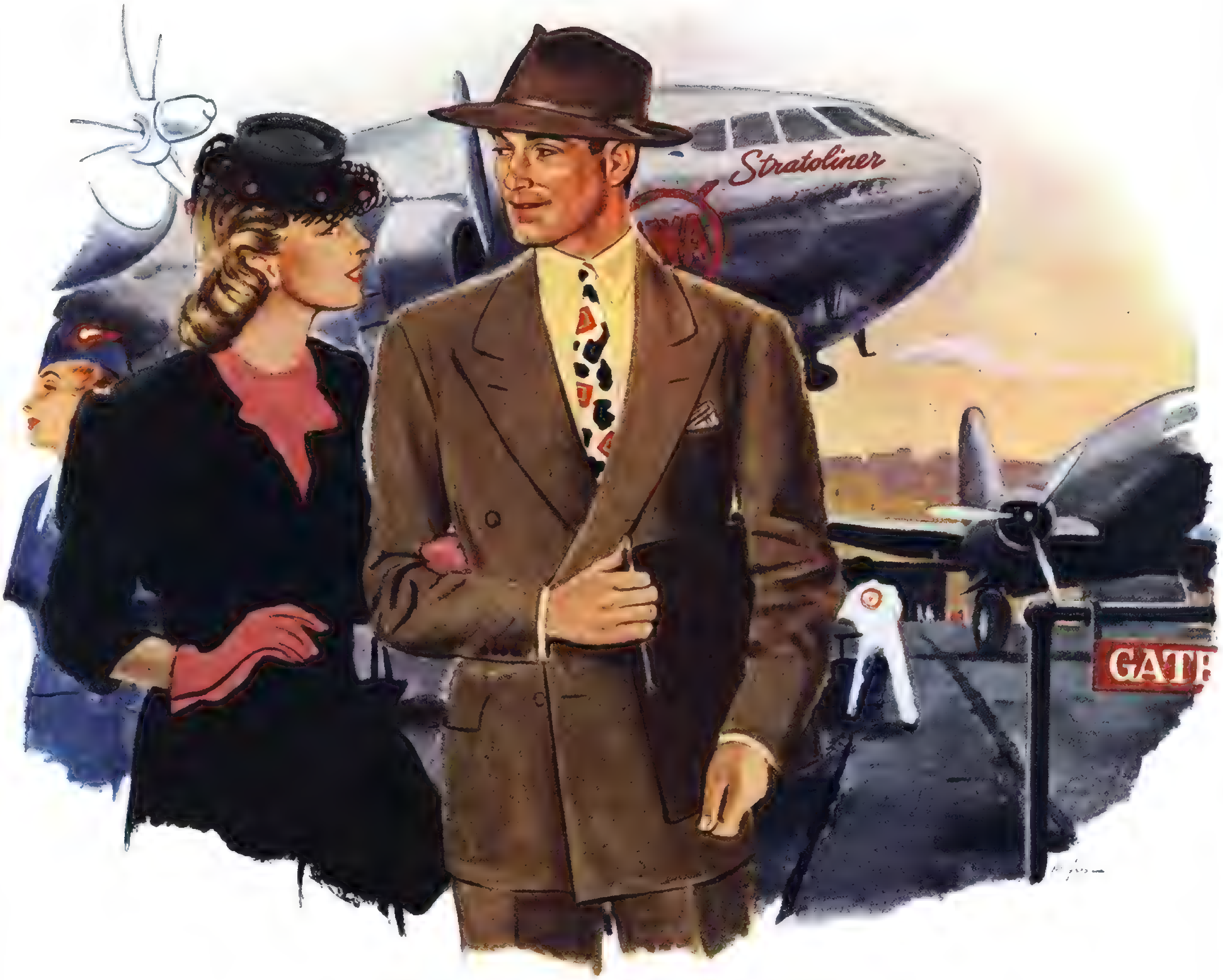


rain beau

The lion reposing in front of the library may be deciding if this bright-eyed pose is going to stop a bus or a belle. The weather man's dour "cloudiness followed by rain," is about to become a reality. If it does, this man fully heeded the warning. His raincoat of processed cotton is lightweight, has raglan shoulders, a fly front and slash pockets. The tabs at the cuffs may be, but seldom are, used for a closer fit. Its length is on the short side, which does not break the gait. His felt hat is worn with the brim turned down all around so that it does not trap the downpour. The rest of his outfit is composed of a striped broadcloth shirt, figured rayon tie, capeskin gloves, overplaid worsted suit and brown straight tip shoes. The dashing Jill flaunts a vivid fashion note. Her bright red raincoat of process rayon gabardine is a refreshing deviation from the usual.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



"I'm glad you got the Stratoliner, darling"
"The plane or the hat?"
"Both!"

The Stetson she's admiring is the De Luxe "Stratoliner"

THE businessman above has his feet on the ground in more ways than one.

His entire outfit is right for the occasion.

The light tan gabardine suit, with red-and-black tie set against a soft cream shirt, lends a brisk, free-and-easy look that spells youth at any age.

This modern, youthful look is accented by the Royal Stetson De Luxe "Stratoliner." Streamlined as the famous planes it is named after and light as a cloud.

Put yourself in this outfit and you're right and ready for almost any informal occasion.

And whatever the occasion or the clothing you're wearing, remember this: there's a style and color of Stetson perfectly suited to them.

The Royal Stetson De Luxe "Stratoliner" shown above is priced at $12.50. The Stetson "Stratoliner" is $7.50. Other Stetson hats are priced to $40. John B. Stetson Company, U. S. and Canada . . . makers of hats for men and women.

. . .

P. S. Remember, loose talk still costs lives . . . keep it under your Stetson.

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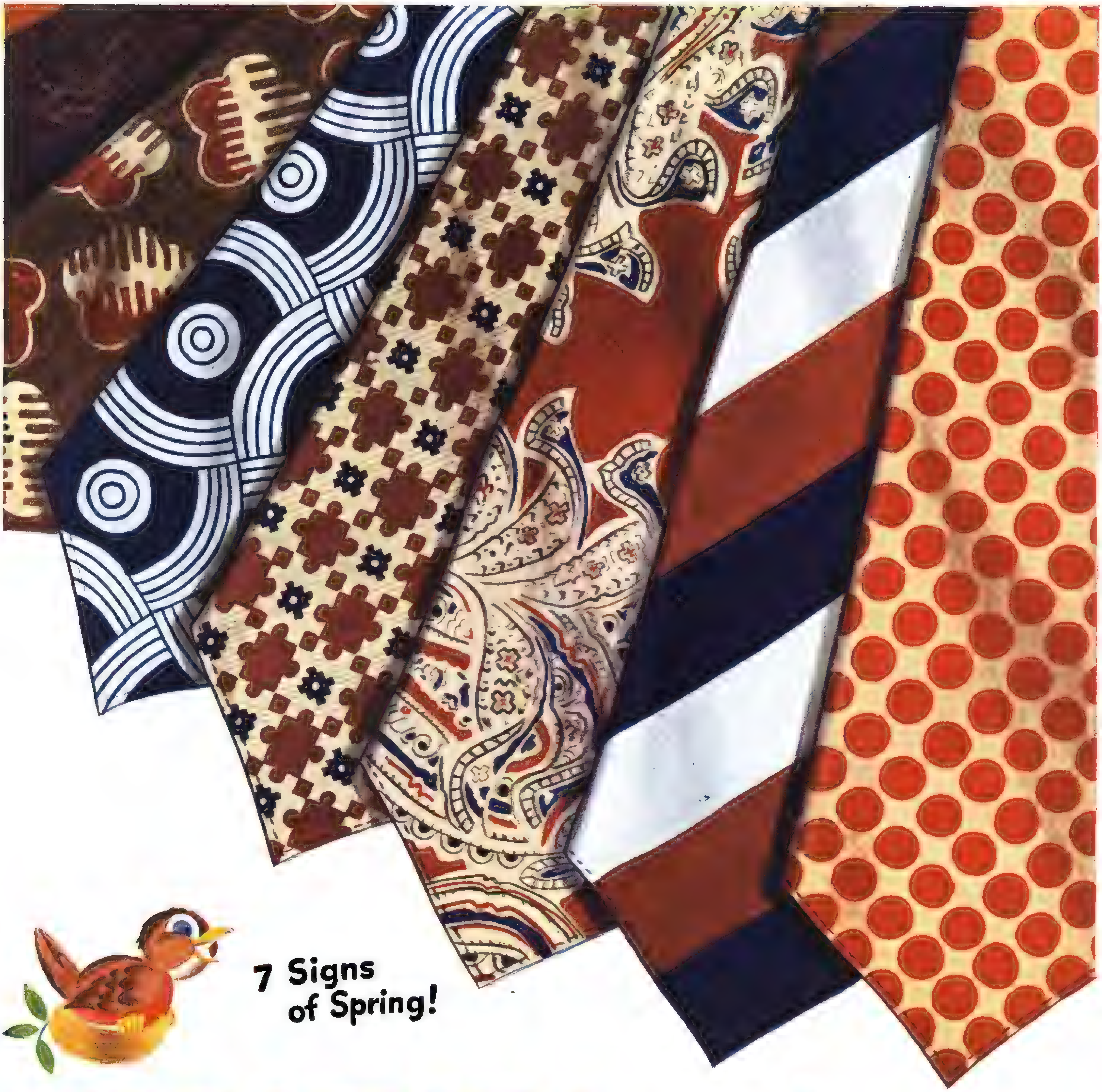

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SUPER SHORTS • SKIPPER SPORTSWEAR • WILCREST TIES • BUFFER SOCKS

The Odyssey of Old Specs

Continued from page 69

low tree at the first far sound of the hunt and lain quivering while the world howled outside his walls.

Not long after this, fall passed on overnight; a north wind rose at dusk and before morning the forest was white with snow. Specs sought his old den in an ancient oak. His mate had disappeared two days before, and so had most of the other coons of the swamp. The torpor of approaching hibernation was heavy upon him and he would not have pulled the head of the choicest young pullet had it run straight into his paws.

That spring he overslept; in fact, it was an urgent bite from his mate that finally roused him. She had come in search of him, bringing her sheaves with her—four tiny coons, each with a Foxy Grandpa pair of spectacles on his nose, diminutive replicas of Specs himself. Specs wasn't particularly impressed, but as time went on and it became evident that they were inexorably attached to his days and ways, the foibles of fatherhood had their way with him.

That summer Specs' education reached its height. He fought his fights with relish and dispatch. No flies settled on him now. He was a mature coon of really remarkable size: twenty-five pounds in weight and nearly three feet long. Few boars could stand up against him. Parenthood had wrought in him an inner maturity to match the outer.

Most of Specs' strategy came to him instinctively out of the massed wisdom of his kind, who had established the original coon stations in these woods, practiced their banditry and died before rifles and under the fangs of dogs for centuries. He did the right things under stress as if he had always known about them.

It was that summer that he earned his name in the countryside. One late afternoon he was cornered in Sam Wetherwax's barn; a big hogshead was thrown over him and a stout timber braced between it and the barn roof to hold him in while Sam went to fetch some friends. There is a set and ancient etiquette to coon hunting and the law is that only the dogs must do the killing. Even among poachers and poor-whites this rule is rarely broken. Sam wanted more dogs and a friend or two to share the tableau with him.

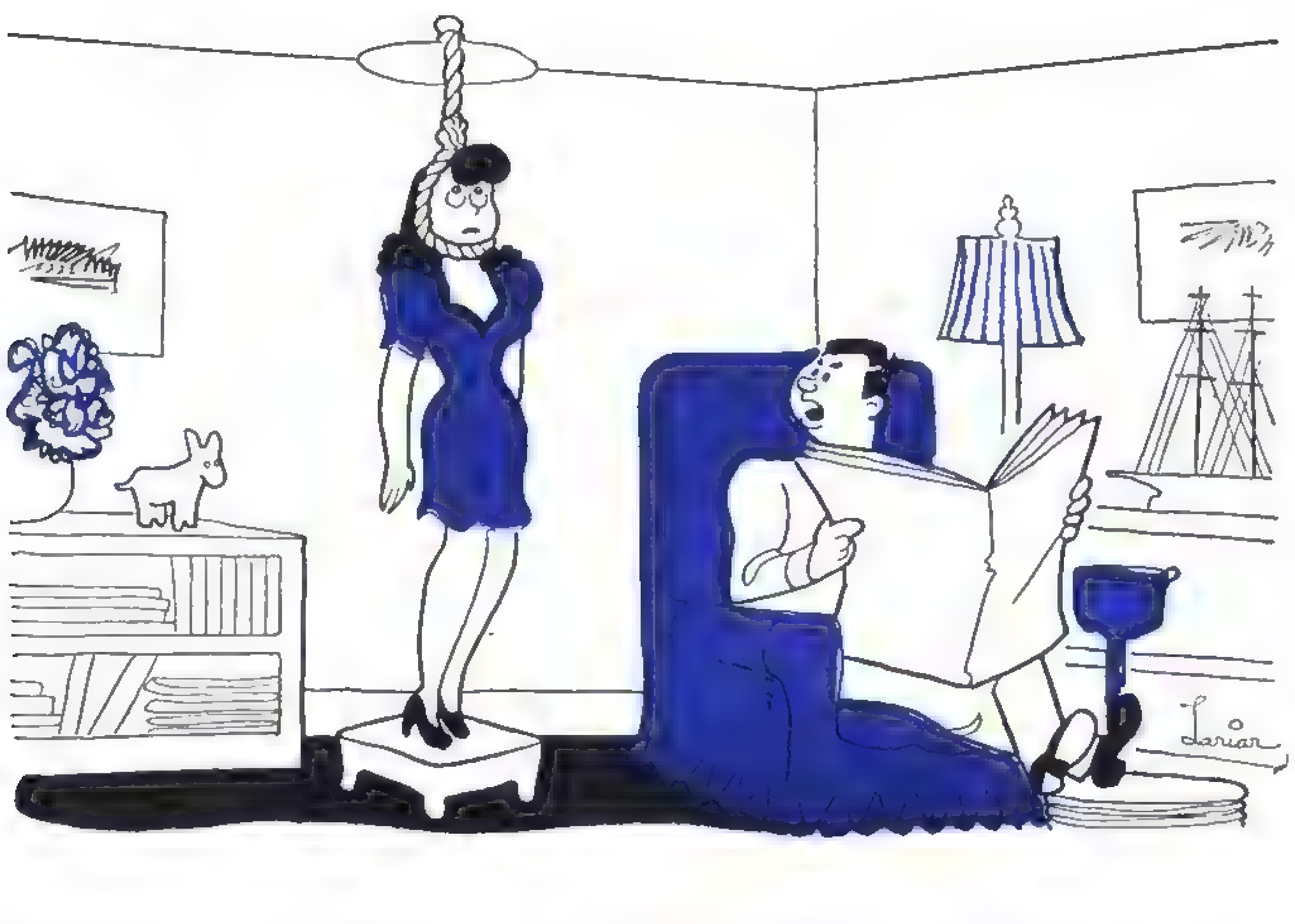
But when the men returned, the timber had fallen and Specs had tunneled to freedom. This Houdini-like performance made the big coon famous throughout the district, for Sam stressed the matter of the dark ringed spectacles. Old Specs, he was called from then on, for hunters took it for granted he was an old and weathered coon because of his size.

By the time fall came Specs had been seen by at least half a dozen hunters, usually under the most incriminating circumstances—laying waste to some orchard or just emerging red-handed from a chicken coop. Each time a hunter took his dogs out for a night's "shining," he hoped to be the one to hang up Old Spec's hide. But men continued to match their wits against him in vain, for he had become a very Talleyrand of the woods.

One reason for this was that no one had ever discovered Specs' home tree. It was in a hollow high up in an aged pine. The opening was not visible from the ground and from the day his young 'uns were able to climb, Specs never allowed any of the family to enter by the front door direct. On going forth or returning he would lead his little following along an arboreal route, from bough to bough and tree to tree, which no man could find or dog smell out.

As fall drew on he initiated the family into the dangers of farmyard raids. It was returning from one of these forays that they heard the deep-toned yelping bellows of the coon pack coming through the swamp woods, broken through by the shrill whistles of hunters. One of the big coon hunts of the season was on; fur-

Continued on page 140



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CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**
WATER
The Life of the Drink

The Odyssey of Old Specs

Continued from pages 69-139

thermore, the hunt was between them and home. They circled wide, but presently short, frenzied yips signaled that the dogs had come upon the fresh trail. They were coming fast. If the coons separated and ran for it one or two of the youngsters would inevitably be overtaken and killed. If they kept together they would be treed and most of them would perish. Specs waited till the last minute, then turned back to carry out the immemorial code that male coons have kept for centuries. He would face the pack alone, draw them off and hold them till the family reached the river.

As the first of the dogs came rushing up, a black-masked form hurled itself out of the thickets and wrapped itself about his neck and head like a deadly hood. Specs had learned well the lesson of swift offensive. Dirklike teeth met in the nape of the dog's neck and one of his silky ears was torn to ribbons before he broke away. Then the pack of six swept up.

The odds against Specs were overwhelming and no slightest quarter could be expected, yet he did not hesitate. The hard, dilated pupils of his eyes shone like phosphor as he flung himself into their midst, sounding the churring battle cry of his kind. For a minute nothing was visible but a whirling, heaving wave of dogs, nose-hubbed. Then the wave broke and the big raccoon, still unimpaired, upreared like a young bear as four hunters came up: Deacon Soames, Doc Eastman and the Ballard boys, carrying a lantern.

The Deacon had never forgiven Specs. As the light showed up the coon's spectacled face, he raised his rifle, his white beard jerking furiously. The law of the coon hunt might have been broken that night had not Doc Eastman jerked the gun aside in time.

Spec's fighting tactics were like those of a skilled boxer in a street fight. He was as hard to hold down as quicksilver, and again and again he broke seemingly fatal holds by slipping imperceptibly within his loose hide. Making desperate dashes here and there to avoid being surrounded, he finally got his back up against a phalanx of thorny greenbrier where the dogs had to come at him one or two at a time. Within two minutes thereafter, two of the pack backed away howling, with necks gashed by the coon's razor-edge claws and pads bitten through.

Before another concerted attack, Specs, in a series of rushes, gained a hundred feet in the direction of the river, with dogs snapping at his head and at both flanks. Low to the ground and

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perfectly balanced, he ducked, backed and side-stepped with a science no dog could equal. The blackness of the thickets was all in his favor and dog bit dog without knowing it in the mad melee. When the men caught up with their lanterns, they found the coon locked jowl to throat with Baldy, the Ballard's hound. As the two threshed about, Specs wrapped himself around the dog's neck and head, and Baldy finally dragged himself into the bushes to stay.

Still silent and terribly efficient, Specs closed with another dog, taking bite after bite from the pack in order to gain a hold with his forty fighting teeth. The lantern was upset in the flurry and when it was lit again the dog limped to his master with his throat terribly gashed.

Specs was bleeding from a dozen wounds when he made a final stand with his back to a tree. Less than a hundred feet now to the water. The men came running and shouting, trying to head him back. But Specs pulled a surprise charge instead of a retreat. His thick coat bristling until he seemed double his size and a dog hanging to his scut of a tail, he dashed between the long legs of Stan Ballard and down to the water.

All the dogs except the Ballard coon-hound, Lucy, had had enough by now. When Specs dove into the stream, Lucy jumped in after, wild with killing fury. Instinct told Specs just what to do. As Lucy swam up to close with him, Specs whirled about, climbed upon her head and rode her down. She struggled valiantly, but only succeeded in sinking deeper.

Specs sank with her, his black fingers working dark diableries on her jowl and windpipe. Finally from the opposite shore the men heard Specs bark triumphantly.

"That's him," said Stan Ballard glumly. "Reckon we'll find what's left of Lucy floatin' in the lower crick tomorrow. Next time I let a dog of mine in the water with a coon, I don't!"

Doc Eastman produced a consoling flask. "Two dogs out o' business and two dogs killed, out of seven—and only one coon," he said. "Boys, I reckon none of us'll live to see a fight like that again. Why, I don't know as we ought to even tell about it! They'll just think us bigger liars than we are."

As they tramped home, Steve Ballard spoke. "I'm sort o' glad he got away. I don't know but mebbe I wish nobody ever does hang up Old Specs' hide. Sort of a credit to these woods, he is."

But Specs himself was neither concerned nor curious about the praise of men. His battle had marked the end of family duties, and that very night as the late moon rose, he attended the big fall conclave of male coons and took his rightful place as the moving spirit of the gang.

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...delicious with soda

They also serve... who BUY and HOLD War Bonds

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

Latin Americans Are Different

Continued from page 56

Tweedledee, as it were. And second, in most of our countries revolution is the only way of getting a change of administration at all."

It is a fact that in Latin America the party in power seldom loses an election. Mexico, which has had its share of revolutions, held its last national election July 7, 1940. Elections are held on Sunday in Mexico, as in most Latin American countries. And since Sunday in many villages is a day of fiesta rather than a day of rest—often the chief market day as well—a maximum of excitement is guaranteed.

Under the Mexican system, each polling place falls to the supervision of the first five qualified voters who present themselves on the morning of election day. The struggle of opposing parties to secure control of polling places can be readily imagined Once a party gets control, it tries to prevent the opposition from voting. The effectiveness of this device may be judged by the fact that in the 1940 election Lázaro Cárdenas, then president of Mexico, was prevented from voting when he appeared at the polls. The Almazanistas had gained control in his precinct!

Though political democracy, as we understand it, seems more nominal than real in most Latin American countries, their brand of social democracy differs significantly from ours. Economic class lines, to be sure, are firmly drawn. On the one hand you have people of wealth, culture, aristocratic lineage; on the other, the masses, mostly peasants, living in unbelievable poverty and spiritual degradation.

But Latin Americans share little of our feeling about race. Except perhaps in white Uruguay and Argentina, Negroes, numbering about fifteen per cent of the population, enjoy full equality of opportunity, socially, economically, politically.

Race riots in the United States arouse in Latin Americans something of the same curious interest that their political revolutions arouse in us. Thoughtful Latin Americans acknowledge our material superiority and envy our orderly political processes. But our inability to cope satisfactorily with racial problems affords them a comforting contrast.

Perhaps because through this chink in our armor a flattering light falls upon them, they make much of racial difficulties in the United States. Luís Alberto Sánchez y Sánchez, writing about us in *Un Sudamericano en Norte América*, devotes two long chapters to the

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For further reference on this fashion footnote, see your nearest Holeproof counter. Pacemaking Pacer (garter attached sock) will be back later. HAVE YOU BOUGHT A BOND TODAY?

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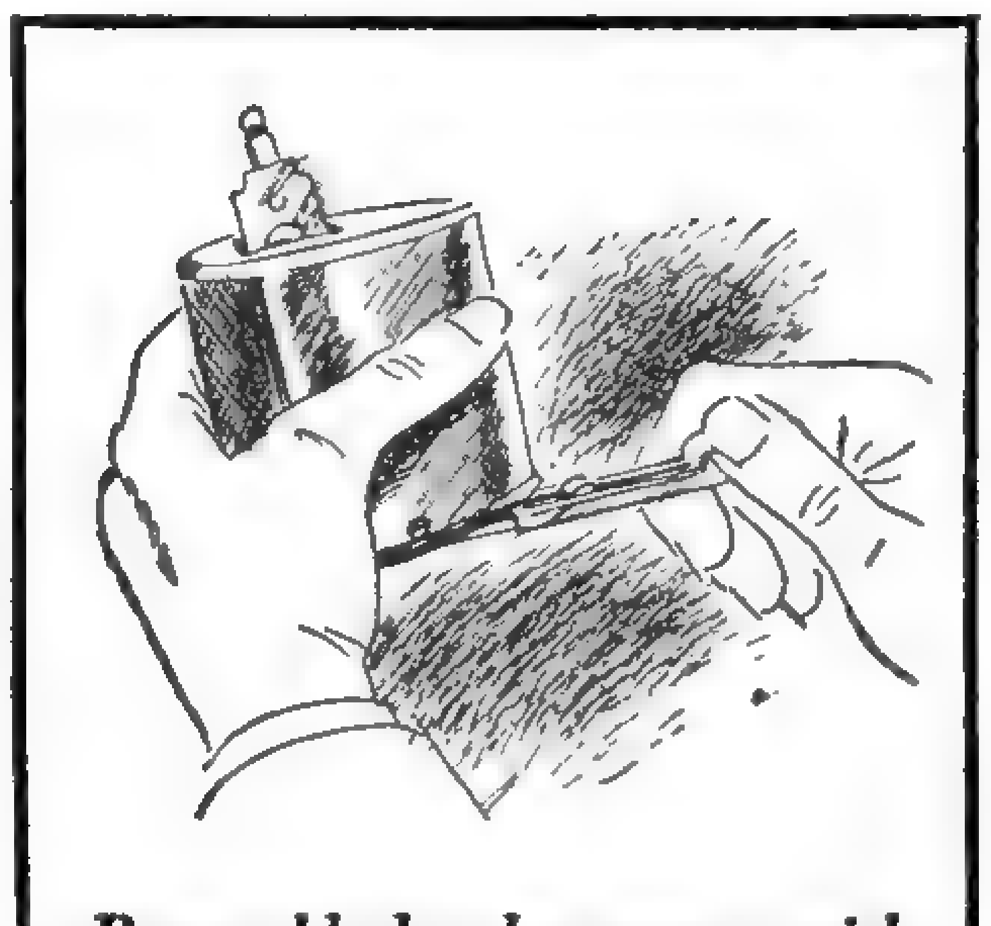
Negro problem. During the Detroit race riots in 1943, *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, one of South America's leading newspapers, reproduced a photograph three columns wide in the upper-right-hand corner of the front page—the picture of a Negro, his arms held by two policemen, being struck in the face by a white man. "A cowardly assault by a white," read part of the caption.

Latin Americans are especially sensitive about this matter of color. Their skin, cream-and-coffee color, verges through all the gradations to dark brown. Eyes are usually black, hair heavy and black. Many of them in race-conscious sections of the United States could easily be mistaken for mulattoes. After all, one Latin American country, Haiti, is almost entirely Negro.



Razor blade sharpener with abrasive rollers provides hollow ground edge.

Informed Latin Americans tend to ask themselves two questions: Would we, if we went to the United States, run the risk of embarrassment because of the color of our skin? Do North Americans, in spite of the Good Neighbor policy, secretly regard us as belonging to an inferior race?

A partial answer to the first question appears in the fact that agencies concerned with awarding scholarships to Latin Americans usually assign the darker-skinned candidates to universities in the northern states. After all, a single embarrassing incident could quite possibly destroy in Latin America the good will created by months, or even years, of effort. As to the second question, Latin Americans cannot entirely ignore the frequent contemptuous treatment of Mexicans in some of our border states.

England, our friendly but inevitable competitor for the postwar Latin American market, enjoys an advantage over us in this matter of racial prejudice. The British cultural institutes in Latin America, for instance, sometime employ highly-trained Negro teachers from Jamaica on their staffs, side by side with white teachers from Oxford and Cambridge. Such quiet but unmistakable evidence of the lack of color prejudice on the part of the British does not pass unnoticed

Continued on page 144

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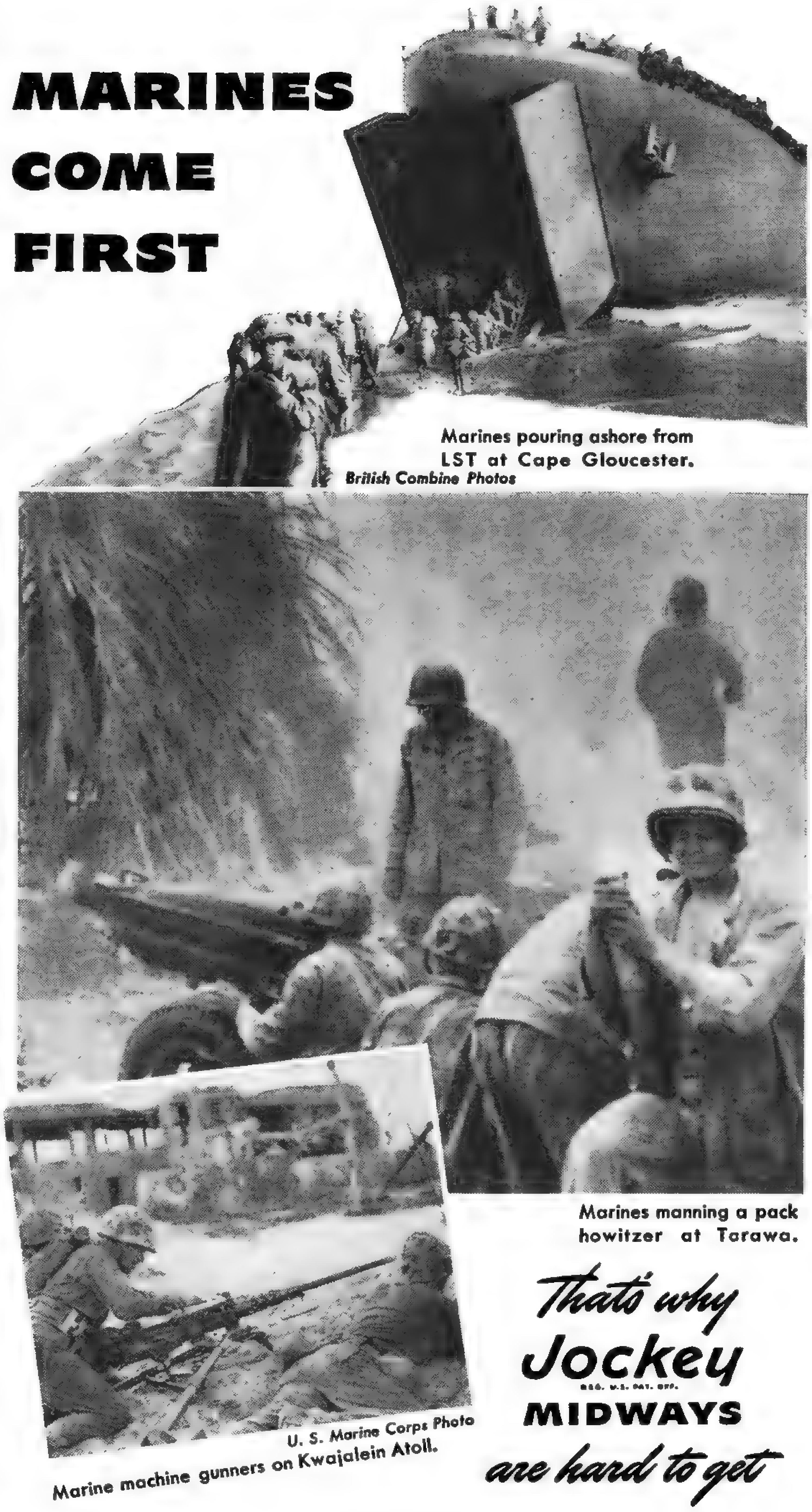

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British Combine Photos

Marines manning a pack howitzer at Tarawa.

U. S. Marine Corps Photo
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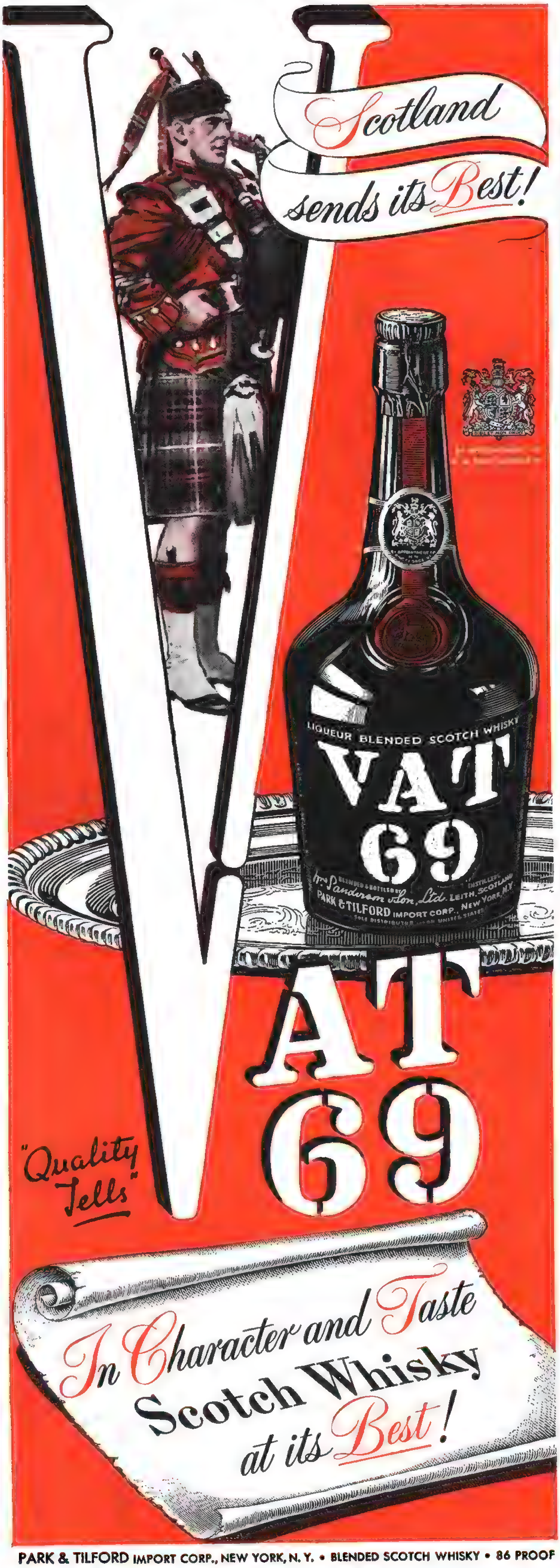
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Latin Americans Are Different

Continued from pages 56-143

by Latin Americans. The American cultural institutes in Central and South America, operating more or less indirectly under our Department of State, have not adopted a similar disarming policy.

Carleton Beals, in a recent article, quoted a Mexican foreign affairs official as saying that racial discrimination along with our support of dictatorships are two important factors threatening our leadership in Latin America.

Religion marks a third important difference between the United States and Latin America. Latin America is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic. Among the 41,000,000 inhabitants of Brazil, for instance, only 167,000 are Protestants. Very few of these are converts. Most are immigrants, especially Germans, who have retained their native beliefs. Bogotá, Colombia, a city of 331,000 inhabitants, boasts a single Protestant church, its occasional services attended only by foreigners. Eucador forbids the entry of all foreign clergymen, and many other countries are not exactly hospitable. Ludwig Bemelmans in one of his books speaks of a Presbyterian missionary who abandoned his efforts after converting only forty natives in thirty years—and those largely by giving them money, drink and food. There is probably more than a little truth in his facetious observation that the natives don't like religions where the priest lacks the power to forgive sins.

Few Americans who have not lived in Latin America appreciate the great hold the church has over the people. I have been in humble, one-room huts in Mexico where the most important object was a shrine to the Virgin Mary. And I have visited costly residences in Bogotá where in the principal room the principal object was likewise a religious shrine.

Paths, roads, highways—all pass or lead to places of worship. Shrines or chapels almost invariably crown prominent mountain peaks. Religious place names dot the maps of South America. Vera Cruz means the "true cross." Santo Domingo is "holy Sunday."

To all Latin Americans, as to most foreigners, the skyscraper, dedicated to the god of business, symbolizes the United States. The obvious architectural symbol of Latin America is the cathedral—dedicated to God. Latin Americans habitually externalize their ideals and aspirations in terms of their religion. Their Christ of the Andes is to them as much a symbol of a political ideal as our own Statue of Liberty.

One of the best-known poems

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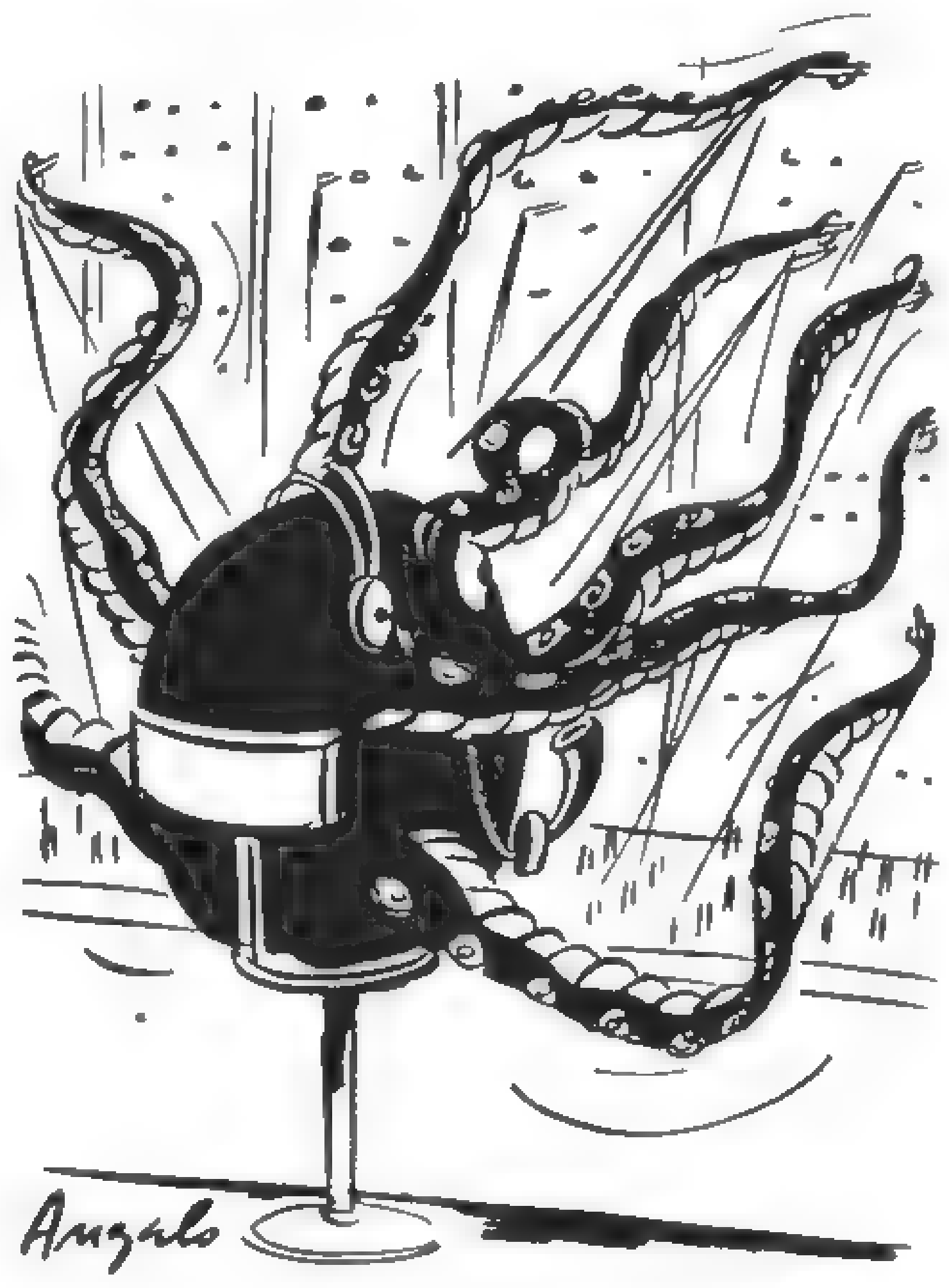
of the famous Latin American poet, the Nicaraguan Rubén Dario, embodies a condemnation of North American materialism and—as they see it—paganism. It is called *To Theodore Roosevelt:*

> . . . You're primitive and modern,
> you're simple and complex . . .
> You are the United States.
> You are the future foe
> Of free America that keeps its Indian blood,
> That prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks in Spanish still.
>
> You are a fine example of a fine and haughty race . . .
> The United States are rich; they are powerful and great . . .
> They join the cult of Mammon to the cult of Hercules . . .
> And when they stir or roar, the very Andes shake . . .
> But though you count on all, one thing is lacking—God.



The differences between the United States and Latin America in political philosophy, in racial prejudice, and in religion must be fully understood and discounted if the Good Neighbor policy is really to prosper. Before the war, the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Japan were competing for the South American market. Even if Germany and Japan should be eliminated from the competition after the war, Russia will enter powerfully upon the scene. Under the leadership of the late Ambassador Oumansky of Mexico, the Soviet made a strong bid for Latin American favor.

Organized Latin American opposition to foreign influence grows by the hour. Argentina has already begun negotiations for a customs union with Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay, and is making motions at Brazil. If the United States is to maintain her prestige—and trade relationships—in Latin America, she must not only win out over countries with lower production costs, she must also triumph over the handicap of differing profoundly from most Latin American countries in her political philosophy, her racial attitude and her religion. ⧺

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Crush it!...
Twist it!...
Knot it!...
Not a Wrinkle!
Wembley
MADE OF Priestley's
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH
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WEMBLEY TIES of imported Nor-East Non-Crush fabric maintain high *quality*, but are limited in *quantity*. When more fabric is available from England, you'll be able to get all you want. Meanwhile, select Bar Harbor Blue in Wembley's new wartime all-wool fabric—at better stores everywhere.

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Souvenir of Wartime Oahu

Continued from page 40

is now one long chain of hamburger stands, curio shops and pin-ball parlors.

Those Americans from the United States who remember Oahu as it was before the war, who came here once upon a time on the luxury liners and lived in the hotels along Waikiki beach, will be interested to learn that the playgrounds of those palmy days are now overrun with Army and Navy personnel. The Royal Hawaiian has been taken over by the Navy. The Moana and the Halekulani are still in business for themselves, which means that they can still put up some of those rare birds called civilians. But due to the fact that there is a war on and that business is awfully good, all hotel guests have to put up with a few inconveniences. The wartime transient has to take what he can get, pay through the nose for it, and like it. However, it is reasonable and reassuring to assume that when the tourists start coming back after the war, the hotels will do something about the bellboys who expect dollar tips for dragging a couple of ice cubes up to your room. And chances are bright that in the glorious postwar world, when the bona fide tourists do a little complaining, the management of the hotels at Waikiki will finally get around to doing something about the cockroaches.

The most amazing thing about the Hawaiian islands is the younger generation. In them you find one of the great contradictions to Kipling. They are the color of the East, and the South East, and their eyes are Eastern, and—Oriental fashion—they like to walk barefooted. But the high school girls dress like the bobby-sock brigade, and the boys wear pants of a shape so drastically drape, and a pleat so remarkably reet, that a home-grown zoot suiter back in Harlem would look at them and gasp.

These Polynesian Oriental-Americans are very solid cats. In their own patois, which is a staccato pidgin English, they croon the latest pop tunes from the States, and argue over the relative merits of Bing and The Voice. They hang calf-eyed around the juke boxes, jitterbug like fiends, and their diet seems to consist mainly of frankfurters and Coca-Cola. A short time ago their grandfathers were great warriors and great fishermen.

Honolulu is a hot, bustling town, compounded of cultures that are rare, medium, and well done, indistinguishable from any other wartime boom town except for the coconut trees and the slant to the eyes of most of the populace. Loaded with soldiers, sailors, marines, Civil Service civilians from the mainland, it has become a big city.

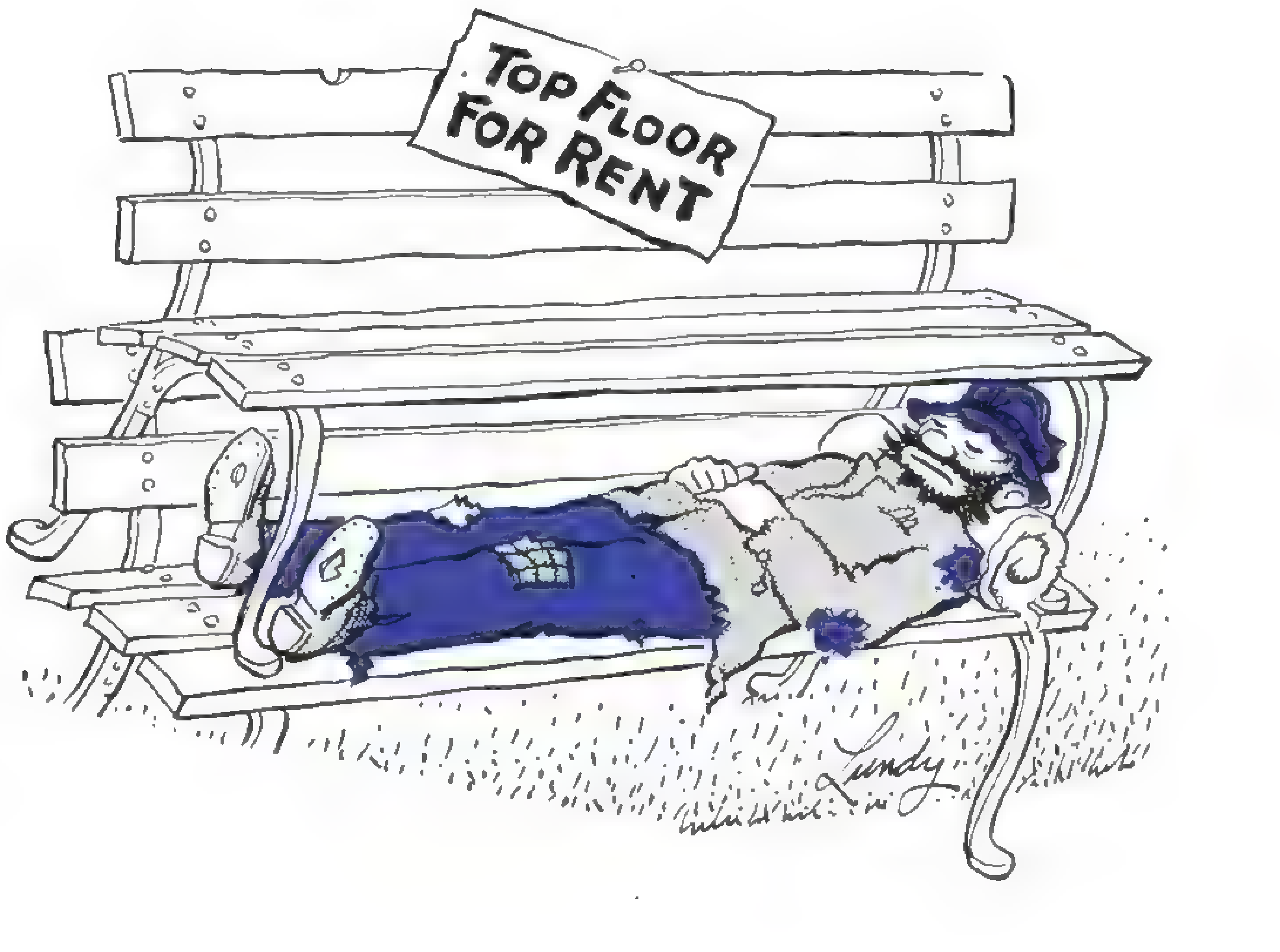
Like every big city, Oahu makes a kind of music. The music it makes is an imitative echo of the McCoy—like a symphony played on one string of a ukelele.

But there is an escape from all of this.

Up in the hills, and around the edges of the shore, Oahu suddenly blossoms into an immense, an overwhelming beauty. Here, Oahu makes an ancient, a really indigenous music.

The white residents of Oahu know enough to close up shop early in the afternoon and retire to their homes up in the hills or around the shore. On the shore the surf rides right up to their front lawns and every night the sunset over Diamond Head is right there—right in their front windows.

Up in the hills they live in the midst of the fabulously rich hibiscus bushes and eucalyptus trees. They have wide-open houses with fine Japanese gardens and views clear down to the horizon. They are far from the barkers and the traffic of Honolulu, far from the hot greasepan smell of Waikiki, far from the madding crowd. When you visit the hills, or the secluded parts of the shore, you suddenly know why this must have been a paradise before the war, and why men will hunger all their lives to get back to Oahu. ###



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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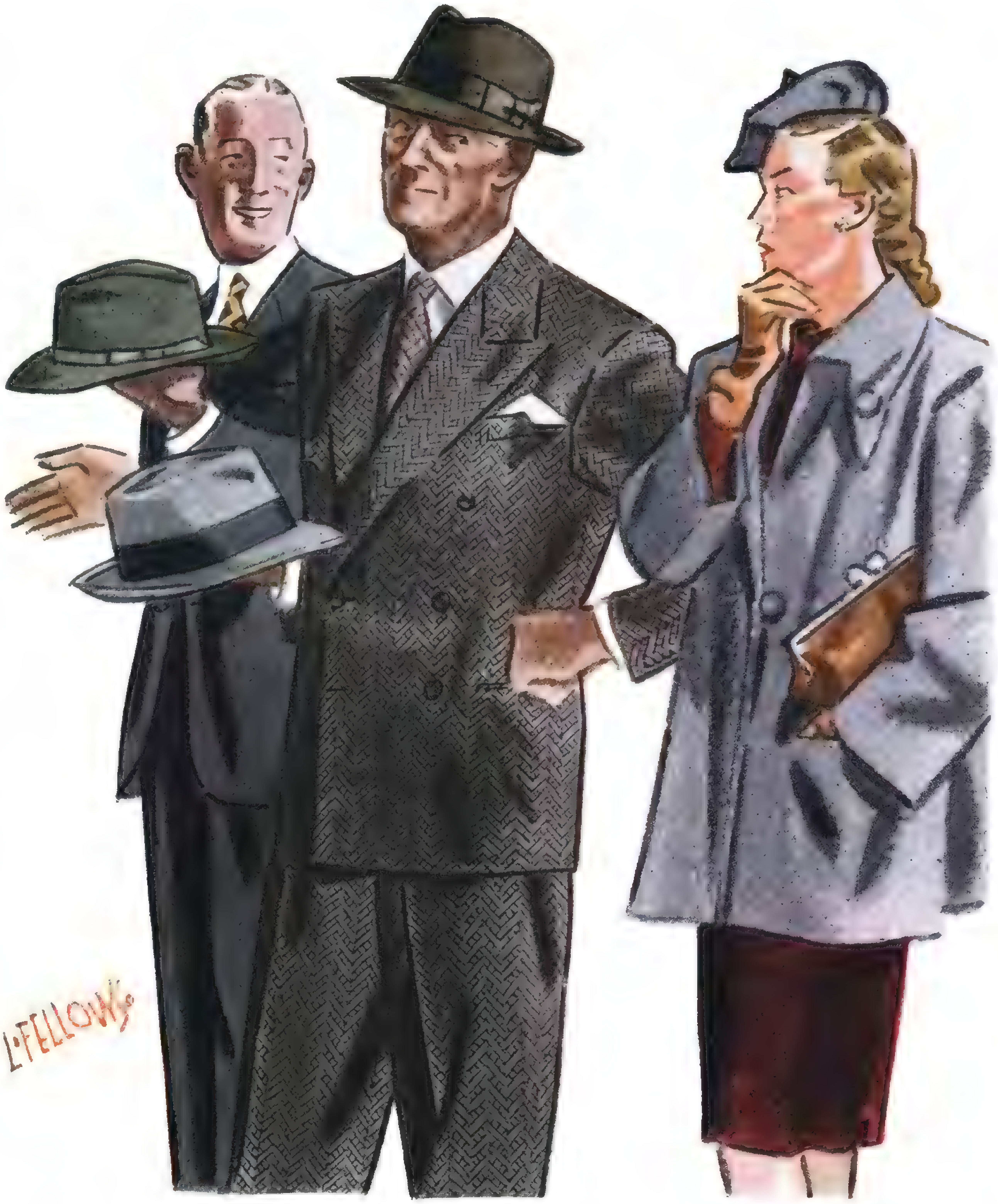
THIS WHISKEY IS 5½ YEARS OLD. 100 PROOF. JAMES E. PEPPER & CO., LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



two are better than one

Some women—like the wife of this hat-buying gentleman—have a good feel for men's clothes. Two heads can think better than one, and their corporate selection is narrowed down to three hats. The one he is wearing is a grey-brown hat with tapering crown and welt edge. The grey felt in his hand is practically the same, except for the wider brim. Chances are he will choose the one he has on, because there is a tendency to prefer narrower brims. Both hats are for town wear. Still under consideration is the greyish-green, crusher style felt which can be worn pork-pie fashion or with a pinch front. How about following a new version of the proverb—two hats are better than one—and buying this one too? It will come in handy on week-ends. The customer's lighter tone suit is of unfinished worsted with a subdued herringbone effect and fine red stripe.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

NO OTHER SHOES
in the world like these

Other shoes are good-looking. Other shoes are comfortable. But no shoes *can be made* that give you the kind of comfort and the kind of long-lived style that Arch Preservers give you.

Because the wonderful Arch Preserver construction is protected by nine basic patents—it *can't* be copied. And it is this construction that not only keeps your feet in shape, but keeps your shoes in shape, too.

Active men who are careful about their dress as well as about their feet, choose Arch Preservers. Find your dealer in the classified phone book. Write us for new booklet.

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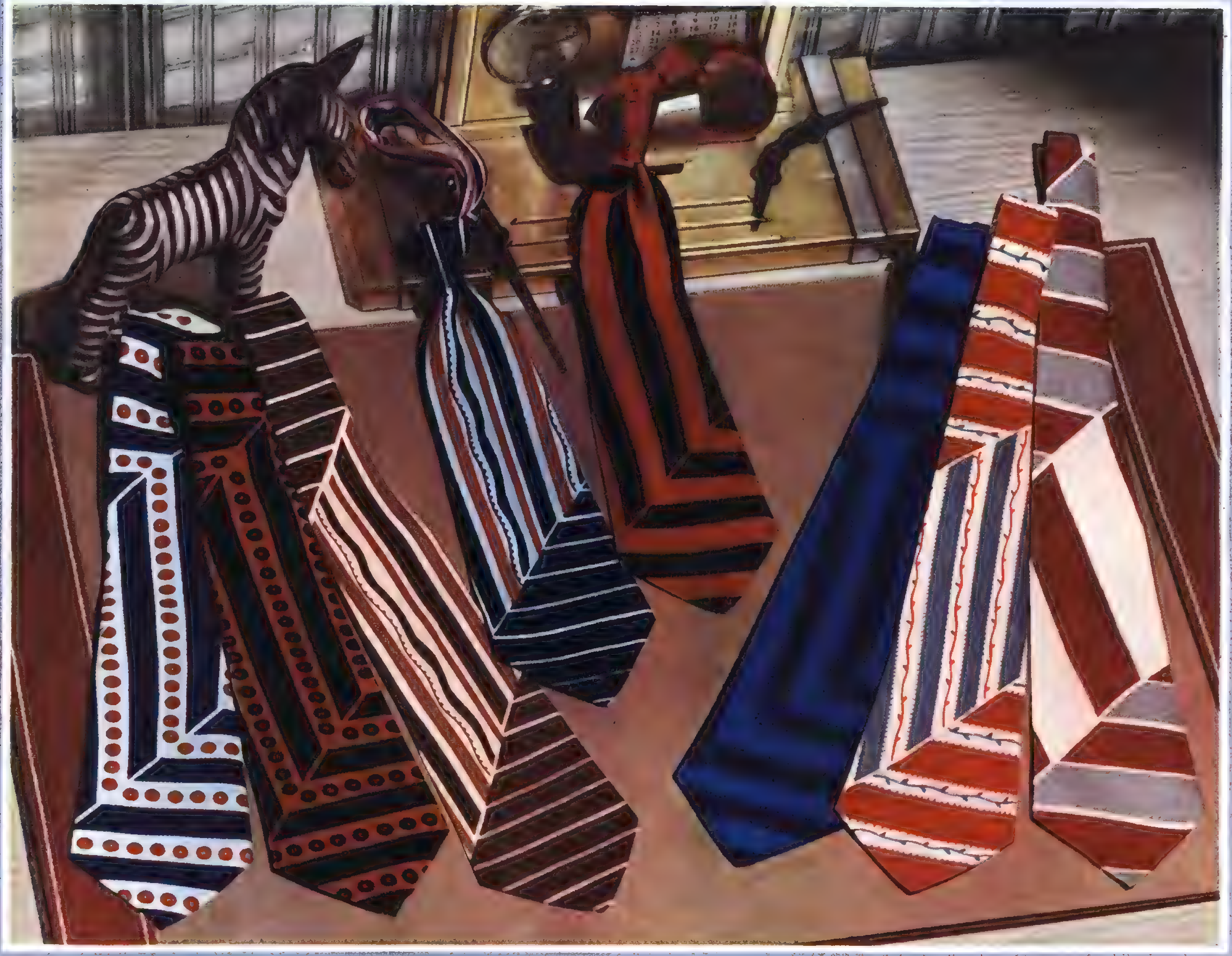
SHOES

For Women, Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio. *For Boys,* Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa. *In Canada, for Men,* Scott-McHale, London, Ont.



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Luxurious Full Lined Scarf

3.50

Sharp, severe patterns designed to run down your tie instead of on the conventional "diagonal." Some of the stripings are set at right angles. Here is another "fashion first" conceived by McCurrach stylists. Ask to see the McCurrach label at better stores everywhere. Write for booklet, "Necktie Notes"—hints on color harmony; how to tie a Windsor and other knots.

McCurrach

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

The End of Indian Summer

Continued from page 55

lessons," Miss Gillespie explained. "*Si la jeunesse connaît, si la vieillesse pouvait.*"

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "If youth knew, if age could. An utter lie Mr. Rogers."

Mr. Rogers left quickly.

At the corner stood the grinning rival detective. "Any luck?"

Mr. Rogers continued: "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, I thought we might pool what we know."

Mr. Rogers was tempted. Together they might have the grounds needed to arrest the human spider. The detective wondered briefly with whom Mr. Raymond was insured. Then he remembered Triumphant had insulted him by putting another man on the job. "You go to hell," he said, and walked away.

As soon as Mr. Rogers appeared late the next morning, the detective greeted him. His air was dejected now, his smile angry. "I thought you might be interested to know," he said bitterly, "that they've skipped."

Mr. Rogers forgot all barriers of pride. He jumped to his feet. "God! When? Where did they go?"

The other man named a town twenty miles away. The pair had entrained several hours before. Where they were now, he said vindictively, God only knew.

"Why the speed?" asked Rogers.

"I thought maybe you talked too much yesterday. What the devil did you say?"

"Why, I only offered to buy the house," Mr. Rogers said weakly. His heart was sick for the old man, now past all help.

"That did it. That was all a certain party was waiting for, maybe, to see how easy it would be to sell the house." Mr. Rogers cursed furiously. His friend said, "Now that it won't do any good, I'm Saunders, from Reliable."

They shook hands. "But—where do you come into this?" Mr. Rogers demanded. "Reliable didn't insure any of her husbands."

"What husbands?" said Saunders. "I'm talking about Raymond's wives. That old coot had six that we know of. All drowned in the bathtub on the honeymoon."

"All three of her husbands that we wrote were dead and cremated in a few days," said Rogers. The two investigators checked facts rapidly. "What to do?" Rogers said. "We don't know where they've gone. We haven't any case for sending out an alarm. And those babies work fast."

"Take it easy," said Saunders. "It all depends on whether she takes her first bath before she gets a crack at his breakfast food. . . . Or vice versa." ⧺

N°4711.

perfection in perfumes

In L'OFFRANDE . . . the offering . . . so provocative in its implications . . . so discreet in its impression . . . the sensitive art of perfume blending finds highest expression. Other distinguished 4711 PERFUMES include Geranium Rose and Lavender concentrates, exquisite distillations of the very heart of nature's blossoms.

N°4711. FAMOUS FOR CLASSIC EAU DE COLOGNE

*Synchro-Flex STABILITY

means you get more than fine shoes

There are several fine shoes on the market, but Smith Synchro-Flex★British Walkers are *more* than that. Long-wearing—of course. Correctly styled—certainly! And in addition, *Synchro-Flex stability (from patented construction) to give you a new, exhilarating experience in action-ease and security. A ten-step test at your Synchro-Flex★British Walker dealer's and you know these *are* more than fine shoes. Most styles, $11.95.

They look fine—and when you feel their ease you know they're more than that. Town Tan or Black Calf

* Flexibility so responsive that shoe action and foot action are one . . . stability so staunch that every step is secure.

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J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

Makers of Smith Synchro-Flex for Men, British Walkers for Men and Women

If it isn't a CROTON—it isn't the famous

AQUAMATIC

self-winding, waterproof watch

Wrist action winds it and keeps it running. Waterproof, shock-resistant, luminous dial, 17 jewels. $45. Booklet "J" on request. Croton Watch Co., Inc., 48 W. 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Croton

FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

Return to Pleasant Waters

Continued from page 63

way he said it out of the corner of his mouth when we were fighting. It was the way all of the other boys in town said it—kind of respectful. I'd never heard George say "Sluefoot" like that before.

I stopped running and he came up to me about where the ruts angled off toward Fisher's Farm. We walked along in silence. Only my breath was a little noisy.

When we came to where the red clay walls get steep on each side of the cut, George said, "The pears are bigger than ever this year."

"Yea," I said, "I seen them when we went swimmin'."

"Say, Sluefoot," he said, "that was some slickery-slide we had last summer. Wasn't it?"

I felt pretty sure, then, that he wasn't goin' to beat me up that day, but I was still a little scared.

When we were drawing a bucket of fresh water to drink, Grandma Douglas came out with two handfuls of cookies. Her cookies were one thing George had always called me a sissy about. I was surprised when he took some and tipped his cap and smiled, "Can we get you some pears, Grandma Douglas?" he asked.

"Sure you can," she said and went into her smokehouse for a half-bushel measure. "But be careful of the bull; he's not tied."

After we filled the half-bushel George climbed up in the trees and picked the biggest pears way up at the top. He would pitch them to me, and I'd lay them on a pile.

He'd only take a few from each tree. I spotted some big ones in a tree that stood just inside the barnyard fence. As we walked toward the stable the bull, Grouchy, came out and followed every move we made with his red, angry eyes.

George climbed onto the top of a fence post, then grabbed a limb and swung over to the tree. Grouchy began to paw at the earth with his front hoofs. He would look up at George, then put his head down and snort so hard that the wind from his nostrils would send up two puffs of dust.

I looked up at George and a shudder went down my spine. He was holding a small, green pear ready to throw it at Grouchy. His face had the same smirk he wore when he was beating me up. When the pear dropped onto his back the bull threw his head into the air and circled the lot, bellowing and snorting. The heavy rope that hung from his nose ring flipped behind in the rising dust.

George's wicked laugh shrieked above the bull's roaring thunder. He climbed high for the biggest pear, then threw it at the bull.

As the pear struck I heard the

Battle dress for home front fighters!

HERE ARE THREE of Monarch's exclusive interpretations of the popular battle jacket. All are authentic spring and summer styles from America's vacation land. And all are "comfort-crafted" for America's active men and boys. "Comfort-crafted" explains the comfort, the ease, the freedom you get in all Monarch garments . . . for all Monarch styles are tailored from special patterns. Look to Monarch for "better outdoor garments." See your Monarch dealer at once. The Monarch Manufacturing Co., 333 E. Chicago Street, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.

Leather and fabric coats and jackets for sport, leisure, and utility wear.

BUY WAR BONDS FIRST

The Grant—choice of 3 colors—all wool fabric. Men's sizes 36 to 48.

The Grant—all wool fabric—choice of 3 colors. Boy's sizes 8 to 22.

The Hood—all wool fabric and choice of 3 colors. Junior sizes 4 to 12.

As always, the Midwest leads in outdoor style and quality.

COMFORT-CRAFTED

Monarch MILWAUKEE BETTER OUTDOOR GARMENTS

snapping of limbs in the tree. I looked up in time to see him falling through the lower branches.

The moment George's body plopped in the dust, Grouchy was on top of him. The bull butted and pawed and roared. George, tried to get to his feet, but Grouchy's horns kept knocking him back to the ground.

The boy's clothes were shredded, and blood smeared his arms and legs. Grandma Douglas appeared beside me, white with fear.

"The rope! The rope!" she cried, pointing. The bull had rolled George near our side of the lot. The rope had fallen near the wire fence. I threw my body at the fence, reaching through for the rope. When it snapped from my grasp it wrapped around the trunk of the tree. If it were tied there—George was not yet dead.

I scrambled onto the fence and jumped into the dusty melee, with Grandma's screams, "Sluefoot, don't! You'll be killed, too!" sounding unreal to my ears.

I ran toward the tree, grasped the rope, pulled all the slack I could get, and tied a quick slipknot.

When Grouchy felt the tug of the rope he looked up in astonishment, his nose pushing George's body toward the center of the lot. The bull looked at me, then at George's writhing body, as if deciding which of us to kill first.

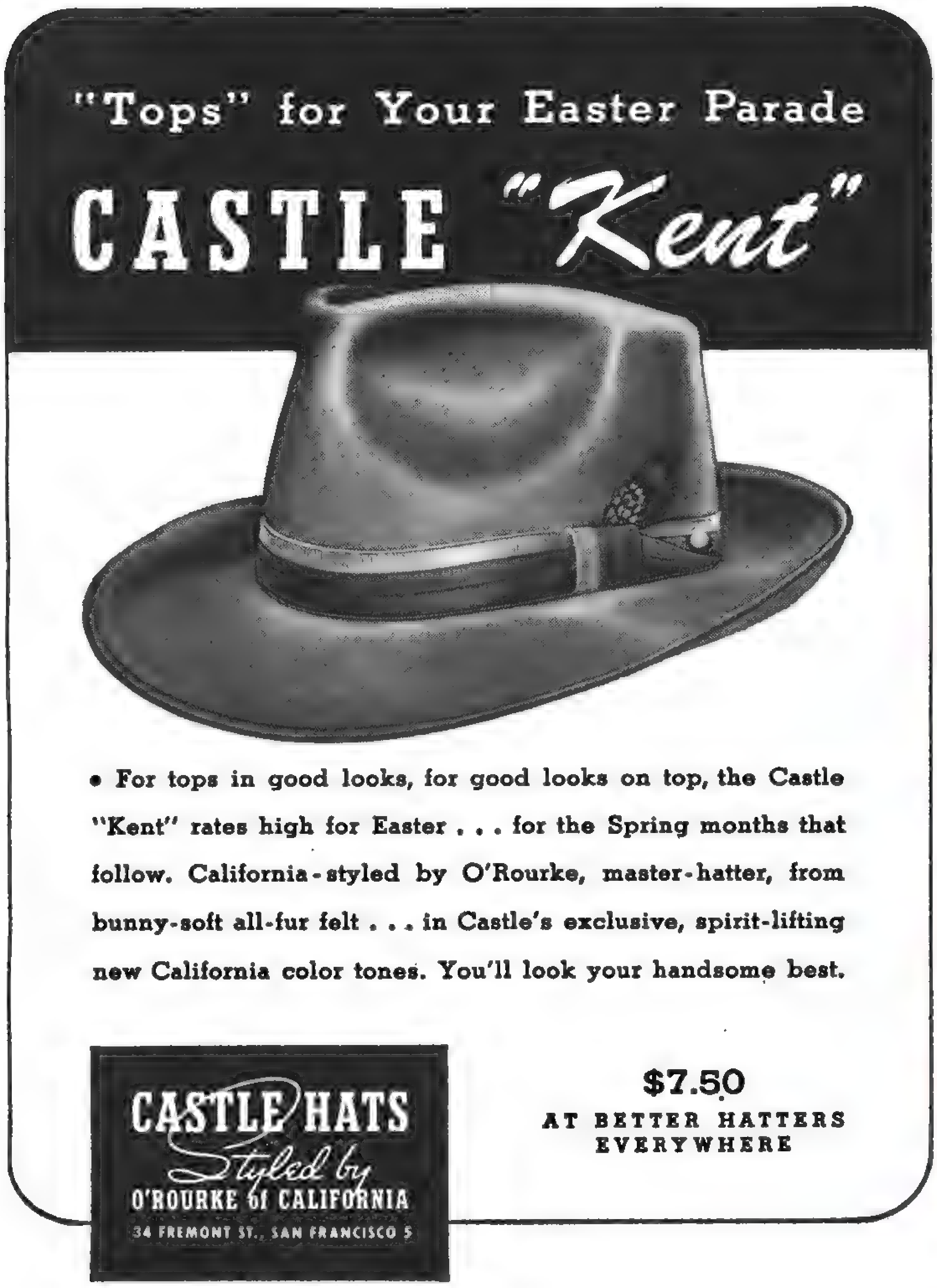
He went for George. But the rope held. George was saved.

As I started to climb the fence, Grouchy whirled at me in a mad lunge. I dodged to the far side of the tree. As he circled the tree after me the rope wound itself safely and securely around the knot.

And here was George, roughly worn and almost toothless, standing in the doorway of the old cabin through which Grandma and I had carried him. George Forney, laughing, calling me "Sluefoot."

A couple of boys about the ages of mine came out of the house.

"Go down to the swimmin' hole and show Mr. Strahl's boys how to make a slickery-slide," George said, shoving his dirty-faced, overalled urchins before him. #



"Tops" for Your Easter Parade

CASTLE "Kent"

• For tops in good looks, for good looks on top, the Castle "Kent" rates high for Easter . . . for the Spring months that follow. California-styled by O'Rourke, master-hatter, from bunny-soft all-fur felt . . . in Castle's exclusive, spirit-lifting new California color tones. You'll look your handsome best.

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Styled by
O'ROURKE of CALIFORNIA
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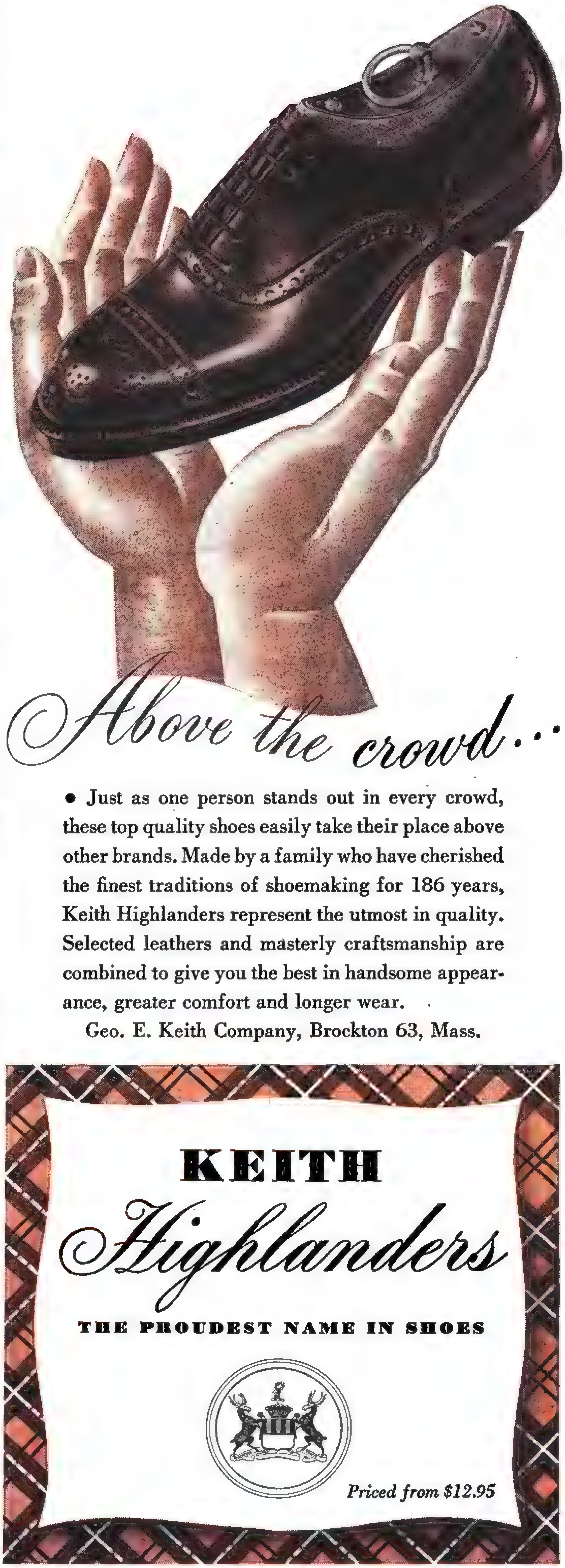
$7.50
AT BETTER HATTERS
EVERYWHERE



Above the crowd...

• Just as one person stands out in every crowd, these top quality shoes easily take their place above other brands. Made by a family who have cherished the finest traditions of shoemaking for 186 years, Keith Highlanders represent the utmost in quality. Selected leathers and masterly craftsmanship are combined to give you the best in handsome appearance, greater comfort and longer wear.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

KEITH
Highlanders
THE PROUDEST NAME IN SHOES

Priced from $12.95

The Prince of Pitchmen

Continued from page 67

heard. Jack wagered he could write and collect at least one dollar from eight out of any ten house calls Willix might select.

Willix covered the bet, then took Jack to the foreign section of Rumford, pointed to a batch of houses where nobody spoke English, and directed him to go to it.

Jack made sales in Italian, French and Finnish.

"Aside from his versatility and resourcefulness," said Willix, wonderingly, "I believe that considerable of Jack Murray's success comes from his ability to hypnotize his prospects."

Another sales feat credited to Jack was a six-week New England canvassing tour during which he made 1,250 calls and sold 1,249 of them. When asked by a pal to explain how he missed out on that one call, Jack readily explained: "I had the fellow all sold, and just as he was reaching in his pocket for the money, a thunderstorm broke out and he was struck by lightning!"

Unlike the famous Dusty Rhodes, who pounded the road for nearly four decades on behalf of *The Southern Ruralist*, Jack Murray plays the field. He is quick at finding out what a prospect is interested in. Then he confines his sales talk to that one line.

After talking the language they understand to agriculturists, poultry men and fruit growers, he can step into a beauty shop and discuss coiffures, massages and plastic surgery. One evening, he barged into the meeting of a carpenters' and jobbers' union. When he left, he had sold eighty-four subscriptions to a woodworkers' journal. Next day he addressed a women's sewing circle and showed them a short-cut system of tatting. Naturally, he picked up numerous subscriptions to his needlework magazine.

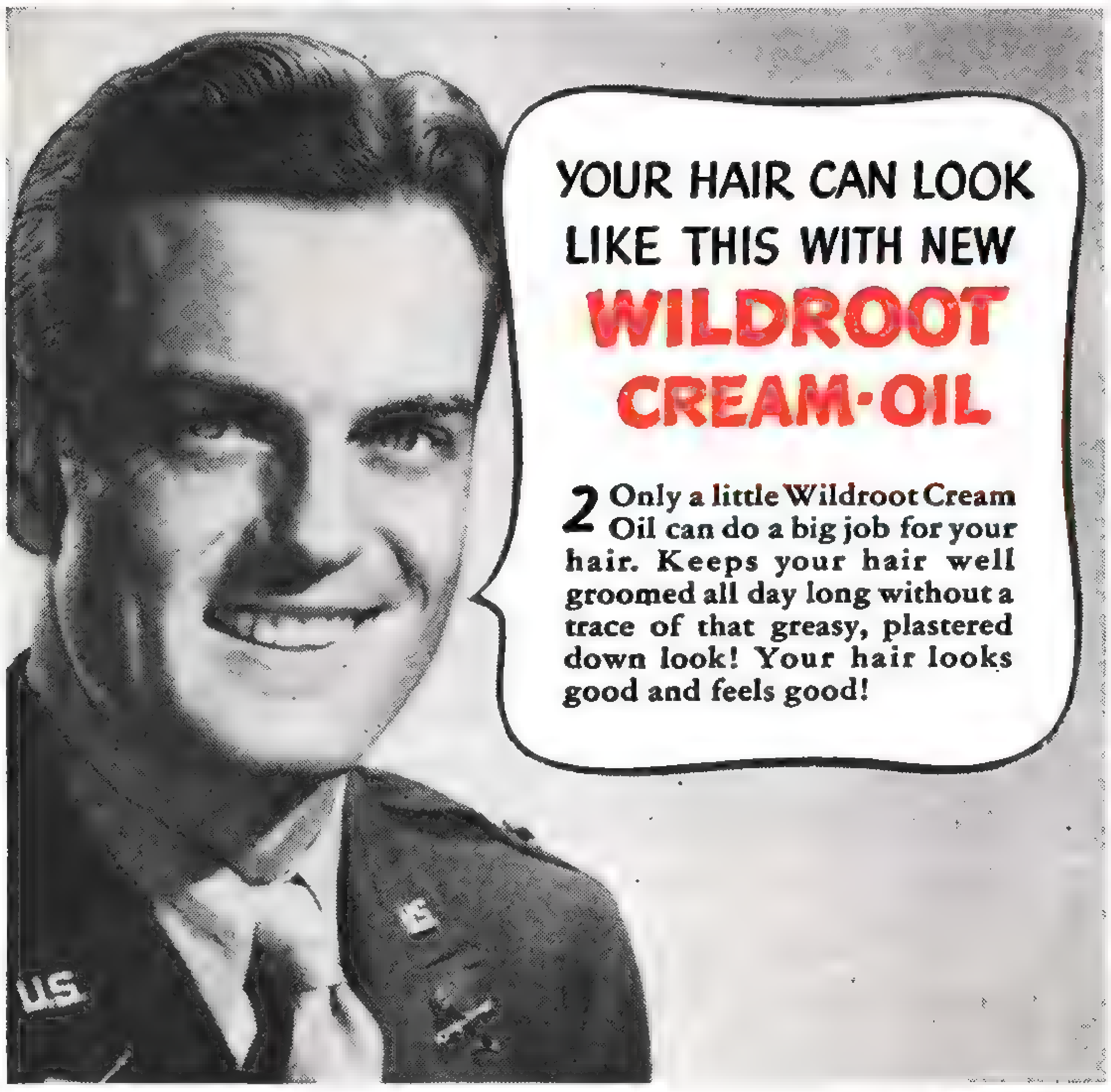
Jack is never too busy to play the good Samaritan when he runs across a pal of the road in distress. From Maine came the story of how he went to the rescue of a Johnny-come-lately in the medicine-show business.

It seems that every time this young medicine worker finished his pitch and was about to pass out the merchandise, a member of the audience suddenly threw a fit and disrupted the sale. Evidence pointed to a frame-up by a local druggist who manufactured and sold a competitive herb tonic.

Jack sized up the situation before you could say "flim-flam." When the next fainting spell occurred, he grabbed the swooner by the collar and the seat of his pants, rushed him backstage, and brought him out again a few min-

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "Finger Nail (F-N) Test?"

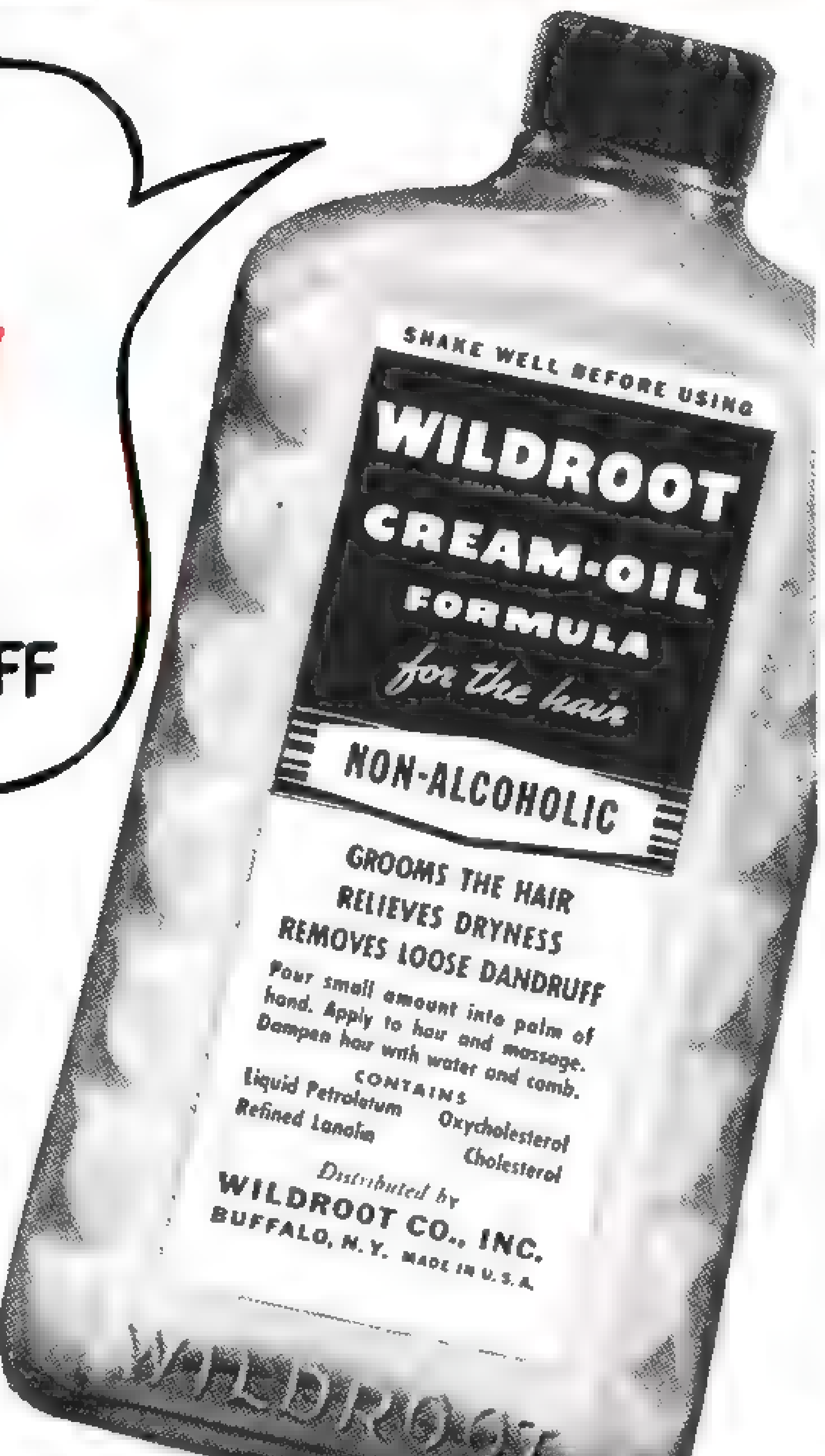
1 It's F-N, the test for men! Scratch your head and see if the famous F-N test reveals signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size for greater economy.



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Only a little Wildroot Cream Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF



SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage. Dampen hair with water and comb.
CONTAINS Liquid Petrolatum Oxycholesterol Refined Lanolin Cholesterol
Distributed by WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N. Y. MADE IN U.S.A.
WILDROOT

Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Battle Jacs
STYLED BY Berkray FIFTH AVENUE

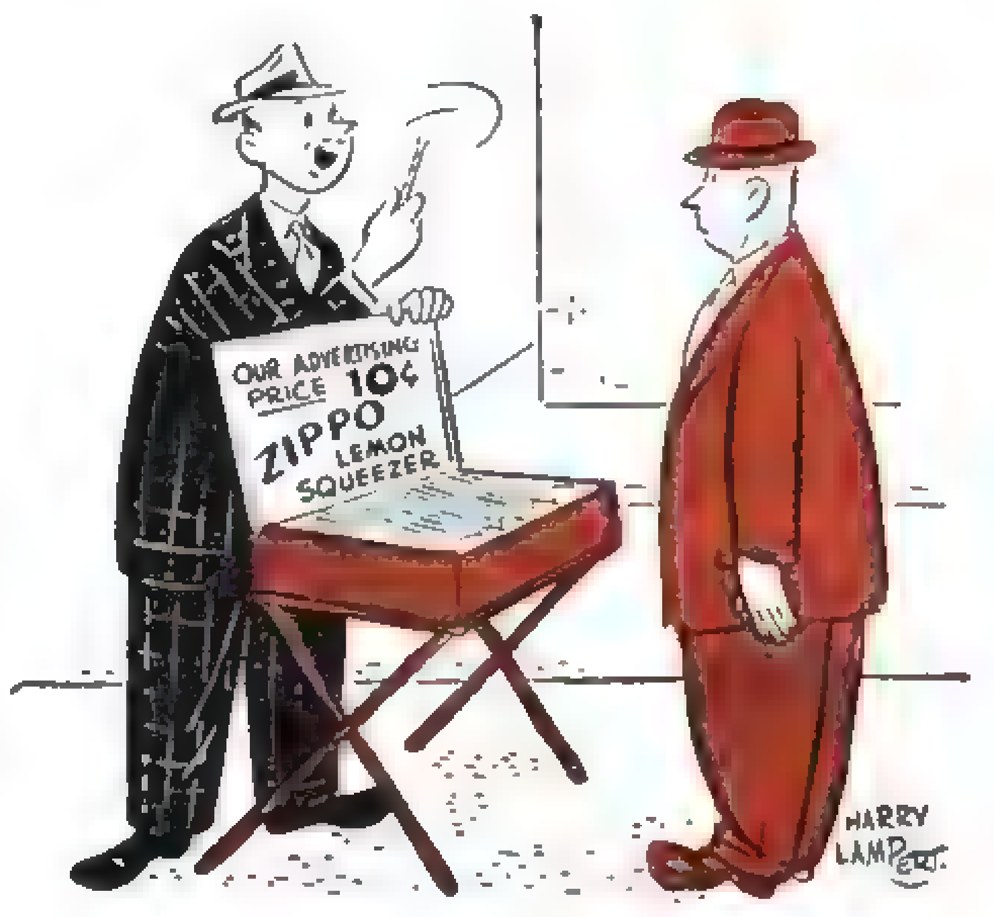
At better stores everywhere, or write

BERK-RAY CORPORATION • 230 Fifth Avenue • New York 1, N. Y.

utes later, all cured and smiling. Jack then explained to the crowd that the fellow had been taking too much of an herb tonic made by a towner, but one swig of Johnny's med had cured him instantly.

From that minute, the med-show newcomer was in.

Challengers for the sheet-writing crown have been numerous, but none ever succeeded in supplanting New England Jack. A pair known as the Swinging-Door Kid and Grand Junction Murray have split as much as 190 dollars a day working the Arkansas Valley. And a group of southern pitchmen, at a meeting in Natchez, offered to put up a Spanish-American war veteran, Captain H. P. Coffey, in a contest with Jack.


OUR ADVERTISING PRICE 10¢
ZIPPO LEMON SQUEEZER
HARRY LAMPERT

"And when the war is over, and the wife returns to the kitchen once more, what greater source of satisfaction and comfort can you give her than the new miracle Zippo Lemon Squeezer?"

Captain Coffey rode his old white mule through Kentucky on a memorable campaign on behalf of *Farm & Fireside*, according to one of his sponsors, and he was willing to work any part of the United States in competition with Jack, either on foot or by any form of transportation the New England wizard might designate.

Another subscription-getting star known as G-64 Riley challenged Jack and all other contenders, offering to "meet them and work anywhere, whether it's Cadillac Square, Detroit, on foot or the Kentucky hills on mules."

So for awhile, a few years back, it looked as though there would be a real sheet-writing battle of the century, with the various contenders slugging it out in the same territorial arena. But it never came about, and Jack Murray continued to top the field in size, variety and literary embellishment of his claims.

But he also offered to back up his words with tangible proof. He issued an invitation to the fraternity to visit his place in Massachusetts, inspect his estate, his herd of Hereford cattle, his sheep ranch and poultry farm, then make a tour of his blueberry plantation, fox farm, muskrat fields, cranberry bog, asparagus and strawberry gardens, and other assets which he had acquired with

Continued on page 156

RONSON REDSKIN
RONSONOL LIGHTER FUEL
5 Extra-length RONSON REDSKIN "FLINTS" with the distinctive REDSKIN coating Best for ALL lighters
RONSON WICK and INSERTER
For Best Service in RONSON WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER and other Lighters

For Faster Action in ALL Lighters
RONSON-ize!

For Better Lighter Service
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RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
RONSONOL quick-lighting FUEL
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Avoid Inferior Imitations
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In demand on all fighting fronts

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT– BUY WAR BONDS!

100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
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PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
WHISKEY A BLEND
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PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"

"Proud legacy of an unchanging tradition -a Quality tradition born 104 years ago"

The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

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Perfect from every angle
GAMESTER — wrinkle-resister tie, illustrated
COHAMA TIES
$1

CALIFORNIA SUNMAKER COLORS
COHAMA TIE FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

The Prince of Pitchmen

Continued from pages 67-155

money earned from sheetwriting.

New England's unsung marvel has often expressed sympathetic regret that none of his competitors can hope to cop the paper crown while he remains in the field. It took seven Ringling brothers to make a circus and four Warner brothers to start a motion picture company, he says, but there is in this world only one New England Jack Murray.

He magnanimously offers to teach any of the more ambitious boys how they can become the second best sheet writer.

"The way I do it," he reveals, "is by employing the brain to rule the body, the spirit to dominate the flesh. I have found all my hidden forces, mobilized them like an army and trained them all to the most minute detail. I never slept more than seven hours out of twenty-four, and I work mentally as well as physically."

Jack has never been cramped by false modesty. If anyone accuses him of lacking restraint, he calls attention to advertising blurbs about soap, cereals and hair tonic.

Not that he criticizes advertising. On the contrary, he believes it is one of our greatest social forces. Anything that can be of public benefit should be made known to all, he says, and before a man can sell any article with true dramatic flair, he must be sold on himself as well as his merchandise. Jack believes he is good.

Just one more episode, to show how he does it. He took a whirl at selling a book which told about many ways to make money.

"You've heard about books that tell you a thousand and one ways to make money," he spieled. "Well, here is one that contains *two* thousand and *two* ways."

"If you know all those ways of making money," a smarty in the crowd piped up, "how come you're selling books?"

"That," smiled Jack, "is one of the ways!" ⌗

A SMASH HIT FOR SPRING
The LEISURE-LITE

Like a great player again at bat, the famous Leisure-Lite steps up this season in its smart new spring colors. You'll like it, as always, for its light weight, its leisurely style, its serviceable quality.

$6.50 to $10.00 At Leading Men's Stores

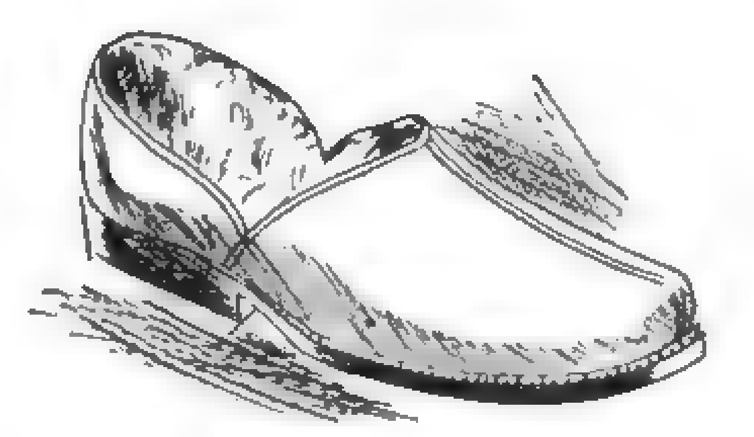
Paragon HATS
314-316 S. FRANKLIN ST. • CHICAGO 6, ILL.

Big-League Hopper from Hastings

Continued from page 70

he boasts no Hollywood profile, his presence in the living room of a home is every bit as pleasing as it is on the diamond of a ball park.

As a kid he played ball in the fields and alleys all over Hastings. The first time his bat connected and the first time he caught a fly ball he experienced the deep satisfaction of being master of his body, and got a glimpse of the pleasures of an athletic life. Seriously and attentively he went to work. To acquire speed he exercised just as hard and as long as a writer exercises to gain fluency, or a pianist practices for technique. He fitted his talents into the machinery of team play by engaging in American Legion games and gradually working up to amateur games with grown men, many of whom were former professionals.



Sheeplined slippers with center panel and flexible sole are practical footwarmers.

They were the ones who introduced him to the trade secrets. He learned how to watch the pitcher while on first and get the jump on a steal. One old-timer taught him how, in running bases, to hit the bags with his left foot and let the swing of his right carry him off in the new direction, thus preventing him from making the turns too wide and saving precious seconds. In fielding he learned to cup his hands around his midsection, so he could take the ball and throw it without an inch of wasted motion. Day after day he listened to hickory against horsehide until he was able to read into a single crack of the bat approximately how far the ball was going and in what direction. He watched so many thousands of white specks rise into the sky over the heads of the infielders that he gradually came to know within a foot or so of where they were coming down and how soon they would be there. It was slow, meticulous development, a subtle, time-consuming alchemy of judgment plus ability plus experience to equal a fine ballplayer.

By 1935 Johnny was playing semi-pro ball in Iowa. He got sixty dollars a month and took turns with the shortstop at driving the bus from town to town. He remembers a smooth-cheeked

Continued on page 158

Blatz Beer

GOOD TASTE

that never misses

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 94th YEAR

COHAMA

CALIFORNIA SWAGGER TIES

IN

Studio Original

PATTERNS

$1.50

CALIFORNIA SUNMAKER COLORS

COHAMA TIE FABRICS, 1412 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18

Big-League Hopper from Hastings

Continued from pages 70-157

pitcher in those circuits who consistently sent other teams to the showers with nine strained backs from swinging at his fast balls. A couple of years later that same Bob Feller was whizzing them past major-league batters. In 1936 Johnny moved up to Class D in Norfolk, Nebraska, where he began to attract notice. One juicy day he got three homers and a double out of five times at bat, two of the homers in one inning. He was getting into his stride.

On the basis of his showing in Class D, a Cardinal scout engineered his jump to Rochester, a Double A club. It was a breathtaking advancement and everybody but Johnny lightly regarded it as an experiment; even his bosses felt he wouldn't be able to hold up under the keener competition. But competition was something Johnny was used to. He had the confidence of a man who knows where he is headed.

He made his Double A debut at Jersey City on the opening day of a new million-dollar ball park. Thirty-four thousand were on hand for the event. Johnny walked his first time at bat in this league that was supposed to be too tough. His second time at the plate he smacked the first pitch into the center-field stands, a 400-foot wallop that to this day remains the first and longest homer ever clouted in that park.

From then on his hitting and fielding had scouts and managers gulping. They were accustomed to youngsters breaking on the scene like Fourth of July sparklers and fading almost as quickly, but here they had a lad who had set his baseball roots down solidly, a player with a foundation of endurance and know-how to back up his performance and make it good month after month.

Late in the 1939 season the Redbirds called and Johnny felt as happy as a radio commentator who has predicted an attack correctly. His first time up, as a pinch hitter, he slammed a single over the first baseman. While that drive was bouncing around in the outfield, his wife, a high-school sweetheart from Hastings, was giving birth to their first child. Johnny regarded this as an auspicious start, and he showed his appreciation by becoming the Cardinals' most valuable utility man, filling in here and there every time a slump or a jerked muscle benched one of the regulars.

He had a bad season in 1943 as a result of an injury that is still with him and forced him to rest a couple of days two or three times in 1944. He had cracked out a single, and he took off for first

BEST BUY - WET OR DRY
BY CHOICE...
BY FIT...
BY VALUE...

Plymouth
OF BOSTON
WEATHERPROOF
ARMY E NAVY

Tops

FOR ALL-WEATHER SMARTNESS

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A TRIBUTE
from a GREAT SCIENTIST

A. EINSTEIN
112 MERCER STREET
PRINCETON, N. J.
U. S. A.

September 30, 1944

customary accuracy and suffered no ill effects.

Sincerely yours,
A. Einstein.

Wyler Watch Agency
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New York 20, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

You will no doubt be interested to learn of the experience I had with my Wyler watch which I have been wearing for the past ten years. Last month when I met with a boating accident, this waterproof watch sustained an excellent test. The watch was in the water for a considerable length of time, but kept running with customary accuracy and suffered no ill effects.

Sincerely yours,
A. Einstein

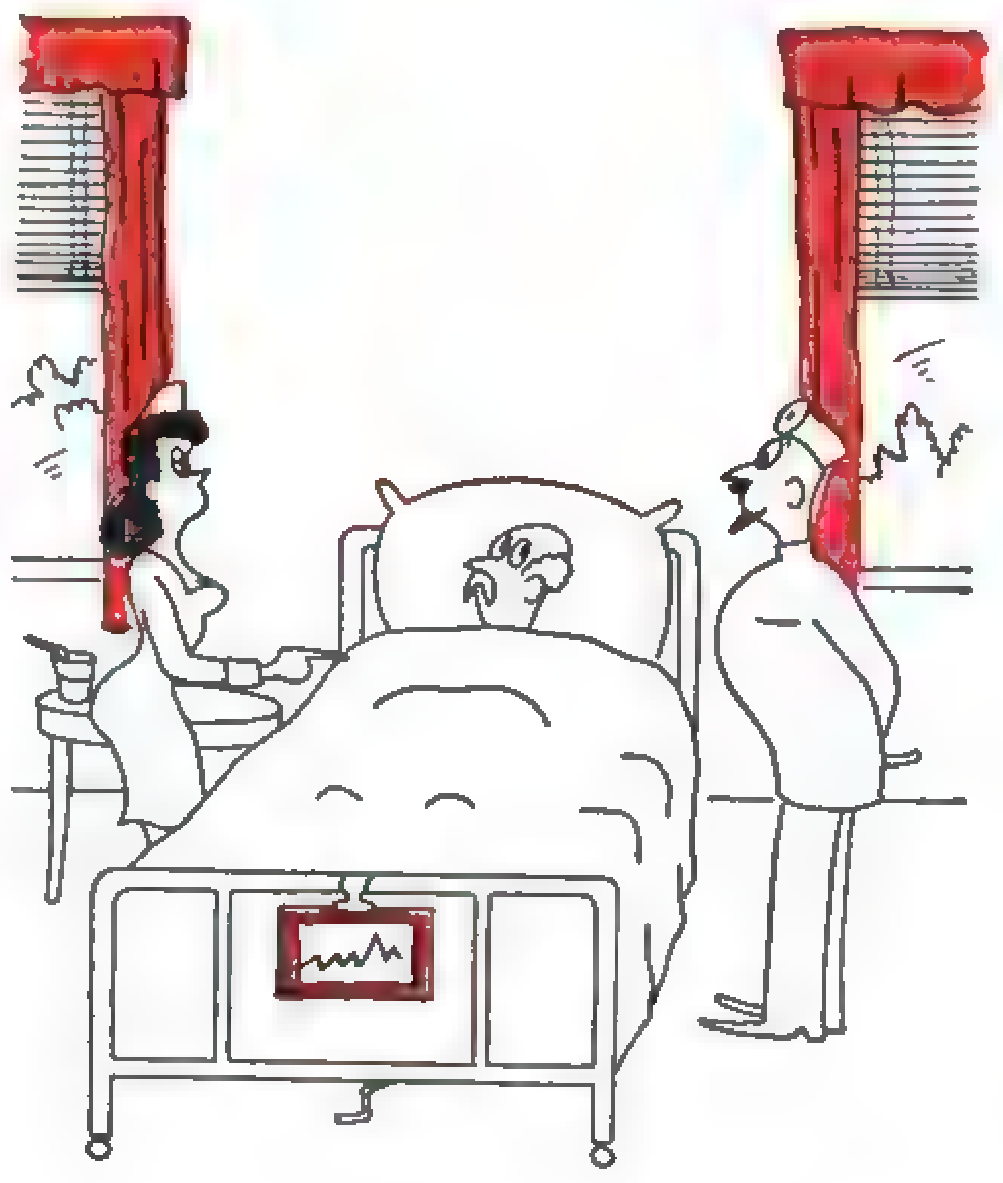
It is with justifiable pride that Wyler accepts the tribute of the distinguished Albert Einstein.

Wyler
incaflex

Wyler Watch Agency
630 Fifth Avenue
N. Y. C. 20

with his usual speed. About halfway down the baseline he suffered a mild paralysis of the back and wound up on the bag with his neck knotted and his head twisted. They examined him for weeks without putting a finger on just what was wrong and started heat therapy which he is still receiving.

By 1944 he was back in the saddle, adding the finishing touches to the reputation that has placed him high on the Cardinals' valuable property list and caused fans to look to him for another topnotch performance this year.



"He's delirious—keeps asking for his wife!"

Johnny has slipped into big-league life easily. Like all ballplayers he is trying to save money, a task that is a lot harder than outsiders presume. His salary gets chipped a hundred a year for baseball shoes alone. On the road, tips, expensive laundry and cleaning, transportation to and from the ball parks, and extra steaks bite into funds significantly. So if he can help his team win the World Series, Johnny is grateful for the extra money, like last year's check for $3276.01. It helps him toward that shadowy dream of all ballplayers—security for the days when their legs will no longer carry them around the bases fast enough, and their eyes see the ball crossing the plate too swift to hit.

Off season Johnny looks for a job that will keep him outdoors and active, something between a desk job, which is no conditioner, and carloading, which is too dangerous. In his spare time he does all the hunting he can and whatever he bags he hauls to his kitchen, where he puts the fowl or rabbit under a rain of condiments and sauces and into the oven for a brief scorching. He claims this is his hobby, but his wife is trying to interest him in stamp collecting or taxidermy.

Working for the Cardinals is a privilege Johnny gratefully accepts. There are repeated opportunities and excuses to get bigheaded about it, yet each time the crowd applauds too loudly or the sportswriters get too lyrical, Johnny remembers Hastings and his

Continued on page 160

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FROM EVERY ANGLE

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Made by master craftsmen who know their stuff—made to deliver value that outsmarts all comers—made to go easy on your head and your bankroll at $5.00—$6.50—$7.50. *New blues, grays, browns, tans and coverts.*

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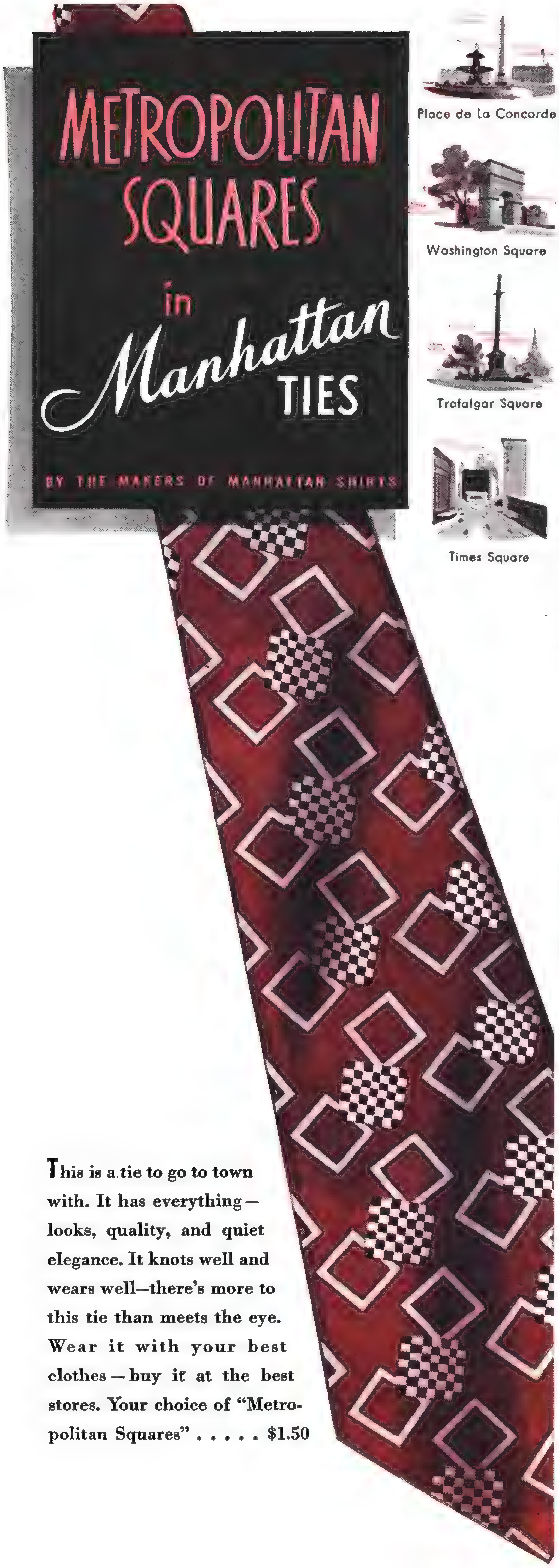


This is a tie to go to town with. It has everything—looks, quality, and quiet elegance. It knots well and wears well—there's more to this tie than meets the eye. Wear it with your best clothes—buy it at the best stores. Your choice of "Metropolitan Squares" $1.50

Big-League Hopper from Hastings

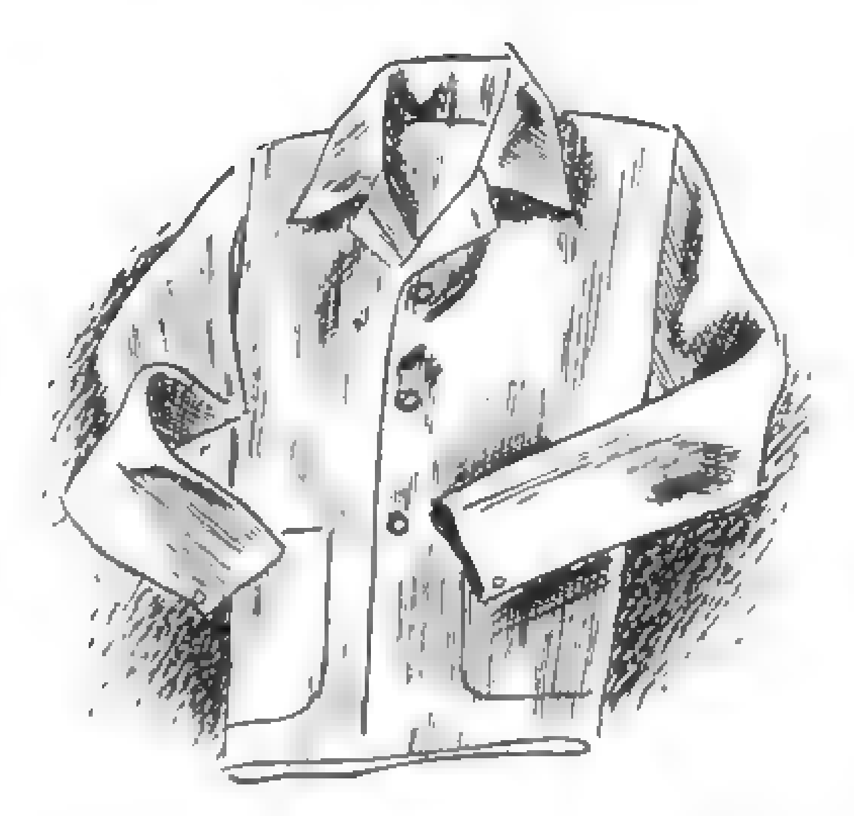
Continued from pages 70-157-159

big family, and his father who placed team spirit above individual talent and knew how to reef his sons' sails when they got too full of wind. Another of Johnny's antidotes for snobbery is to recall one day when Lon Warneke was pitching for the Cards against the Chicago Cubs. Hack, Cavaretta and Nicholson hit three pitches in a row for home runs, each one longer than the one before. Standing there watching the balls sail over his head, Johnny saw with painful clarity that there are nine men on a ball club and not one can be a star without the co-operation of the other eight.

Spectators often confuse Johnny visually with Billy Southworth, the Redbird manager. They look so much alike, especially from the rear, that even one of Johnny's relatives sat through an entire game behind third base wondering why her kin spent the day coaching at third instead of batting and fielding as he was supposed to. Johnny wouldn't mind a bit if in future years the fans confuse another major-leaguer with Manager Johnny Hopp. It's been a struggle to make the big time and he'll give everything he's got to stay there.

And there you have it, a sketch of a great ballplayer, what he was, is, and hopes to be. There's one crisis in his life that should not be overlooked. It occurred more than ten years ago, just after Johnny had completed his first year at Hastings College. He received his first bid to play baseball for money and two roads beckoned: finish college and earn the certain security of a coaching job in some small school, or quit his studies and play ball. He'd always wanted the latter, but it was a gamble, for if he flopped he would come back with that professional stain so undesirable in amateur circles and his qualifications for the needed scholarship would be nullified.

He made the choice, and I am only one of thousands who are very happy he did. #



Corduroy gains importance in loose-fitting casual jacket. Preferred shade is natural tan.

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The Wild Buckskin Stallion

Continued from page 64

point at the basin's outer edge, his silver-white mane and tail flowing in the breeze. Seldom does a man see such a beautiful sight, for all the herd had white manes and tails like their sire.

But I was determined then and there to find out why there was green grass up here after three months' winter below. I took two steps down off my perch when the stallion saw me. He raised his pretty head, sounded a shrill scream of warning that could have been heard for several miles. Every horse was up and alert instantly. Twenty seconds after they saw me the basin was empty. They just seemed to fall off the other side of the rim like insects from the edge of a bowl.

I walked out into the grass to the center of the basin and found a large pool of clear water formed by rain and the melting snow from the upper edge of the bowl. I judged that this water hole would be dry during the summer months, but the first snow would melt and fill it. Water and feed here for the herd all winter. I was still puzzled as to what caused the snow to melt, and as I walked in the rankest of the grass, I felt a current of warm air on my legs. Looking down, I noticed a small volcanic crack or crevice. With my hand over that crack I discovered where the heat was coming from. Somewhere in the bowels of Paccatch Mountain a volcanic magma was still alive, and Arab was taking full advantage of Nature's fireplace.

My first impulse was to rush right down off Paccatch Mountain and shout my find to the world, but later on the way down off the mountain, I had plenty of time to think it over. Boney Smith had lost a filly to the buckskin stallion that fall, one of several choice animals that had gone the same way, and I was afraid if I reported Arab's secret winter quarters the temptation would be too much for common sportsmanship. Boney Smith, at least, would probably lay for him under circumstances hardly fair to the wild horse king, whose cunning and gallantry I so much admired. So I kept my secret and did not betray Arab.

During the winter months the ranchers had formed a sort of breeder's association, and had shipped in several large, domestic stallions for the purpose of increasing the size of their colts, while still retaining the good qualities of the small, wild mares. Of course nobody gave the buckskin stallion any consideration, as they were all sure that the bigger, more powerful horses would drive Arab

Continued on page 162

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Like the landing gear of a giant plane, a GOTHIC JARPROOF watch is designed to absorb bumps, jolts and jars. Because of its patented JARPROOF mechanism, it "can take a licking yet keep on ticking." Beautifully styled, precision-built, and tested for accuracy.

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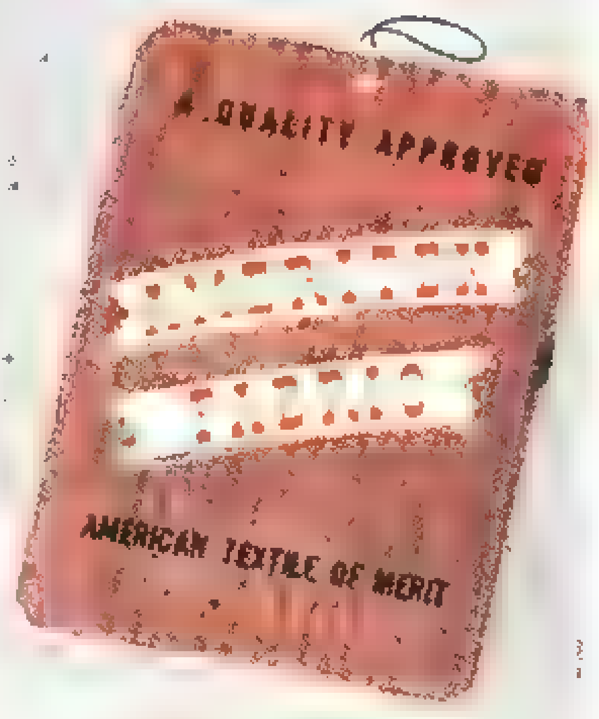

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WINTHROP SHOES

Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • Saint Louis

The Wild Buckskin Stallion

Continued from pages 64-161

clear out of the country, or kill him outright. There were other bands of wild horses besides Arab's buckskins to be bred up by the imported stallions, but Arab had the choice mares, and the ranchers had their hearts set on some foals by Arab's mares from the imported sires.

The first horse shipped in was a fine steel-dust stallion from Texas weighing sixteen hundred pounds. He had run out on the range, and his reputation as a fighter followed him to Arizona. We all felt sorry for the poor little buckskin, who weighed less than half as much as his new rival. However, most of us were consoled in feeling the little buckskin would be too wise to fight.

One fine, sunny, spring morning, after the wild herd of buckskins had come down from their winter quarters, seven of us rode out on the range. Boney Smith was leading the new horse. The wind was blowing in our faces, and it wasn't long before the big horse got the scent of Arab's herd and nickered. On guard as usual, Arab answered. Our horse switched his tail from side to side, arched his magnificent neck, raised his great head and sounded a challenging scream as he pulled on his rope to go. Boney slipped off the halter. The big horse was a splendid picture of grace and power as he galloped off in the direction of the wild herd.

Then a tawny form moved from beneath the branches of a tree. It was the wild buckskin stallion! It looked like David coming out to battle Goliath. The little fellow seemed bent on certain self-destruction. I wanted to close my eyes to it, for I hated to witness the fall of Arab's great pride, and was no little ashamed of my part in it. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from the scene.

As the animals closed in it was evident that, for all his lack of size and strength, Arab was more than a match for the Texas horse in brains and courage. The big horse reared and struck out with first one front foot and then the other. Arab easily avoided the blows and dived for a front leg. It was a feint. Instead of grasping the leg in his powerful jaws, which he easily could have done, the buckskin turned and slipped by the big horse, whirled and landed both hind feet on his side. The double blow could have been heard for a mile, and it shook the big fellow from end to end. As he turned to face the buckskin it was plain he was stunned. He might recover and come back strong to win, but he was hurt.

"He's got him!" I yelled in

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THE WRIGHT HAT

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO. • *Manufacturers* • SAINT LOUIS • CHICAGO

feverish excitment, hardly knowing I was cheering the wrong one.

"You're crazy," Boney replied, and the cowboys laughed in agreement.

Arab didn't give the steel-dust stallion time to recover. He charged straight in like a flash, and this time it was not a feint. A snap like a pistol shot rang out, and then the buckskin dashed away, bleeding flesh hanging down like a crimson ribbon from his lower jaw. Whatever he had in his mouth he dropped, and ran in again for more. The big horse tried to fight back, but he was groggy, and another broadside of hind hoofs put him down. Without even stopping to look back, the confident Arab ran back toward his herd.

FRED'S
OYSTER SHACK
OPEN
MENU
Bill O'Malley

Until now we had sat our horses perhaps a quarter mile away from the amazing, one-sided fight. We spurred up and closed in without speaking, rode up to find the almost lifeless steel-dust stallion lying in a pool of blood, his eyes twitching. His jugular vein had been severed and about two feet of his windpipe torn out, which, with an adherent piece of flesh, lay on the ground.

Boney Smith swore as only a cowboy can.

"We'll get that damned outlaw right now or shoot him!" Boney vowed, but I put in an argument, and it was agreed that I could have the buckskin if we caught him, that there would be no shooting. I wasn't so sure that we would get Arab in spite of the advantage we took of running him with seven good, fresh horses after he was spent from the duel with the steel-dust horse. But the others were more confident.

When we rode through the cedars, there they were in plain sight—the whole prize buckskin herd. Arab had rounded them up and was driving them toward the mountains, but when he saw us he changed his plans and drove them into the thick cedars of Limestone Ridge, nipping the stragglers to hurry them along. When the last mare had dis-

Continued on page 164

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Sportswear

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NEW ENGLAND CRAFTSMEN

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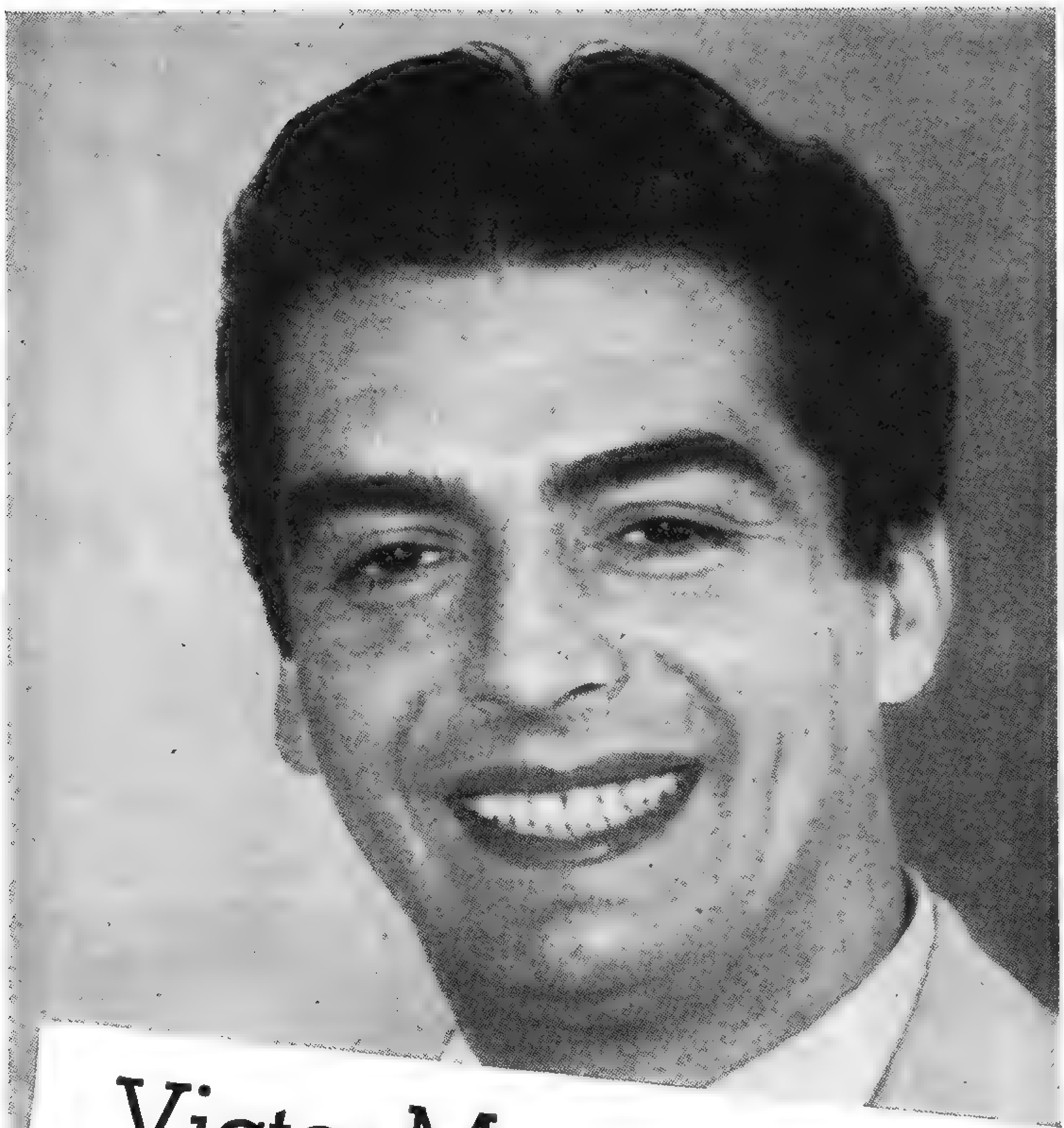

Victor Mature stage and screen star says:

"When I was in Hollywood, I couldn't help noticing how many of the stars, both male and female, used Arrid deodorant. Since I've been in war work, I've been impressed by the many men who use Arrid. One fellow told me, 'If there's one thing I hate, it's perspiration stains on shirts and uniforms.' I agree with him and that's why I use Arrid every day and why I'm glad to recommend it to every man and woman."

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-Arm Odor ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
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Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug or department store.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ jars

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

The Wild Buckskin Stallion

Continued from pages 64-161-163

appeared among the trees, he turned and galloped out in front of us, nickered and switched his tail, defying us to catch him, trying to lure us from the herd.

"Now, boys," said Boney, "save your horses and he is in the bag. You, Jack and Curly, take the first heat. We'll run him in relays."

Then we proceeded to try every scheme we knew to outwit or outrun Arab. Our horses were fagged when Boney and Tom took up the chase, our last chance to win as all the other horses were done for the day. Boney and Tom ran him for nearly an hour when he turned back and ran past me. My horse's sides were still heaving, and his nostrils distended. If I had had a fresh horse I might have roped Arab then and there, for he was white with lather and not going so strong. But I will always think he knew my horse was done for, or else he wouldn't have run that way.

Boney came along a half mile behind and Tom was out of the running. As the little buckskin came out on an open ridge, Boney dropped off his tired horse and drew his rifle from its scabbard. I laid my hand across his arm, said: "Boney, I believe you have more sense of justice than to shoot that horse."

He lowered his rifle and stammered, "I've lost a lot of sleep over that devil. He has cost me real money."

"Let me catch him," I pleaded.

"How?"

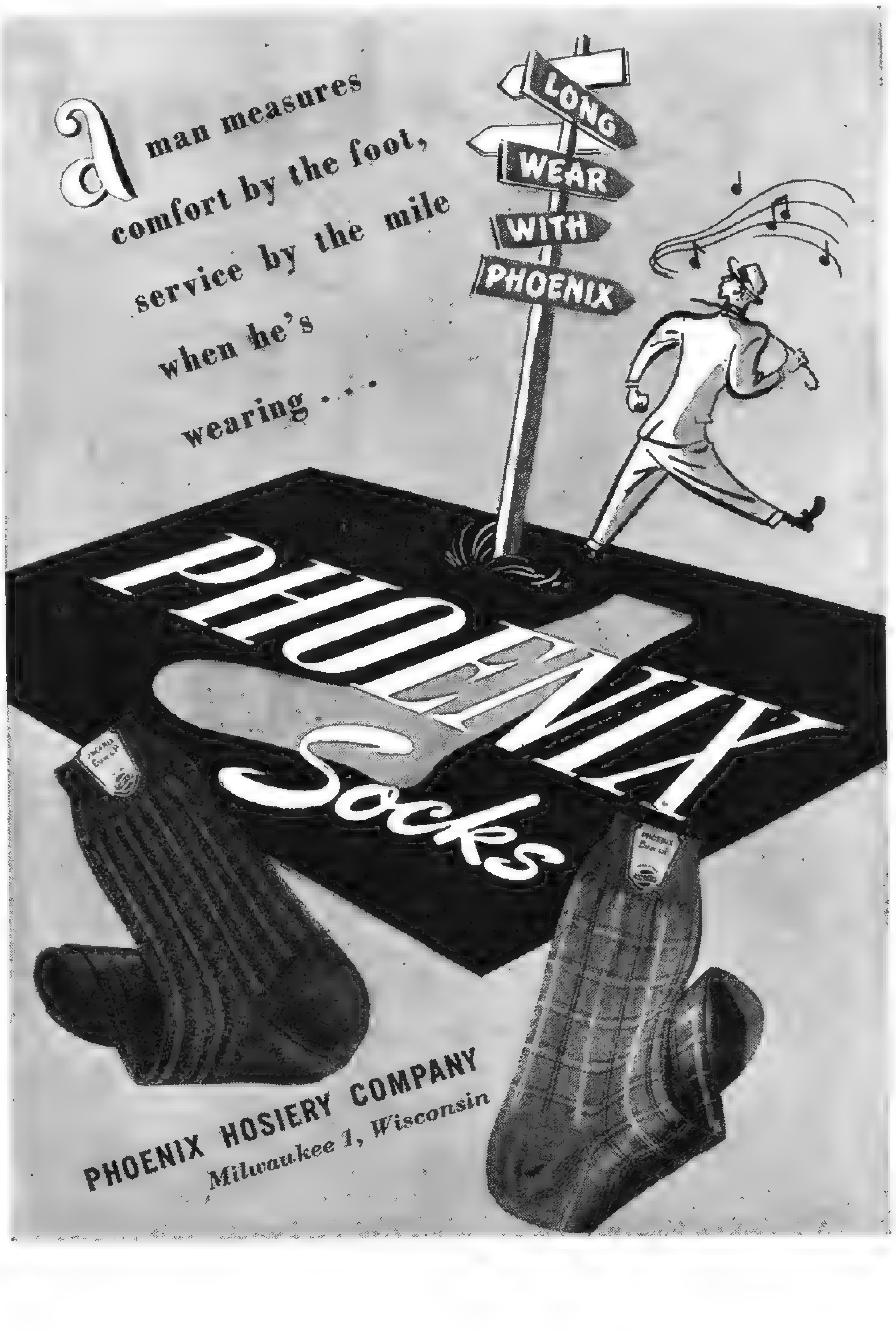
"Crease him," I said.

Boney laughed as did the others, "All right," he agreed, "and I hope you get too close and break his damned neck."

Three weeks later I lay at a water hole where I knew the little buckskin came to water. I had a high-powered rifle and one sharp-pointed, steel-jacketed bullet, a halter and some rope.

When the herd came in, all the mares and colts watered while the stallion stood guard. I was hidden within fifty yards of Arab's stand on a little knoll commanding a view in all directions. The wind was blowing from him to me. He was a magnificent sight with silvered head thrown up, his long tail waving. I took careful aim at the hollow of his neck between the roots of the mane and the spinal cord. More horses are killed than taken alive in this way, yet I had done it before and knew it was possible. With a prize like Arab to be taken, I was unusually steady and careful.

At the crack of the rifle he went down as if shot through the brain. I dropped the gun and ran to him, knowing that he



A man measures comfort by the foot, service by the mile when he's wearing . . .
LONG
WEAR
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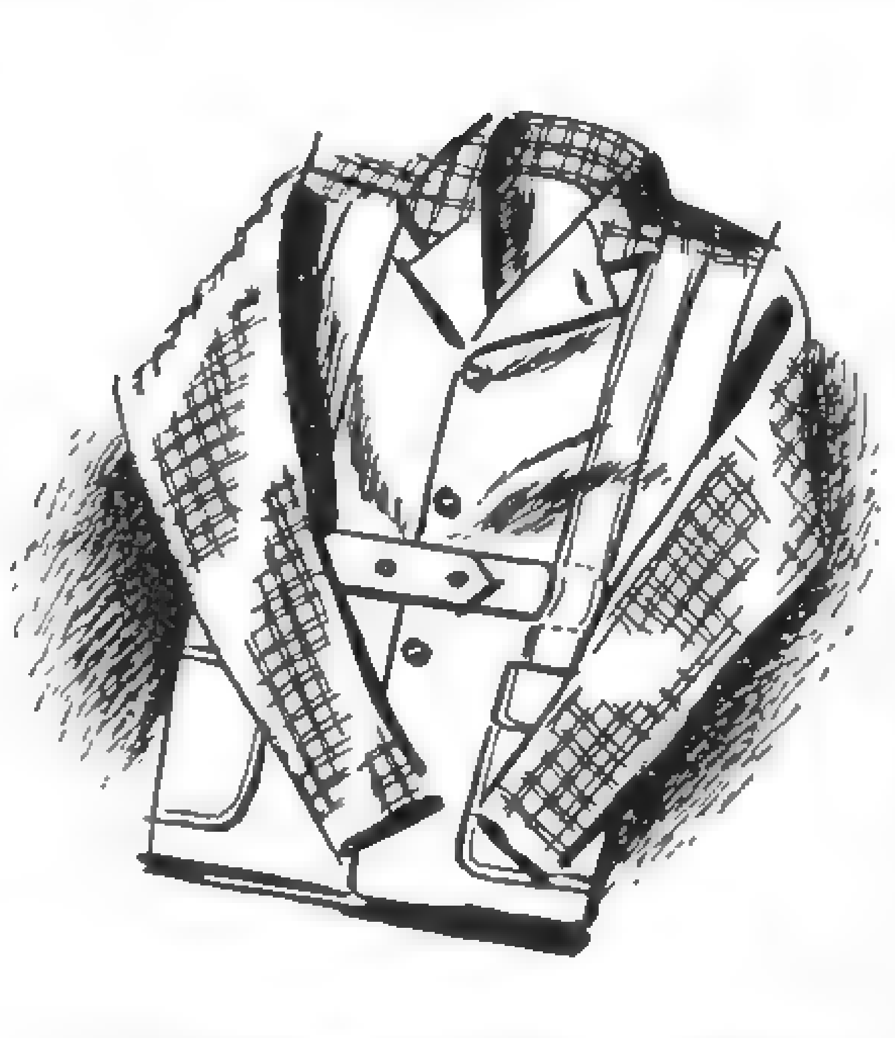
would either be down for only a few seconds if I had hit the right spot, or for keeps if I had made a bad shot. His eyes were rolled upwards showing only their whites. I slipped the halter over his pretty head and tied the rope to the nearest tree. A trickle of blood showed from a tiny hole in the hollow of his neck, no larger than a pencil. His eyes began to twitch and to come back to their normal position. He moved and came alive with a spring and a snort. When he reached the end of the rope he sat down violently.

Boney Smith, who had been stationed some distance up the canyon, had heard the shot and was coming to help. We got two ropes on him and led him between us until we reached the corral which we had built to hold him.

From a distance Arab had been one of the most beautiful animals a horseman ever looked upon, but closer inspection revealed a mass of scars from his ears to his tail. He had fought and beaten or killed every stallion that had challenged his supremacy on the range, and the record of his gory reign was carved in hideous hieroglyphics on the parchment of his skin.

In a week the bullet wound in his neck had healed to all outer appearances. For twelve days he refused feed or water—just stood looking off across his former range, nickering now and then. His herd often answered him and at night would come in close to visit him.

It got on my nerves finally. I could see that he would die in captivity, and if ever man or brute had earned his liberty, that gallant little horse had. And so, one night, I slipped out to the corral and let down the bars. He passed me like a shadow, and it seemed to me that his head dipped in a royal salute that was the reward of my generosity to a king of the wilds . . . I heard the clatter of his hoofs on the rocky ground as he galloped off to reclaim his herd and the kingdom that was his by divine right.



Norfolk model jacket with box pleats and belt, shows up in combination suede and checked tweed.

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TODAY, AS FOR GENERATIONS, *Bottled-in-Bond*

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York • 100 Proof

Look Out for Deflation

Continued from page 37

by our war with Japan, we might have expected to feel the same severe shortage felt so bitterly by Germany. But in less than two years we were able to produce not only enough to offset the loss, but increased production by sixty to sixty-five per cent, partly because of our increased livestock, partly by expanding soybean production to undreamed-of levels. So amazing is the record in this field that we are now exporting to our allies as much as we previously imported. We use 30 per cent more soap than in prewar times and have actually had to make soap of lard because, since the Spring and Summer of 1943, we have been unable to sell it all for human consumption.

Savings: Per capita we are now eating more than we ever did (doctors tell us American health was never better). Civilian consumption of textiles is higher than ever before. Thus, better fed and better clad than ever before in history, John Doe had no need to squander the money he was earning—in itself a record, for the nation's income more than doubled from 1940 to 1944. We voluntarily saved more—in bonds, bank accounts and under-the-mattress hoards—than did all the nations in which compulsory saving was tried. Never has there been such mass saving for a future rainy day.

Our productive capacities, long the greatest in the world, have risen to such a degree under the impact of war that our greatest trouble after the war will not be how to make goods, but how to sell and consume them. Figures from the Federal Reserve Board indicate that we now produce from ten to sixteen per cent more in a labor hour than before the war. Our production apparatus for iron and steel, chemicals and machinery has enormously increased. Capital invested in American war industries built since 1940 exceeds Germany's entire industrial investment.

In the difficulty of determining not ways of production but ways of consumption, we have the great danger of another deflation as in 1929-34, when prices went down and down because we acquired more and more commodities but not more and more consumption. Thus we had misery in the midst of plenty.

Similarly with our agricultural output: can anyone expect that with the end of Lend-Lease and of the vast over-consumption of the armed forces we will have sky-rocketing prices for foodstuffs? Again the obvious danger is of prices that are too low, accompanied by hard times for the farm

Work Hard . . .

Play Hard . .

. . . in Seven Seas slacks that have high-style and long wear built right into them. But if your favorite store is temporarily out of them, bear in mind that almost all Seven Seas production is going to our Army and Navy. We're sure that's the way you'd want it. After we win, there'll be plenty of Seven Seas slacks for everyone, and they'll still be the same sound values that Seven Seas has maintained for the past half century.

Seven Seas

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SLIMLINES
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AT BETTER STORES

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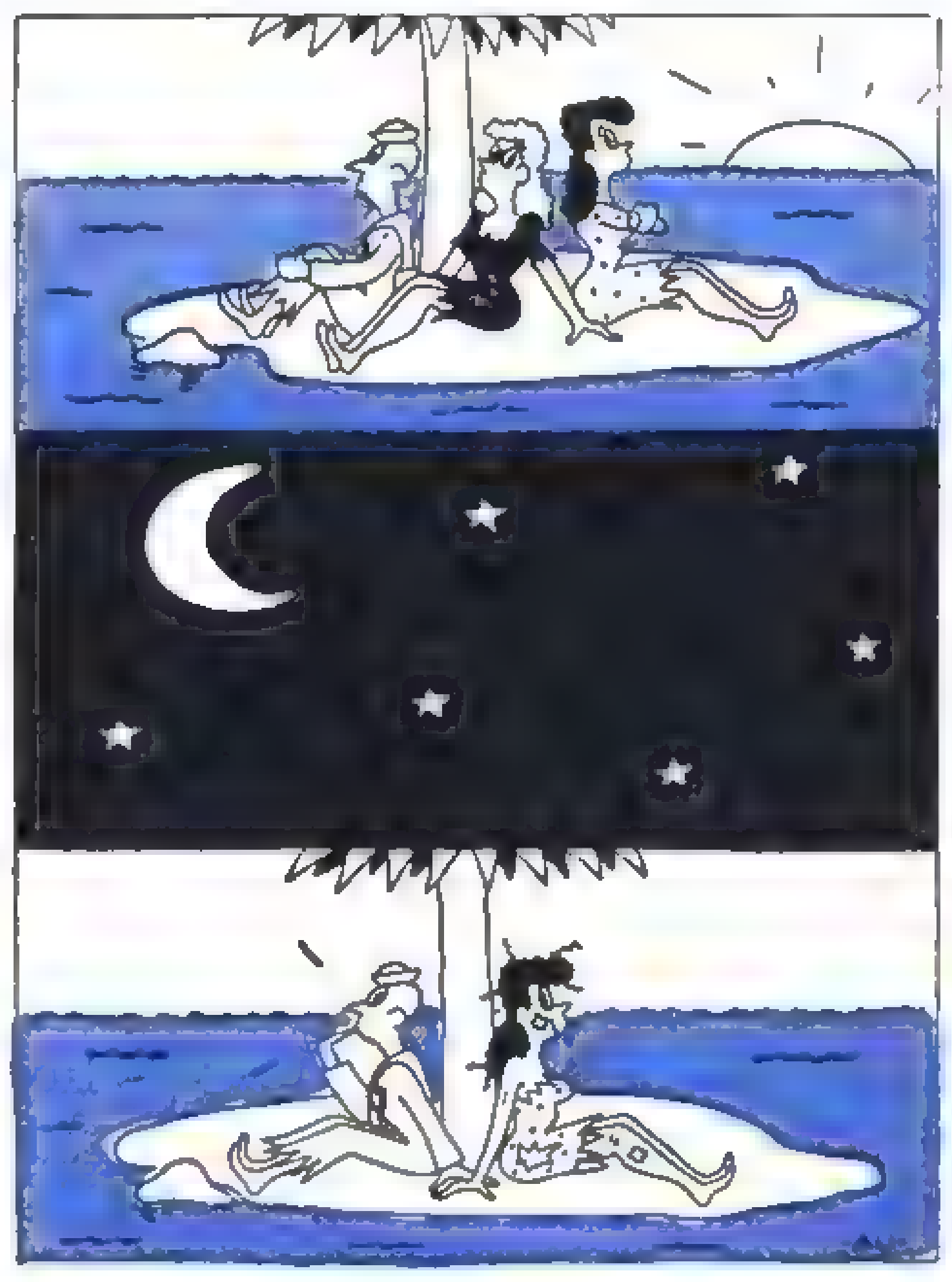
belt. To fend off this possibility, the government has already acted. But there is no doubt that nonguaranteed prices will fall at a much steeper rate. The government will be compelled to purchase large quantities of agricultural commodities.

So vast has been the effect of our productivity on farm and in factory that even the huge wartime savings would not cause a shortage in commodities if they should be spent in one swift spree once the war is over.



Doubtless in the first happy armistice period, popular joy will evince itself to some extent in increased buying. Certainly we will witness an eruption of the long pent-up desire for cars, refrigerators, washing machines and new homes. Such spending, however, cannot skyrocket prices while food, clothing, shoes, movies, etc., are available in abundance.

This reverses the view of the inflation prophets. Admitting that people did not spend their money as expected in the war years, and that the nation in 1942 and 1943 saved twenty-five per cent of its income after taxes, they argue the war period was a time of "deferred" inflation; once peace comes, and the public and small businessmen find from 100,000,000,000 to 120,000,000,000 dollars in their pockets, we will see a spending spectacle unequaled in history. Markets will be empty; prices will zoom; the dollar will lose much of its purchasing power; workers will seek higher wages; labor unions will press this important cost factor to unprecedented degrees. Worse than after the last war, a new inflationary spiral will be unleashed.

This line of reasoning has two glaring faults. In the first place, markets will not be empty. Inventories of retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers are higher in volume today than in 1939. Added to these are the colossal inventories of the armed services. Already industry has expressed the fear that these inventories may be so vast as to hamper business recovery. Mayor La Guardia of New York, testifying before a

Continued on page 168

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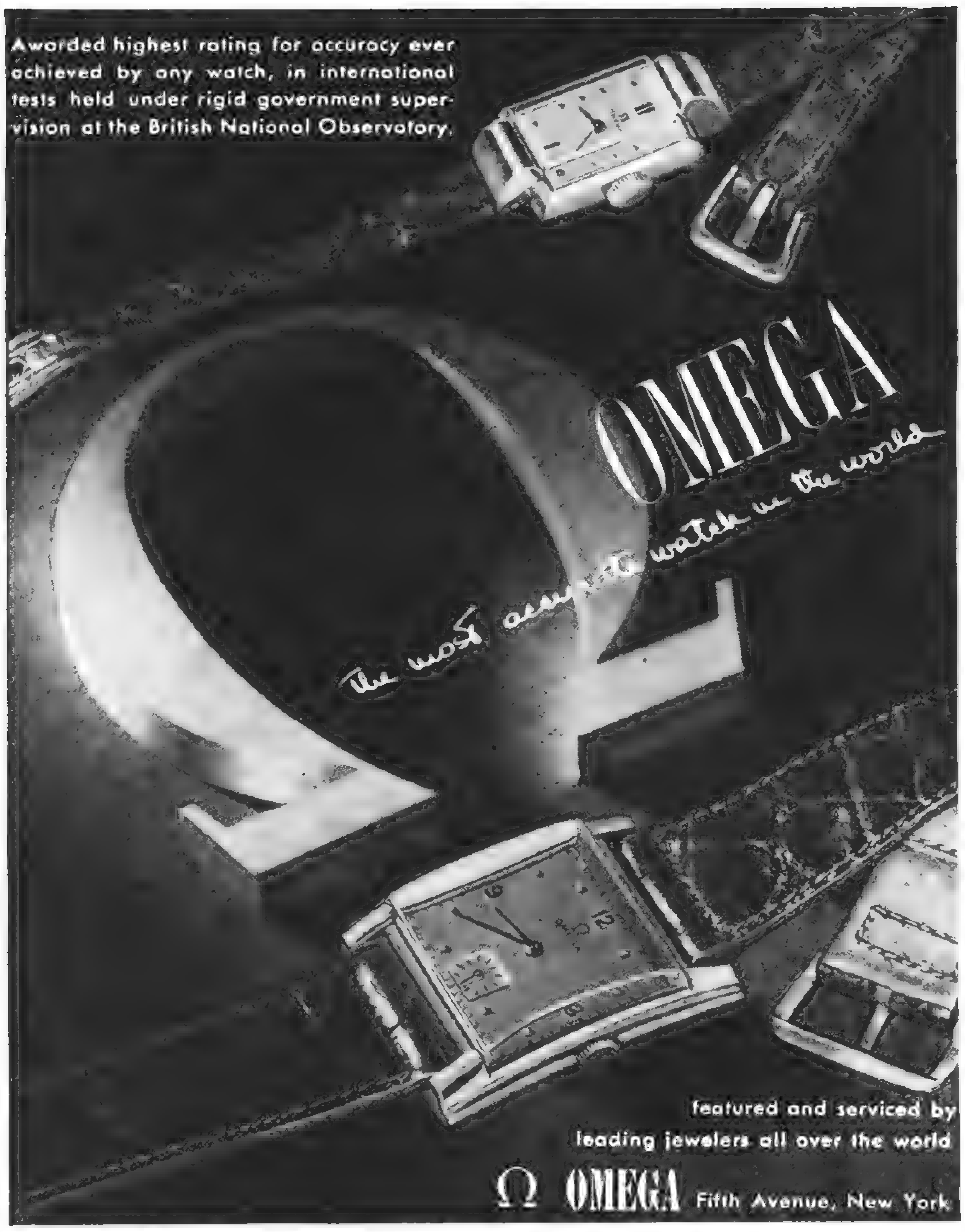
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Look Out for Deflation

Continued from pages 37-167

Congressional committee, proposed the destruction of many billion dollars' worth of surpluses. I doubt that Congress will heed this advice. Only if people were to use up a good deal of their savings could a sizable dent be made on the vast stores of goods—even then much of the savings might be inadequate to absorb the textiles, shoes, jeeps, hose, radio sets, etc., pouring from government warehouses. Furthermore, depletion of these huge stores would not empty the market. If the demand developed, industry's increased productivity could supply 50,000,000,000 dollars' worth of additional goods within a year.

In the second place, most people will not spend the larger part of their wartime savings.

A National Planning Association survey showed that more than 70 per cent of those questioned by the Institute of Public Opinion did not intend to spend their savings right after the war. When, in 1931-32, the English government reduced the interest rate of all of its bonds, some of the bonds turned in for conversion dated back 130 years to the Napoleonic wars. These people did not think they had merely bought something covering "deferred" inflation, that their bonds were not savings! On the contrary, three to four generations of bond buyers, their children and grandchildren, had enjoyed the interest and high security of British bonds. Presumably a great many Americans will not feel too restive in the knowledge that in their possession are savings equal to the normal income of one or two years.

Should our outline of coming events prove true, savers will be the gainers. When rainy days occur in our business life, there will be a healthy reserve of purchasing power. Our dollars will never become a five-cent dollar. Those strata which suffered during the war—the people living on pensions or on fixed salaries—will get more for their money in days to come than they are now getting.

Those who bought life insurance will not lose their last penny, as happened in Germany and France; their families will enjoy the full value of the money saved. And one industry, at least, will expand greatly because of savings: the construction industry. The greatest expense in housing is not the labor costs in building a home, but the interest rate—which comprises half of the entire housing expenditure. After the war, mortgages may cost half their rate of the '20s.

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side of deflation will be shadowed by the specter of unemployment. If, as we expect, we have a vastly increased production power which outdistances our consumption power, the consequences of this discrepancy will be falling prices and a falling sales volume. Result: unemployment. The pattern may duplicate that of our peak prosperity year, which was 1929.

FOR
CRIPPLED
CHILDREN

The war has shown that our industrial apparatus—under a forty-eight-hour work-week—can easily produce double the volume we consumed before the war. Never after 1929 were we able to employ more than 46,000,000 persons. During the war our civilian labor force rose to 52,000,000. After the war, 60,000,000 persons will claim jobs—at a time when presumably we will have returned to a shorter work-week. We have promised full employment, which must be fulfilled.

Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard testified that agriculture can produce more than we can consume in this country. But he didn't see much chance for soldiers coming back to the land with "ten acres and a mule." He admitted that agriculture would offer less employment than before the war. Similarly, most industrialists will tell you that although there is certainly room for added jobs in other industries, there isn't much room in their own!

We have learned to produce more goods with less labor. In prewar days, our best employment year was 1929. Yet the volume of goods produced that year was less than that produced in 1939—when there were about 10,000,000 unemployed. We had learned to make much more in a labor hour than we ever had before. Had things continued to develop along 1933-39 lines, our consumption capacity would today be fifteen to twenty per cent greater than in 1939. Yet today this volume of consumption can be satisfied with a productive plant employing several million people less than in 1939.

How can we hope to cope with a situation in which our production will constantly outrun our consumption and investment?

Thus far, wishful thinking has

Continued on page 170

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Look Out for Deflation

Continued from pages 37-167-169

characterized our preparations.

Among the wishful thinkers were the authors of a pamphlet discussing our postwar markets. They argued that in order to have full employment we ought to consume 64 per cent more in 1946 than we did before 1940. They estimated that in 1946 we would have to buy 251 per cent of the pianos and organs we bought in 1940, 266 per cent of the luggage, and no less than 184 per cent of the monuments and tombstones.

Such fantasies are unfounded. In good and bad times alike, never during the entire century have we had more of an increase in consumption from decade to decade than two to three per cent a year. During the great prosperity decade, 1919-29, increases amounted to no more than four per cent annually. Should Commerce Department over-optimism come true, we would have to expand the volume of consumption 9 per cent for every year since 1939.

However, this is not likely to happen. The years of our highest income were 1940 to 1944. Nonetheless, the volume of goods and services bought during this time by civilians rose by an average of three per cent annually. Admittedly, people could not buy cars and other consumer durables, or spend money on construction. But this factor is canceled by much higher expenditures in textiles and other semi-durables. This evidence blasts any hope that a miracle of increased consumption will bridge the perilous chasm of postwar unemployment.

Other suggestions for combating a jobless era are equally fallible. One implies that greater demands from Europe and other war-devastated theaters will make work for us. What will be needed mainly will be the initial replenishment of feeds and foods. In this direction, experts now believe almost unanimously that overseas demands upon us in 1946 will comprise less than Europe's normal prewar imports. Then there will undoubtedly be large demand for machinery and electrical appliances. Yet, doubling our production of such items over prewar levels would provide fewer jobs than by two weeks of war production.

Dreams of a flourishing foreign trade after peace comes will certainly not materialize for at least ten years. Those who speak of vast exports to China and India are riding for a fall. How big will such exports really loom? Before the so-called China incident in 1931, China's teeming 450,000,000 bought from the whole world not more than 200,000,000 dollars

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worth of goods—less than two months' sales at the A & P, or perhaps equal to the product of one day of our war production. An astute Englishman told me: "The best you may achieve with the hundreds of millions of coolies is that they may eat one spoonful more of rice a day. I would dissuade America and England from building their future on this."

A solution to the biggest impending problem of the postwar is not impossible, however, and here are my proposals:

First: Let's not pin our hopes on the possible needs of foreign countries. We must solve our employment puzzle on—and out of —our own soil.

Second: Let's prepare to reduce the hours of labor, although even this may not provide the complete answer. If all overtime were scrapped, it is estimated that we would require 5,000,000 more workers than we now have. The figure may even be exaggerated. Eventually labor may have to be rationed to the workers in order to spread employment around.

Third: A better solution would be to expand all normal possibilities of employment. Germany recovered from the effects of 1918-19 by undertaking all sorts of construction work, to give work to millions of unemployed. With our huge idle capital funds, and our cheap money rates, we should be able to do better than Germany did. (But one difficulty here is that because of a lack of advance planning, the construction industry will not be able to move into high gear for at least a year. Conscious of this lack, Congress drafted the Kilgore bill and its ersatz with this philosophy: "Since we can't give our people jobs, let's pay them as if they had jobs." This definitely fails to solve matters.)

Fourth: We should create jobs. We should increase the volume of large-scale public works in electrification, reforestation and flood-control. We should found new forms of the CCC to employ those whom civilian industry cannot at once absorb.

In other words, we should use every available means to encourage the speediest possible rise in the average standard of living, hence in consumption and in purchasing power. Only in this way can we hope to keep pace with our new-found productive power.

We must remember that unemployment brought the European dictators to power in the thirties. The masses in Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain flocked to them not because of hunger, but because of a growing despair that they had not been employed for years and would not be for decades. The dictators promised employment—their greatest propaganda tool. Within its borders, America must guard against a repetition of these dangers. ⧺

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What Makes a Criminal Lawyer

Continued from page 53

pimp," he snarled. "You know you're as guilty as hell."

Those two sentences probably best explain Earl Rogers the criminal lawyer. He wittingly defended a man he knew to be guilty. He viewed a trial as a test of his wit and abilities against those of the prosecuting attorneys.

When I queried Jerry Giesler as to whether Earl Rogers had been unethical during his meteoric career, Giesler was quick to deny that assumption. "Nothing of the sort," he said. "Rogers was always fair and aboveboard."

From Rogers, in the years he worked for him, Giesler learned the fine art of treating witnesses so gently, particularly females, that they are disarmed and frequently blurt out the truth inadvertently. It was Earl Rogers who handed down the famous dictum, "Never get rough with a woman on the witness stand."

Giesler never does. In the Pantages case, for example, in which he won his first fame, his questioning of Miss Eunice Pringle, the plaintiff, was absolutely classic.

Eunice Pringle, an attractive seventeen-year-old dancer, charged that on the late afternoon of August 9th, 1927, Alexander Pantages, millionaire owner of the theatre chain, had lured her into his small office in the Pantages Theater Building in downtown Los Angeles, and had taken advantage of her. Pantages asserted the entire case was a frame-up.

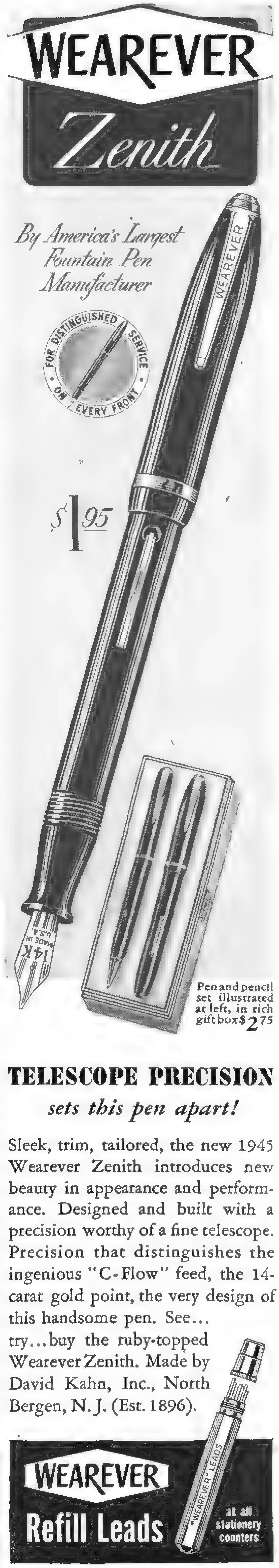
The case was brought to trial in September of 1929. Naturally, because of the defendant's standing in the community, the resultant publicity was national. Pantages hired a coterie of exceedingly high-priced lawyers, among them Max D. Steuer, but it was Giesler who handled the job of cross-examining Miss Pringle.

Her story had been so convincing, the corroborative evidence against Pantages so strong, public feeling against him so high, that Giesler's only chance lay in proving Miss Pringle was more than met the eyes, more than a seventeen-year-old innocent, that she was in fact a young woman who knew the facts of life firsthand.

Giesler began by questioning Miss Pringle about the clothes she was wearing. "Isn't that outfit you have on now," he asked, "similar to the one you wore at school? Was it suggested that you should, when you appeared here, be dressed in a manner with reference to your clothes and your shoes and your stockings and the wearing of your hair and the absence of hat, so that it would give an appearance of simplicity?"

"No, Mr. Giesler," said the witness. "This is the same type of clothes I ordinarily wear."

That was an opening for Giesler. He demanded that Miss Pringle appear in court dressed in the tight, red, sleeveless, provocative



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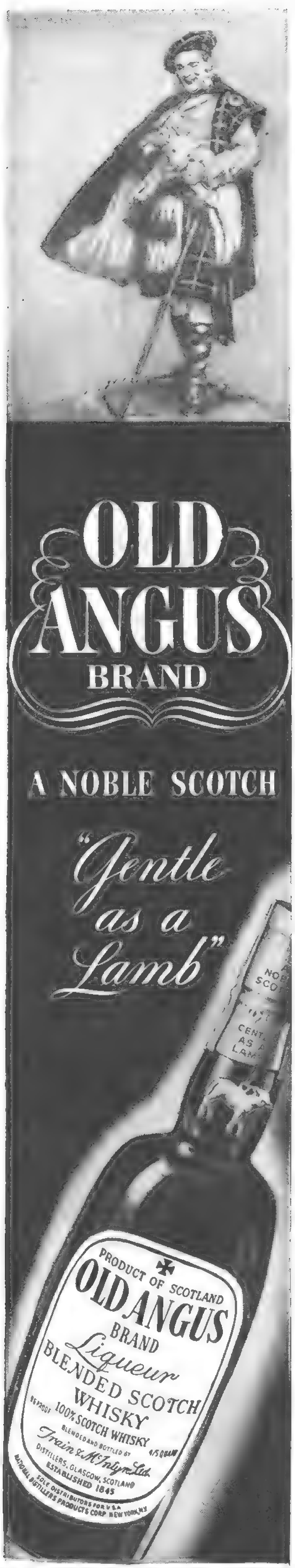

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dress and even the underclothing she had worn on the afternoon of August 9th, date of the alleged attack. That same afternoon Miss Pringle was walked from the witness box before the jury of six men and six women, dressed exactly as she had been before Mr. Pantages. No longer did she look like the sweet, innocent seminary Miss of a few hours before.

Giesler then went on to prove that as a dancer, Miss Pringle was athletic. She could do all manner of splits and back bends, and he wanted to know why she had offered Mr. Pantages no effective resistance. He sought to introduce evidence of the girl's character, but the court declared inadmissible any proof of lack of chastity, and Pantages was declared guilty.

Giesler quickly filed an appeal in which he questioned the court's right to rule out such telling evidence, and owing to this masterfully-written brief, Pantages was tried again, and acquitted.

The decision by the California Supreme Court, permitting the introduction of proof concerning the prior history of the girl into a morals trial, is what gained Giesler a victory many years later in the case of Errol Flynn. At this trial, too recent to need any renarrating, Giesler was able to prove the facts concerning the acquaintanceship of the Misses Hansen and Satterlee with other men, and that Mr. Flynn, stanch citizen, was merely an innocent victim.

In handling women witnesses, Giesler gives the impression that he is a very modest man, reluctant to ask certain personal questions. One of his favorite preliminaries in cross-examining is, "You will pardon me, I hope, for asking this question, but I must."

Earl Rogers used to say, "It grieves me, madam, to ask you this, but bear with me, please, until we find out where you were on the night of April 18th."

Giesler, however, has a trick that Rogers never dreamed of. He purposely mispronounces the names of female undergarments. When he says "brassiere," for example, the witness feels certain this is the first time the nice, bald gentleman has ever used the word.

Newspapermen who have seen both Rogers and Giesler in action believe that the pupil is far better than the teacher. Giesler himself, however, insists that Earl Rogers "was the best criminal lawyer America ever had."

This is probably a carry over of the hero-worship Giesler showered on Rogers thirty years ago. Giesler, a law student at the University of Southern California, considered Rogers his idol. One day he was sent to collect a bill from Rogers who had bought the *Encyclopedia of Evidence* and had never paid for it. So brilliant was Giesler before Rogers in his plea for payment, that Rogers refused it but instead offered Giesler the job of office boy. Giesler quickly accepted it.

Rumor on the West Coast has

Continued on page 174

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What Makes a Criminal Lawyer

Continued from pages 53-173

it that Giesler is now the highest priced criminal lawyer in the country. However, he denies he specializes only in criminal cases.

Many Easterners say Giesler, as good as he is, could not have held a candle to the late "Wild" Bill Fallon. This is an invidious comparison. He does lack the color which made Fallon the darling of Broadway for ten years, however.

Bill Fallon was born, bred, and raised in New York City. He attended Fordham Law School, entered politics and went to work for a county district attorney's office, but soon realized that fame could be obtained only by transferring from the prosecution to the defense. In 1918 he came to Broadway, entered into partnership with Eugene McGee, and for the next decade that team had no legal peers. McGee got the clients and Fallon got them acquittals.

Moreover, Fallon got the attention of every newspaper in the city. He instituted the practice of having press conferences with reporters; naturally they reciprocated by favoring him in their accounts of trials. They liked him because he baited judges and prosecutors, and played merry hell with witnesses. He could make the most truthful parson sound like the devil's own liar. If a witness claimed to have taken a walk around the block, Fallon could sensibly attribute to it a sinister motive. Here is an extract from an early trial of Fallon's to explain his courtroom technique:

Fallon: And you mean to say—remember, now, you are sworn to tell the truth—you mean to say, Mr. Sturdevant, that you live only three doors from the bakery, yet you went around the entire block to buy a loaf of bread? Think back carefully. You had to go *only three* doors for that loaf of bread; but you actually went clear around the block?

Sturde: Yes, I went around the block.

Fallon: Then *why* did you go around the block? Tell us that if you can.

Prosecutor: I object, your Honor. Mr. Fallon is charging on the witness and poking his finger almost in the man's face.

Court: You will stop all threatening gestures.

Fallon: I didn't hear what your Honor just said.

Court: I said to cease pointing your finger.

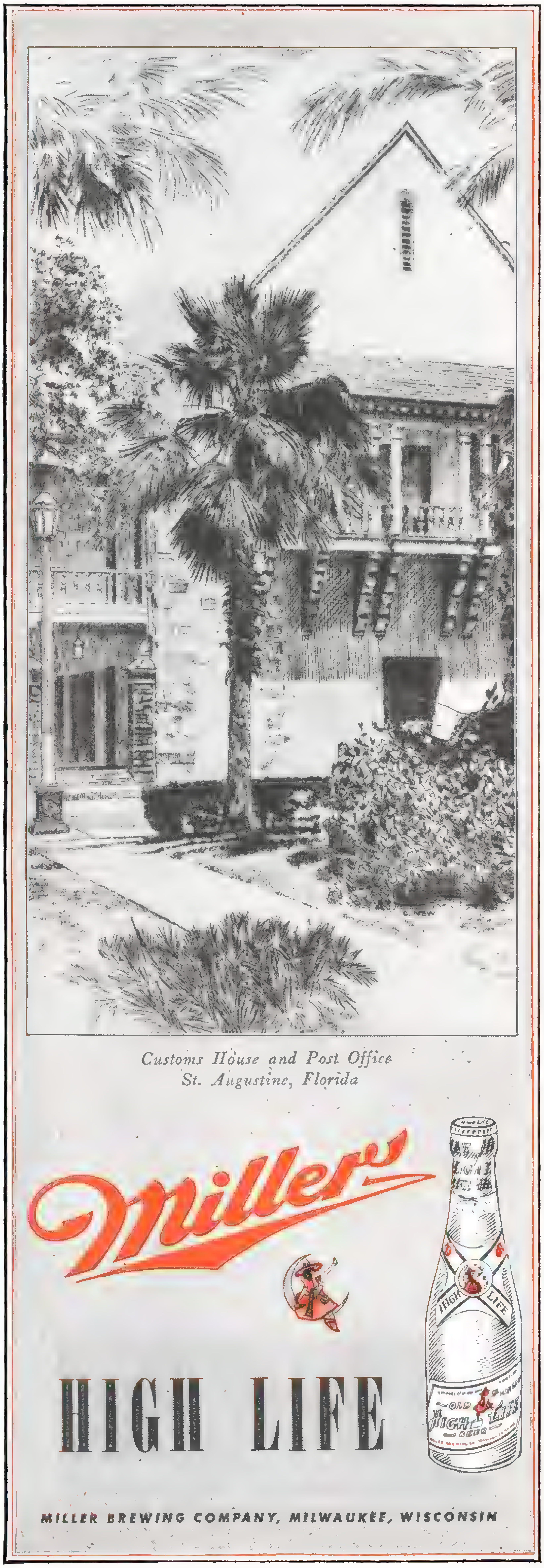
Prosecutor: I ask the court to instruct counsel to move back from the witness stand.

Court: You will please stand in the proper place, Mr. Fallon. . . . I again direct counsel to stand back.

Fallon: I beg your Honor's pardon. I didn't quite catch the court's last remark.

Court: Mr. Fallon, are you hard of hearing?

Fallon: Will your Honor please



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repeat that question?

Court: I said: Are you hard of hearing?

Fallon: I am sorry to say, I am, your Honor. And I maintain that I have a right to stand close to the witness.

Court: On what ground do you make such an assertion, Mr. Fallon?

Fallon: On the ground that my client is entitled to the services of his attorney—one hundred per cent services, and not sixty or seventy per cent. If, as happens to be the case, counsel is suffering any ailment that impairs the sense of sight or hearing, counsel cannot give the service guaranteed a defendant under the law. That is, if counsel is thwarted by court or prosecution from standing where the full import of question and answer, or of court ruling, may be had.

That was Fallon, as deaf as a lynx, in action, a grandstander, an actor who, as David Belasco insisted, belonged on the stage.

There is neither time nor place here to describe Fallon's personal life, his devotion to the beauteous Gertrude Vanderbilt, his friendship with Fanny Brice, his feuds with Nicky Arnstein, and Arnold Rothstein; all this has been superbly done by Gene Fowler in his *The Great Mouthpiece*, a book now in its twenty-first edition. Certainly Fallon was one of the first attorneys to see the wisdom in studying medicine. He realized the importance of knowing the human anatomy so well that he could pit his knowledge against that of many famous medical authorities. His handling of the Ernest Fritz case, for example, has been called by lawyers one of the greatest exhibitions of cross-examining medical dignitaries that exists in the court records.

On February 22, 1919, Ernest Fritz, a Tuckahoe, New York, cab driver, picked up Mrs. Florence Coyne, a stenographer he was trysting with, and drove upstate. En route, he stopped for dalliance, as a direct result of which, it was charged, Mrs. Coyne died.

Fritz was arrested and held without bail. District Attorney Francis Martin demanded a thorough autopsy of Mrs. Coyne from Dr. K. Sellers Kennard, Medical Examiner of the Bronx.

After the post mortem, Fritz was indicted by the grand jury on a charge of first-degree murder. He appealed to a former employer, Charles A. Perkins, onetime New York City District Attorney, for legal assistance. Perkins called in "Wild" Bill Fallon.

Fallon was then at the height of his career. He had already saved more than fifty persons from the electric chair. He had consistently electrified the press, the prosecution and the public with his brilliant wit, his shrewd mind, and his long list of 126 acquittals, but despite all this, it was felt that here was one case neither Fallon nor any other lawyer could possibly win. Fritz had

Continued on page 176

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William Penn
Blended Whiskey

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits

GEM OF THE BLENDS

What Makes a Criminal Lawyer

Continued from pages 53-173-175

signed three statements relating to the death of Florence Coyne.

Fallon's first step was to read all the books he could obtain on gynecology. His second was to refer to the crime as an accident. Throughout the entire trial, he insisted on calling Mrs. Coyne's death an accident. When the prosecution placed eminent medical authorities on the stand to give their views of the case, they replied in such technical language that the jury had difficulty in following them. However, the jury seemed to have no trouble remembering Fallon's constant harping on the word "accident."

"Doctor Kennard," Fallon gestured with his index finger, "is it not possible that the injury you testified to could also have been caused by a coughing fit?"

Dr. Kennard: It was not so caused.

Fallon: I am not asking you if it was or wasn't caused by a coughing fit. I am asking: *could* it not have been caused by a violent cough?

Dr. Kennard: Yes, it could have been possible.

Immediately the prosecution introduced more medical authorities in an attempt to prove that Fritz had caused the death. Again and again, Fallon countered with the objection that his client had merely been the victim of a horrible *accident*. Finally, he put Ernest Fritz on the stand.

The courtroom, of course, was jammed to the very walls with people. Fallon loved to work before crowds. Silence reigned as the taxicab driver took the stand. With excess kindness, Fallon turned to the witness:

Fallon: Under what name did you know the woman who was killed in this *accident*?

Fritz: As Florence Glennon.

Fallon: Did you love her?

Fritz: I loved her.

Fallon: Had you ever seen her before the day of the *accident*?

Fritz: Yes.

Fallon: Under what circumstances, and how often?

Fritz: As often as we had a chance. We had lots of social drinks together.

Fallon: Then, will you tell the jury why you indulged in these affairs with the woman who was *accidentally* killed.

Fritz: Because I loved her.

Fallon: Did it ever enter your mind to injure her in any way?

Fritz: Why, I wouldn't have harmed a hair of that girl's head. I loved her dearly.

Fallon: That is all. Take the witness.

Mr. Martin, D.A: You signed three statements, as testified to by the police, did you not?

Fritz: I am not sure.

D.A: Is this your signature on these three documents?

Fritz: It may be.

D.A: Would you say that you

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didn't sign these confessions of guilt?

Fallon: I object, your Honor, to the continuous and unwarranted declaration of guilt by the prosecutor. It casts an unfair shadow over this *accident.*

Fallon convinced the jury that the entire sordid mess *was* an accident. After only three and a half hours of deliberation, the jury acquitted Fritz.

Fallon was the hero of Broadway. In much the same way as business flocked to Giesler after the Errol Flynn trial, so did clients then flock to Fallon. He accepted the most lucrative, but never again did he attain the brilliant heights he had reached on the Fritz trial. After his acquittal on a charge of bribery in 1924, he drank more and more. Friends and physicians warned him he would soon die if he didn't go easy, that he would meet with the same fate as Earl Rogers, who had been found dead in a Los Angeles boarding house two years before. Three years later Fallon was in his grave. He was only forty-one.

Fallon's death marked the passing of an era in America. The era of the 1920's, of bootlegging, hijacking, crime and terror—an era in which criminal lawyers like Fallon and Clarence Darrow rose to their highest pinnacles.

Darrow, of course, through his activities on behalf of labor, had long been known as a great idealistic lawyer—but it was not until 1924 and the sensational Loeb-Leopold case that he achieved the notoriety concomitant with the defense of two clients who had already been condemned by the public.

The Loeb-Leopold case made Clarence Darrow one of the most criticized lawyers in America. W. R. Kellogg, a newspaper publisher in Nebraska and a close friend of Darrow's, said, "More of his followers renounced Darrow because of his defense of Loeb and Leopold than for any other case in his entire history. Very few of his stanchest friends stood by. Lawyers said, 'He is disgracing the criminal lawyers of the country,' while criminals said, 'If this Darrow can get Loeb and Leopold off we can commit any crime we like; all we have to do is to get Darrow to defend us.' The practice of criminal law in America fell into its greatest disrepute in decades."

This overstrong statement was reflective of the hate engendered by the public towards anyone who would consent to defend Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb, two rich young perverts who, with premeditation, had hacked fourteen-year-old Robert Franks to pieces in their effort to commit the perfect crime.

That Darrow managed to save them from the hangman's noose was probably the greatest forensic triumph of all time. He maintained that the boys were mentally ill and should be confined to an institution. His final plea to Judge Caverly is not only one

Continued on page 178

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BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

What Makes a Criminal Lawyer

Continued from pages 53-173-175-177

of the greatest pleas in judicial history, but one of the most convincing arguments ever made against capital punishment.

"Crime has its causes," Darrow pleaded..."And people today are seeking to find out the causes. Scientists are studying it; criminologists are investigating it; but we lawyers go on and on, punishing and hanging and thinking that by general terror we can stamp out crime. . .

"I do not know how much salvage there is in these two boys. I hate to say it in their presence, but what is there to look forward to? I do not know but what your Honor would be merciful if you tied a rope around their necks and let them die, merciful to them, but not merciful to civilization . . . to those who would be left behind . . . The easy thing and the popular thing to do is to hang my clients. . . . Men and women who do not think will applaud. The cruel and thoughtless will approve . . . I know your Honor stands between the future and the past. I know the future is with me and what I stand for here; not merely for the lives of these two unfortunate lads, but for all boys and all girls, for all of the young and, as far as possible, for all of the old. I am pleading for life, understanding, charity, kindness and the infinite mercy that considers all. I am pleading that we overcome cruelty with kindness and hatred with love. I know the future is on my side.

"You may hang these boys... by the neck until they are dead. But . . . you will make it harder for every other boy who in ignorance and darkness must grope his way through the mazes which only childhood knows."

That plea firmly entrenched Darrow as the finest, most articulate, emotion-arousing pleader America has ever known. No one engaged in the practice of law has ever even approached him in the excellence of this technique.

Darrow was so much the defender of the common man, and he so much looked it—in his soft shirts and shoelace ties, striding in front of the jury box pulling on his suspenders, that he aroused a common sympathy, a consciousness of kind with the jurors. He made more of them cry than any other lawyer, and in their tears found hundreds of acquittals.

In the years to come we shall see a rise in the crime rate in the U.S. This has always been the sociological aftermath of war. It is then that new criminal lawyers will spring to the fore, to inherit the mantle once worn by Darrow, Rogers, Fallon and now by Giesler.

It is hardly possible, however, that the newcomers will ever equal them in all around ability.

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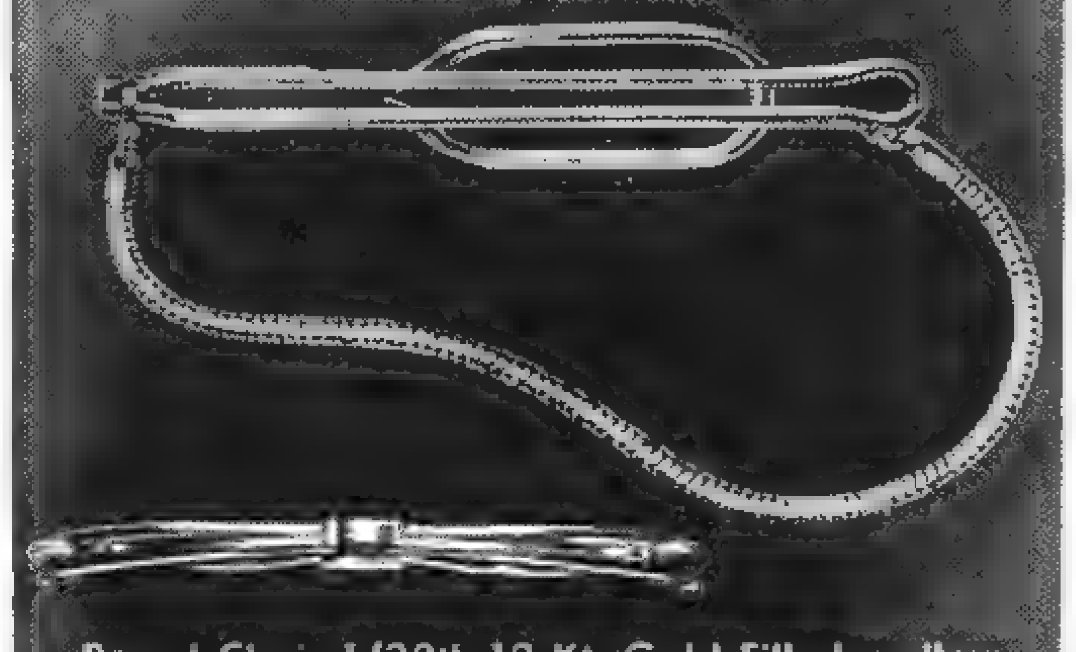

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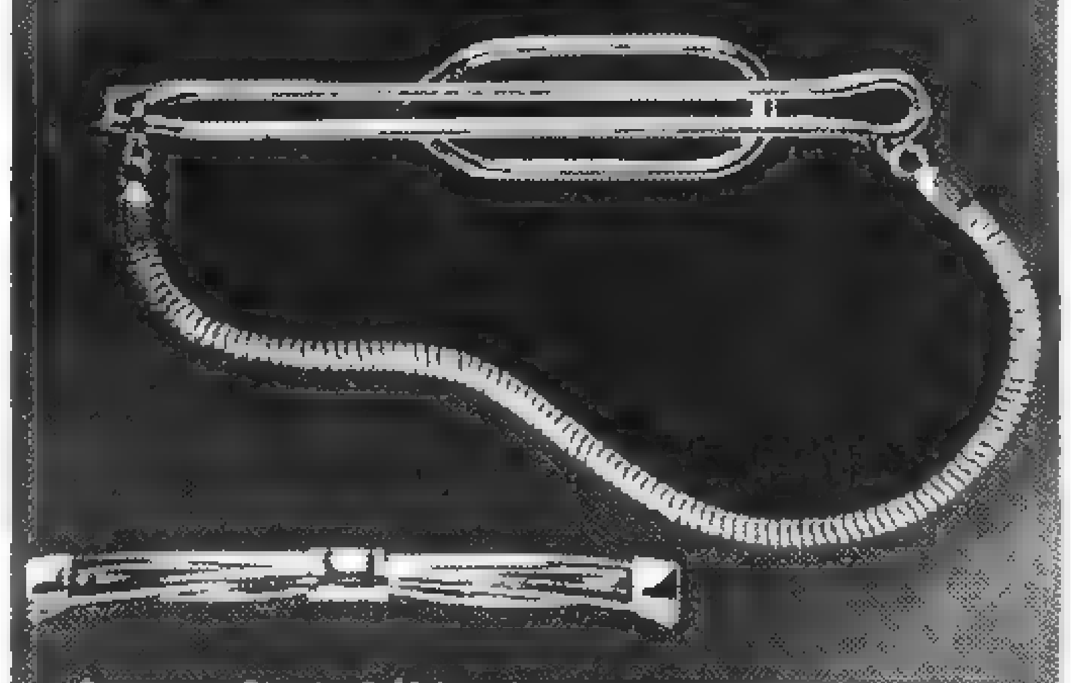

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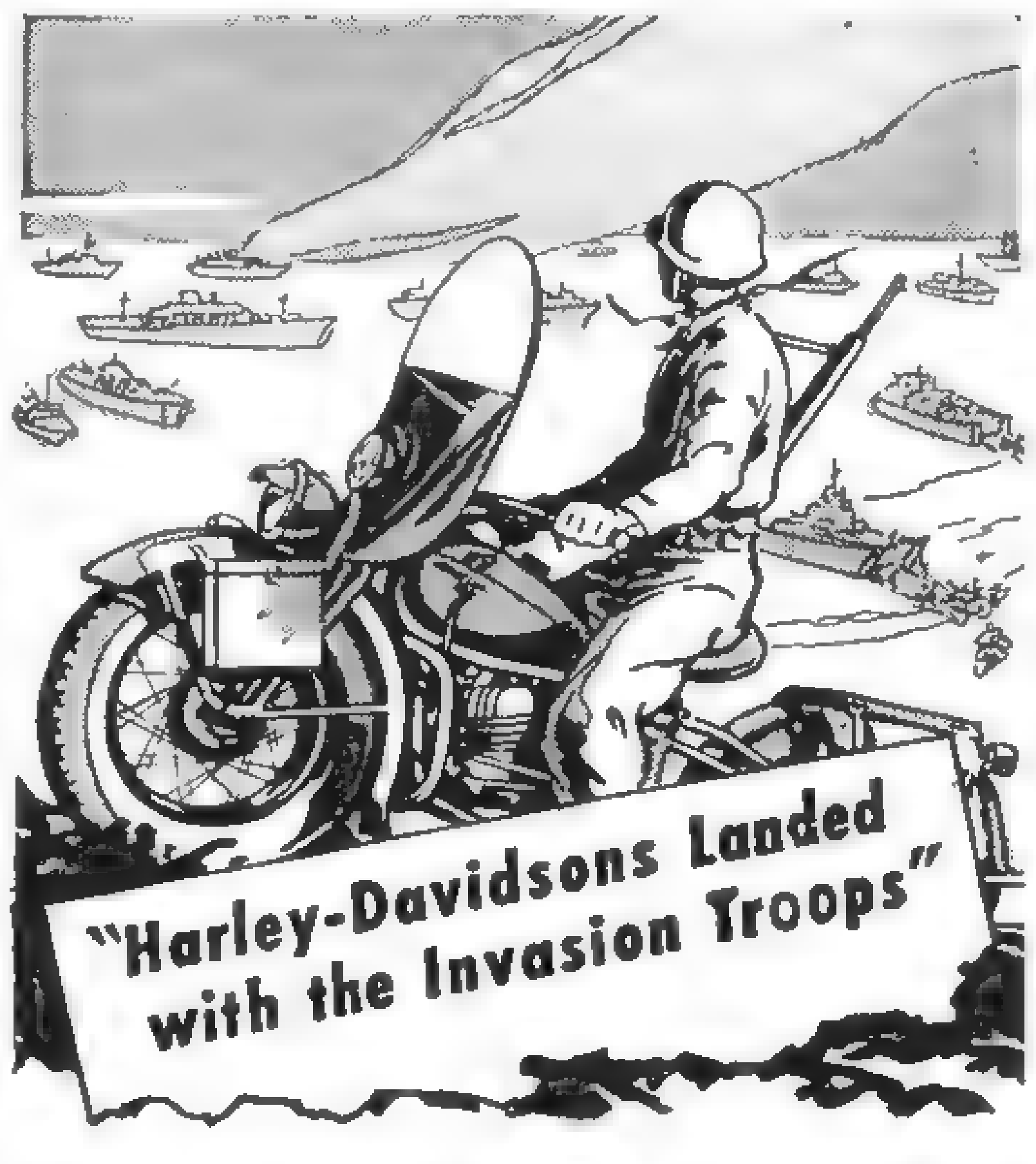
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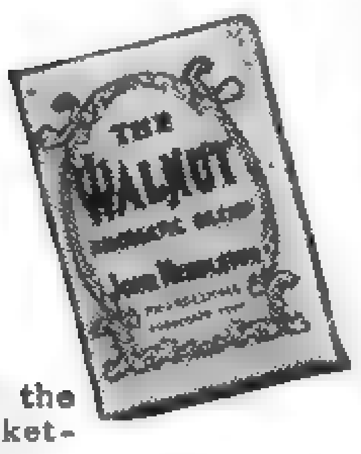

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The Monarch's Last Tanto

Continued from page 51

air and the bounce too high from The Ox to recover.

Guillermo was playing too far forward, as usual, but he covered more ground than a cathedral. He took The Monarch's shot just as it struck the concrete and slammed it back high and hard. It carried all the way to the backwall and The Monarch, pedaling back furiously on his old legs, just managed to take it on the rebote, and send it along the sidewall past Piston's ears.

This was to be a real good point. Piston speedily took the pelota in the air, stole a crafty glance over his shoulder, and lofted midway between The Cuban Flash and The Monarch. The Cuban Flash came running back, but The Monarch shouted him off.

"Yo, yo," he yelled. He smashed a forehand shot that skidded teasingly along the wall, never bouncing off or quite curving out.

Three thousand spectators stood, their heads swiveling from right to left with the white ball. The Monarch guessed that the point lasted over two minutes before Guillermo, lunging off balance for a faulty rebote from the backwall, fouled out. This time it was Guillermo who called time. The Monarch sat on the bench and stole a look into the stands.

He could distinguish the shrill screams of the bookmakers, and he frowned, puzzled at the odds they offered. With the score 27 to 26 in favor of The Monarch and The Flash, it was strange that the odds held at even money. They ought to be more like 10 to 7. The Monarch searched the rows of seats until he saw Chinita, the soft fur coat he had bought her thrown back off the slim shoulders, and Miguelito.

Miguelito was yelling at a white-coated bookmaker who had pushed his red beret off his sweating forehead, screamed some reply and held up nine fingers. The bookmaker tucked a slip of paper in a hollow rubber ball and tossed it up into the stands. Miguelito caught it deftly, removed the slip, wadded some money inside and tossed it back.

Well, the Monarch considered, he had just seen another payment made on the farm or whatever it was which would occupy him the rest of his days. He and Chinita could live easily . . .

It was funny, though, why the odds were staying the way they were. He couldn't understand.

* * *

"Never mind who we have to fix," Miguelito had said that night at the café. "Just don't get more than one point ahead after the 26 tanto. Keep it exactly even, losing and winning, losing and winning, until the last point. Then just play anyway you like. You won't lose the last point and your precious conscience will be clear. If you won't make a lot of money

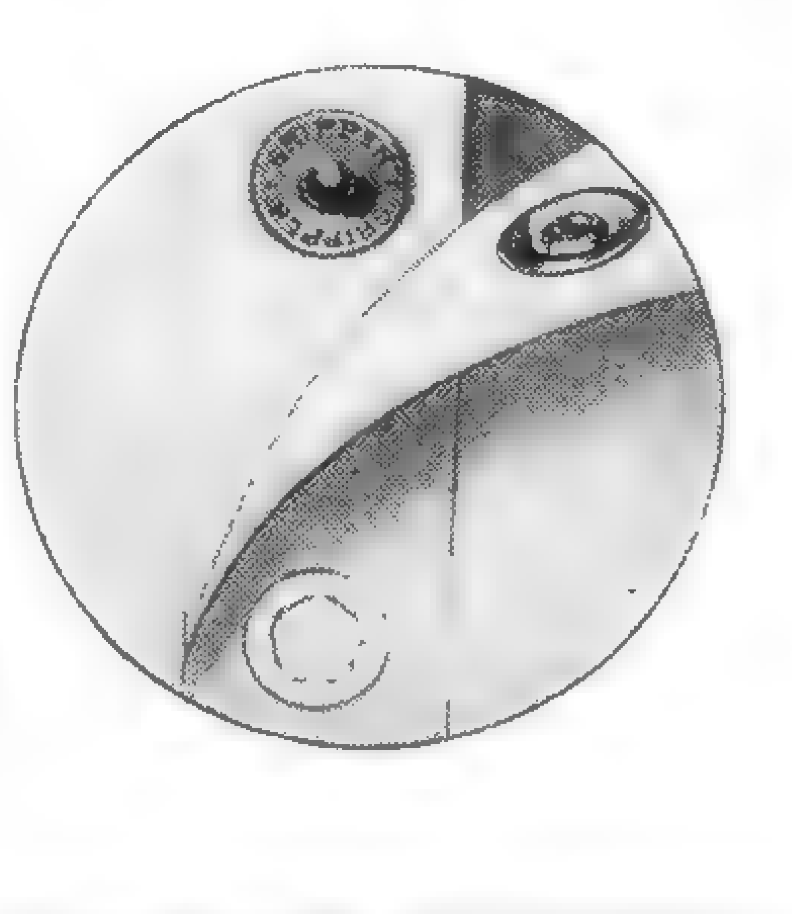
Continued on page 180

Drat buttons!... Bah! Each time one pops
I gets so awful mad I hops!

On with the war.... let no one lag
Regard my shorts... see how they sag!

Buy bonds... more bonds... this is my plea
Bring Yanks and Grippers back to me!

READY FOR A COMEBACK! Yes, Gripper fasteners will be back again . . . on more kinds of clothes than ever before! But until then, all our men and machines are working every minute of the night and day on important war materiel . . doing all they can to bring the boys back sooner!



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The Monarch's Last Tanto

Continued from pages 51-179

by losing, at least make some money doing what we tell you."

Riding home in the big car which wasn't yet paid for, Chinita had sighed happily and rubbed her sleek head against the hard muscles of his shoulder. Driving through the soft night he had thought of the thirty-four pelotaris in Manila, Basques all, and wondered if they were in prison or hiding in the hills or dead.

"It is no use," he had told himself. "Pelota is dead along with the Basque homeland, its songs and language and its freedom. What matters if I drive one more nail into a dead man's coffin? What matters a little evil when there is so much evil?"

* * *

He sighed, a tired man's sigh, and returned to the court. His partner prepared to serve. The Monarch tested the ball briefly. This was one of the points he didn't want to play, one of the crooked ones. His legs began to tremble. The white ball was in play with a sound like a shot.

The Monarch made two easy returns, watched The Flash make a nice play on one of Piston's murderous angle shots and then, purposely misjudging a rebote from the backwall, threw a "cripple" to Guillermo. The Ox took it like a delighted kid. He smashed an angled return which hit the backwall just where it joined the floor and skipped out safely clear of The Monarch's basket.

It was: Blue 27—White 27.

He took his position again and accepted Piston's service. Guillermo took The Monarch's next smash in the air and threw a low ball which came straight back at Martínez.

"Dale candela, chaval," he shouted. "Give it a hit, kid." The kid gave it his best, sending an angle shot skipping at Piston's ankles. Piston somehow made a recovery.

A real good boy, Piston. But then all Basques were real good boys. He lowered his head and started for the backwall to take a floating rebote. He got his basket on the ball, pivoted hard, like a hammer thrower, and sent a high shot forward with all the spin he could put on it.

Guillermo had backed up to take a straight smash and saw his mistake just a half step too late.

The scoreboard changed to White 28—Blue 27.

Again The Monarch felt his legs tremble as the ball went into play. This was to be another crooked point. Fortunately he didn't have to worry about it. The Cuban Flash, trying to outslug the catlike Piston in a duel of angle shots, was badly outsmarted. So the point was lost honestly, after all. The score was 28 to 28.

One more equalization, The Monarch told himself. One more igualana and then the final tanto;

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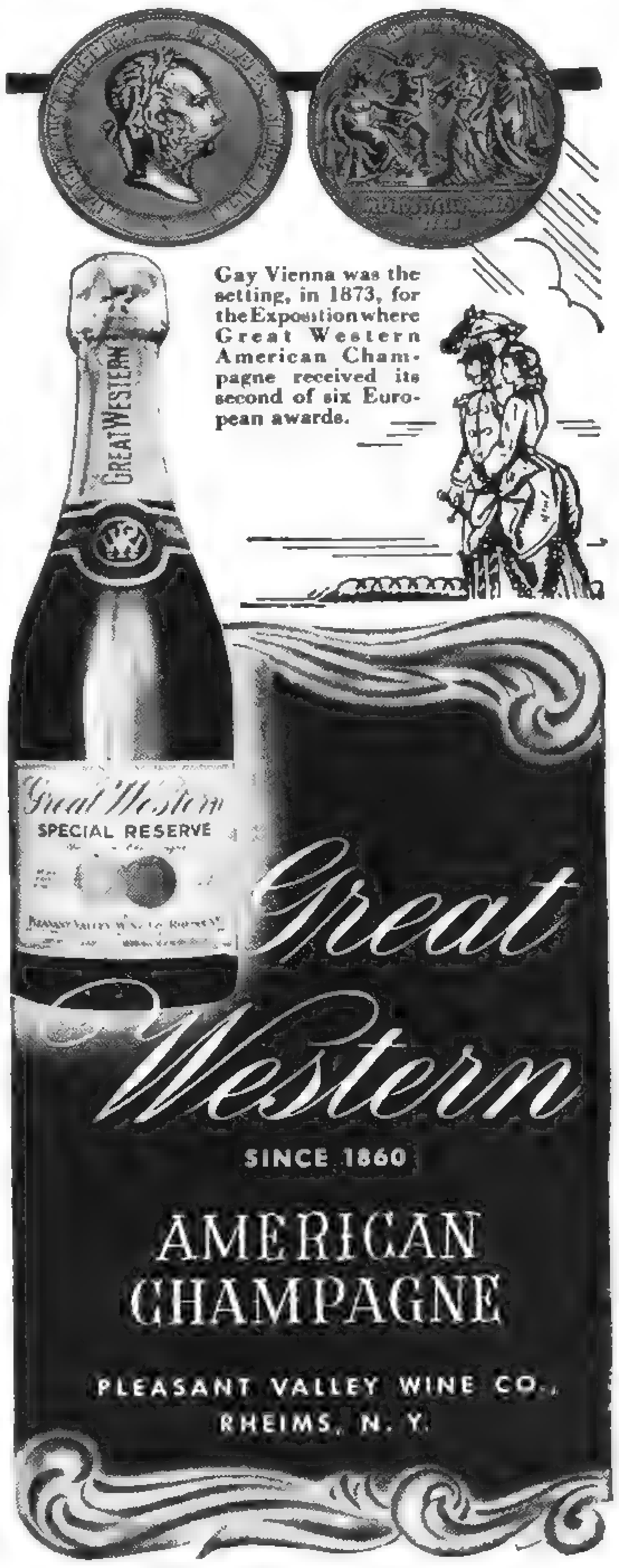

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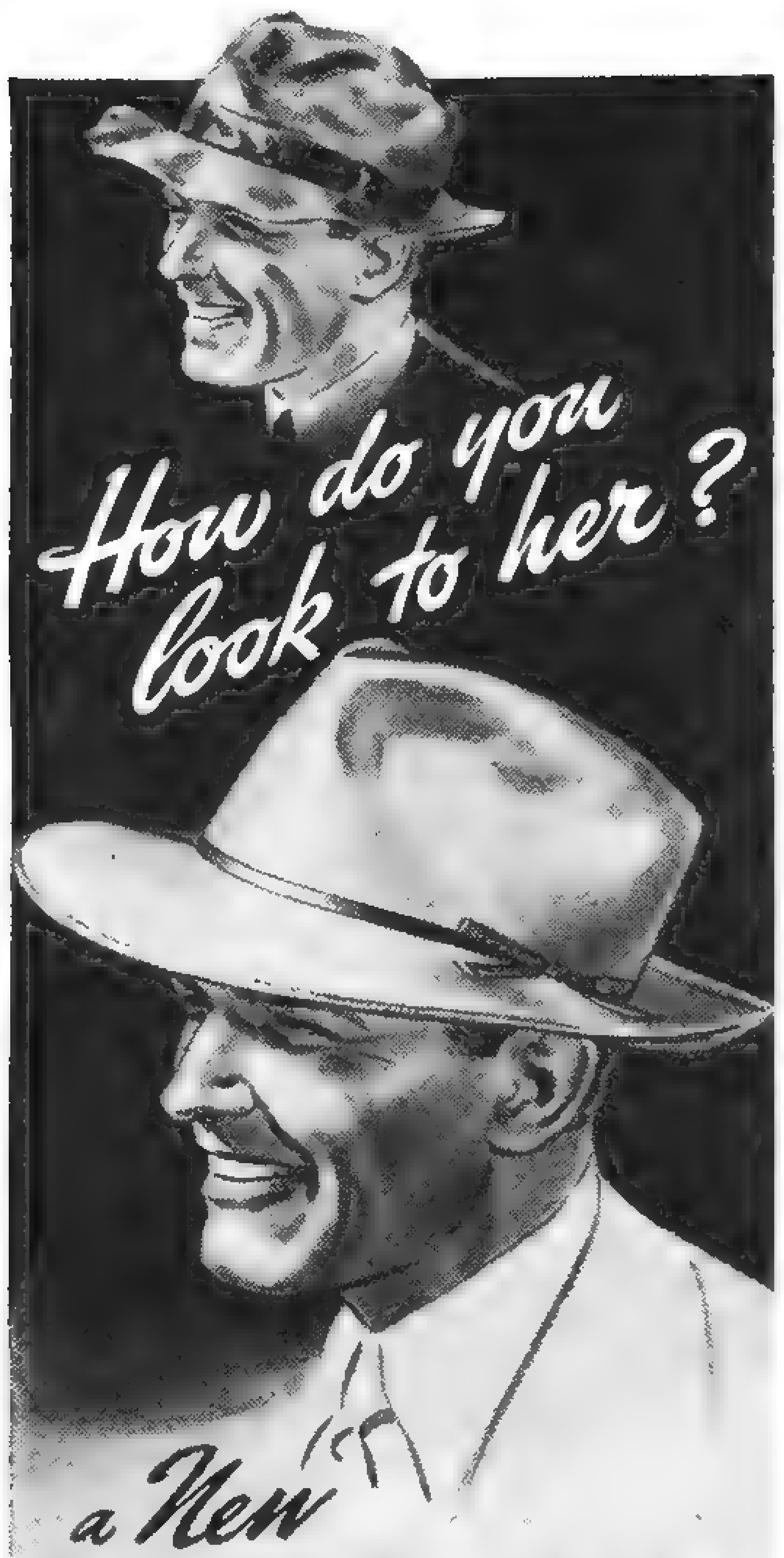
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he wished he could stop now. He would like to leave things just as they were. He didn't want to have to think about crookedly losing another point. He called time and sat down.

* * *

Chinita, he thought fondly. He remembered when he had first seen her sitting alone in the stands and had sent a boy with a message. When the boy returned with the news that she had ripped the note to shreds without even opening it, he was delighted. It had reassured him, he who had reason to be cynical about lone women in tropical countries. He had inquired about to find somebody who knew her and, surprisingly, Guillermo knew her.

Her name was Maraquita Valdez. Guillermo understood there was a trace of Chinese in her ancestry. What did she do? Guillermo had been evasive.

A lifetime of strict physical discipline had brought The Monarch no sophistication or subtlety. But his life was lonely, and lately the loneliness seemed more important than in earlier, happier days. It wasn't long before he decided this woman with the exciting, exotic eyes was the one thing in the world he wanted and was determined to have.

There had been times when Guillermo and Piston and other old Basque friends had haltingly tried to discourage the romance. The Monarch had laughed. Let the Basques have their old-fashioned moral codes. That was about all a Basque had left. He had the girl with the pointed eyes, the sleek beauty, the subtle fire which struck right into his tired and battered body.

* * *

He pulled himself out of his reverie. Guillermo was standing in front of him, talking.

"I say it again," Guillermo repeated, spitting contemptuously, "that Piston and I do not talk with our mouths no matter what we think with our heads. So tell us how you are going to do it and we will make some money on the point-by-point betting, too."

The Monarch felt his back go rigid and the hot sweat on the back of his neck suddenly turned cold. He stood up quickly, his green eyes narrowing quickly under the heavy black brows and his square head thrust forward. He reached out, apparently carelessly, and grasped The Ox's left arm in a vise of thick fingers.

Suddenly, like the crooked pieces of a puzzle falling into place by themselves, he knew what it was that had been making him uneasy. If he was playing this game crookedly to win, then somebody else was playing it crookedly to lose. He realized that it was Piston and Guillermo.

"Ni Dios ni Hostia," he said aloud, in wonder. He was a fool; neither God nor the Holy Ghost could induce those two Basques to lose a game crookedly.

"Guillermo," he said quickly, "for the sake of our years to-

Continued on page 182

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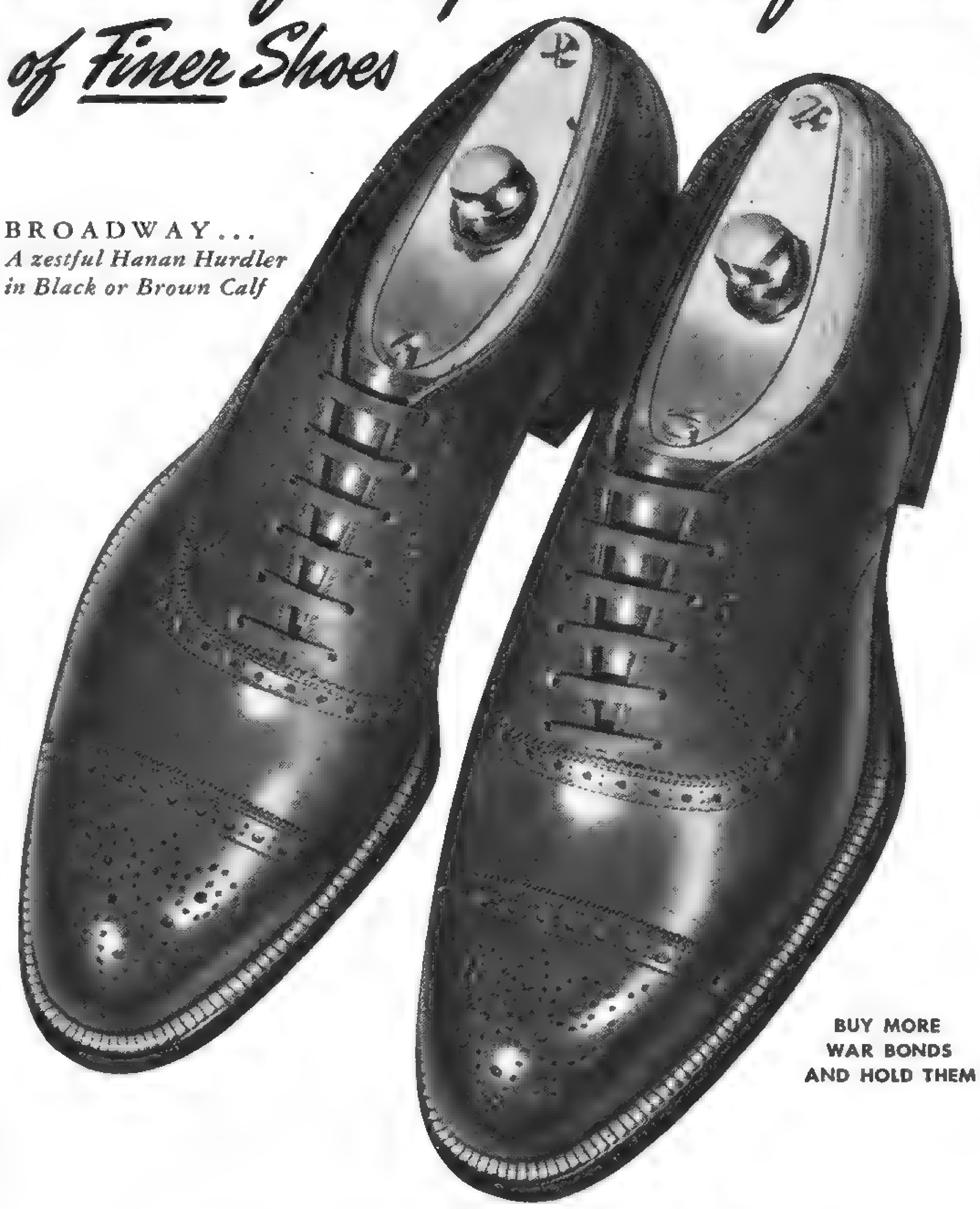

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JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

The Monarch's Last Tanto

Continued from pages 51-179-181

gether, tell me what you know."

Guillermo's eyes widened.

"What I know?" he sneered. "Listen to the odds. You, the great Estanislao Amuchastegui, have the partido at 28 to 28 and the apostadores, the bookmakers, make Piston and me 10 to 7 favorite? What else is there to know, when your woman and a common gambler sit in the stands and bet your money against you."

"Bet how?" The Monarch snarled his question.

"Bet against you, you foolish old goat," Guillermo said, contempt in his voice. "Do you pretend that you do not know this?"

"Give me a minute," The Monarch said, sitting down slowly on the bench. It couldn't be, he thought, but it was. He could hear the cries of the bookmakers. The odds had changed to 10 to 6 in favor of Guillermo and Piston . . . 10 to 6 against The Monarch.

Footsteps came padding at him and as he looked up, his partner, the señor Armando Martínez, came back and made a pretense of washing out his mouth. Guillermo moved away. Martinez spoke softly, insinuatingly, hardly moving his lips.

"Monarca," he said in his soft Cuban blur, "when comes the final tanto, let me play the first return. I have the instructions." He spit water off the court and walked jerkily away.

The Monarch thought he walked crookedly. Yes! The last crooked piece in the crooked puzzle.

They had him in the middle, all right. It would be the Cuban Flash who lost the final tanto, the last point. But the talk, when it started, would not be of the final tanto. The talk would be about the money bet by The Monarch's girl and by the professional gambler. Money bet by people close to The Monarch and bet against him, bet against him from the start.

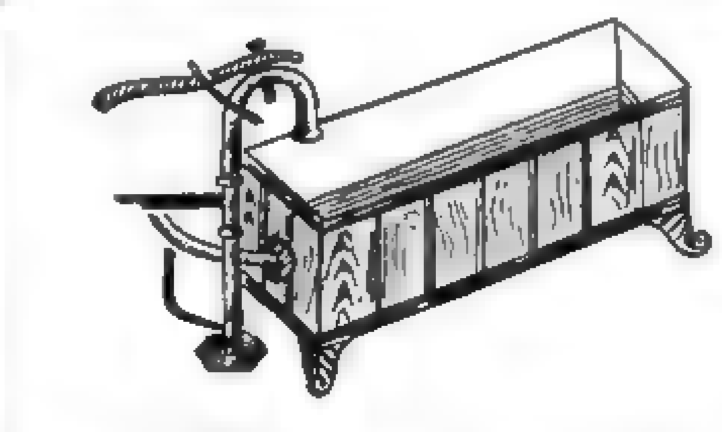
He had been smartly swindled by a woman and a gambling thief, like poor Argarate that time in Mexico. He, The Monarch.

"Manolo," he called sharply. The young mulatto came running with a paper water cup which looked like any other paper cup full of water. The Monarch drained the draught of Spanish brandy. Passing behind Guillermo, he spoke rapidly in Basque.

"As a favor, chaval," he said. "Throw me just one rebote."

Guillermo's face was impassive and the ball went into play. Piston and the Cuban kept it up around the front wall for four returns and Guillermo took it and arched a high, floating shot to the backwall. The Monarch turned and waited for the rebound.

It came off the backwall and he took the ball backhand in his cesta and pivoted hard. Midway



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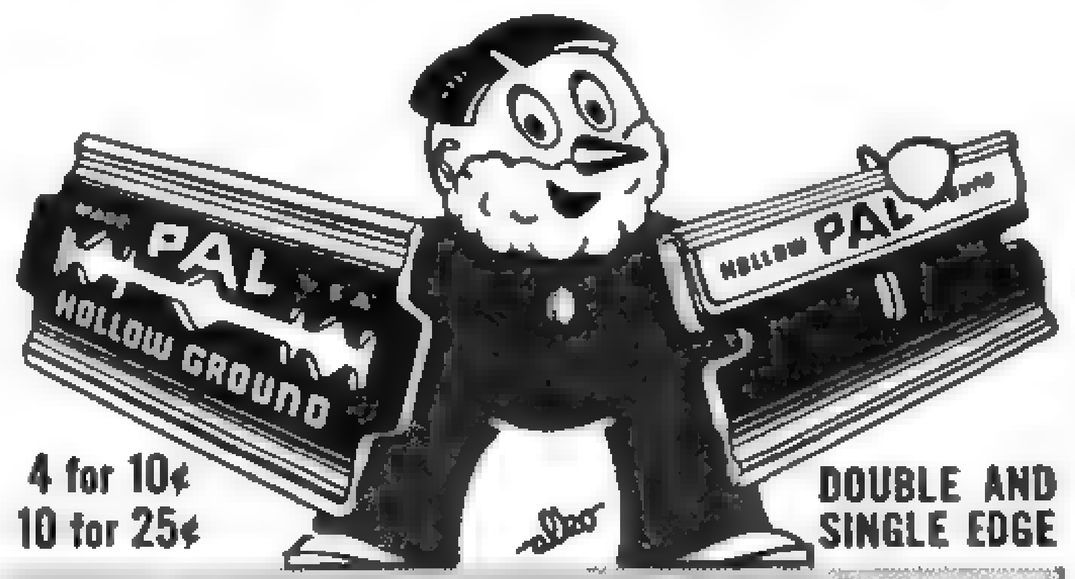

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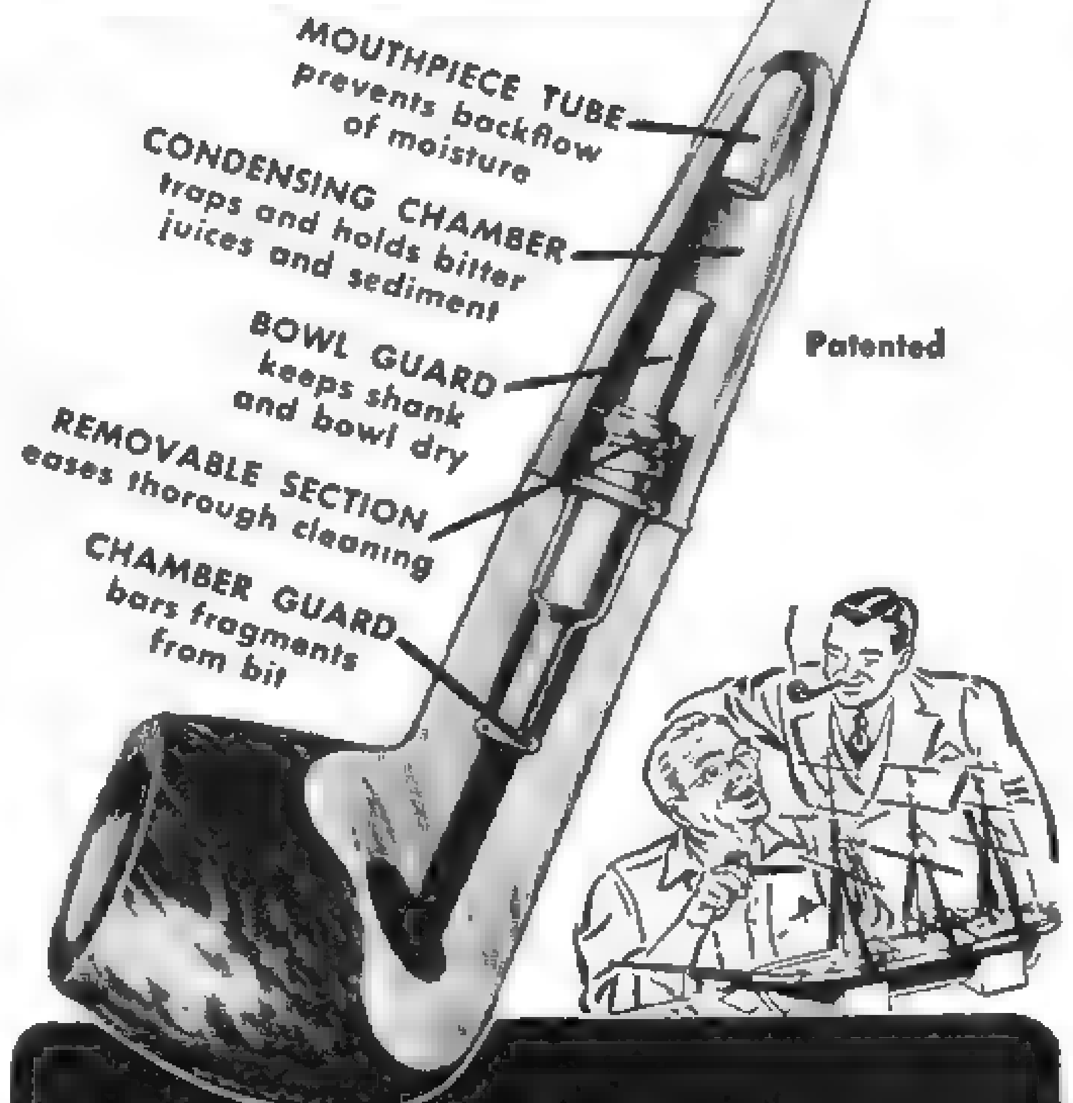
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through his pivot he let his right leg, the one which had been injured, collapse under him. Before he fell, twisting, to the floor, he sent the rockhard pelota flying up the court as hard as he could.

It carried straight, not more than a foot above the floor, and struck Armando Martínez just below the knee. The Monarch, lying sprawled on the court, could hear the bone break. Then he arose and joined Piston and Guillermo over the injured Flash.

"An accident," he said in concern. "My old knee again."

It was: White 29—Blue 28.

The referee, came lumbering down, staring at The Monarch.

"You know the rules. You can stop and this is the final score. Or you can play it out alone."

"We play it out," he said.

"You old goat," Piston cried, "you haven't seen a day in ten years you could beat us alone."

"We play it out," he repeated.

"Well, then, hurry it up." Estévez told him. Lumbering over to the wire screen, he told an attendant to make the announcement. The stands roared and the odds rose 10 to 3.

"Come on," The Monarch said furiously to Piston. "Throw the ball. Let's see how good you are."

Piston bounced the pelota twice, ran at the serving line, twisted, and made his service.

It came back truly and The Monarch ran forward. Piston had given him a fair serve, instead of sending it up the court where his partner should be, and Guillermo made a return as hard as he could. No fancy tricks. They weren't going to give him anything crookedly easy, but they weren't going to make it crookedly hard for him either.

They were good, honest boys. He arched his broad back and smashed away.

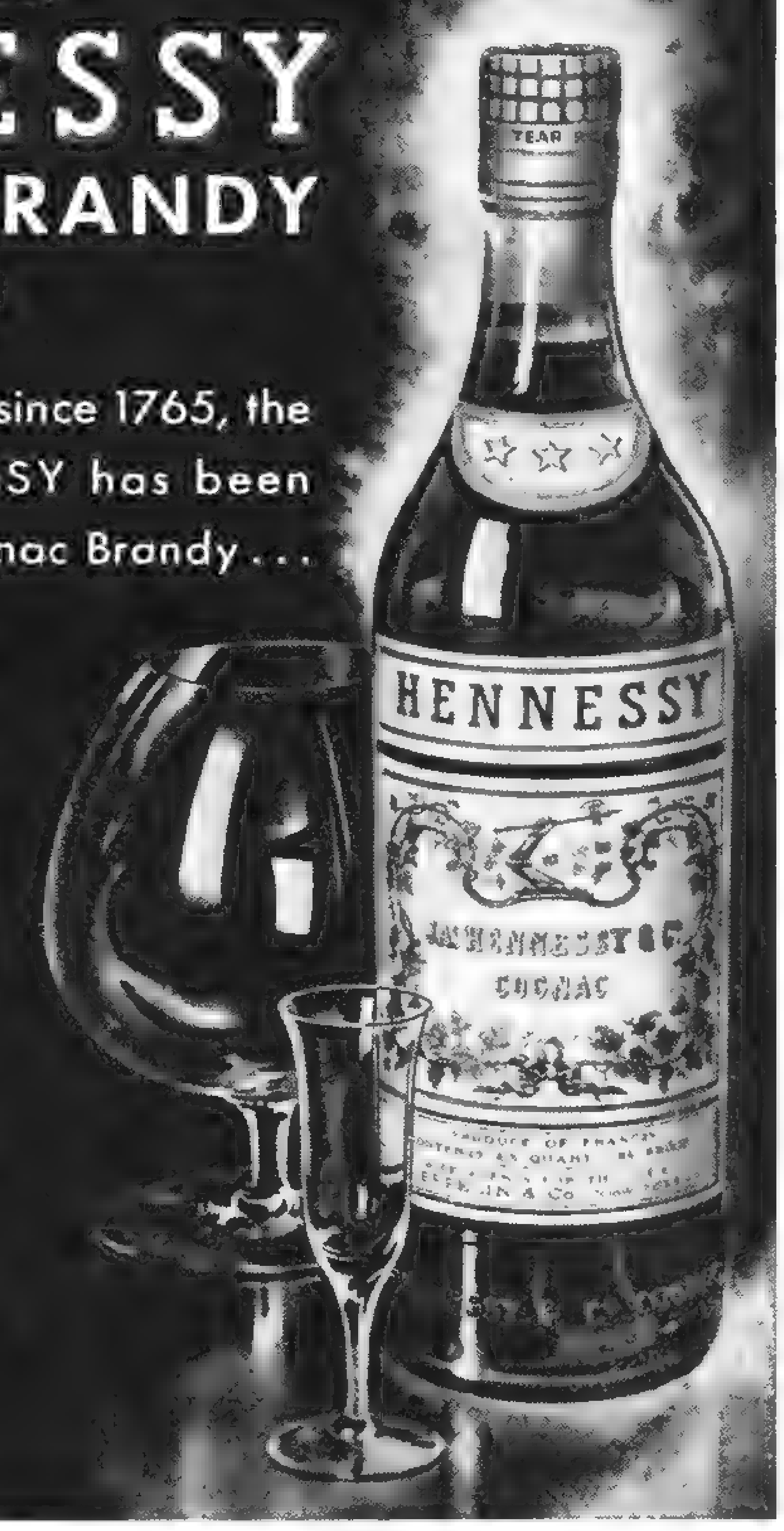
Maybe he was washed up; maybe it was time he quit. But he would quit the way he had always done everything, putting everything he had into it. Maybe he could even salvage this game at the final tanto. He only had to win this one and then win one more. He made a nice pickup and told himself that winning was what he was used to. Winning was easy for him. He laughed aloud when he thought of what Miguelito and the slant-eyed woman were thinking and saying or doing. Whatever they were doing, they weren't going to have time enough to do all the necessary undoing. He slammed a backhand shot as hard as he had ever slammed one in his life.

The score: Blue 29—White 29.

He took the ball to serve and laughed again. The final tanto. The last point. He didn't bother to look to see just where his opponents were playing. He'd play this final tanto the way he had always played it. He was The Monarch, wasn't he? The Champion. The greatest since . . .

He grunted and sent the service up against the frontwall.

He felt wonderful . . . #



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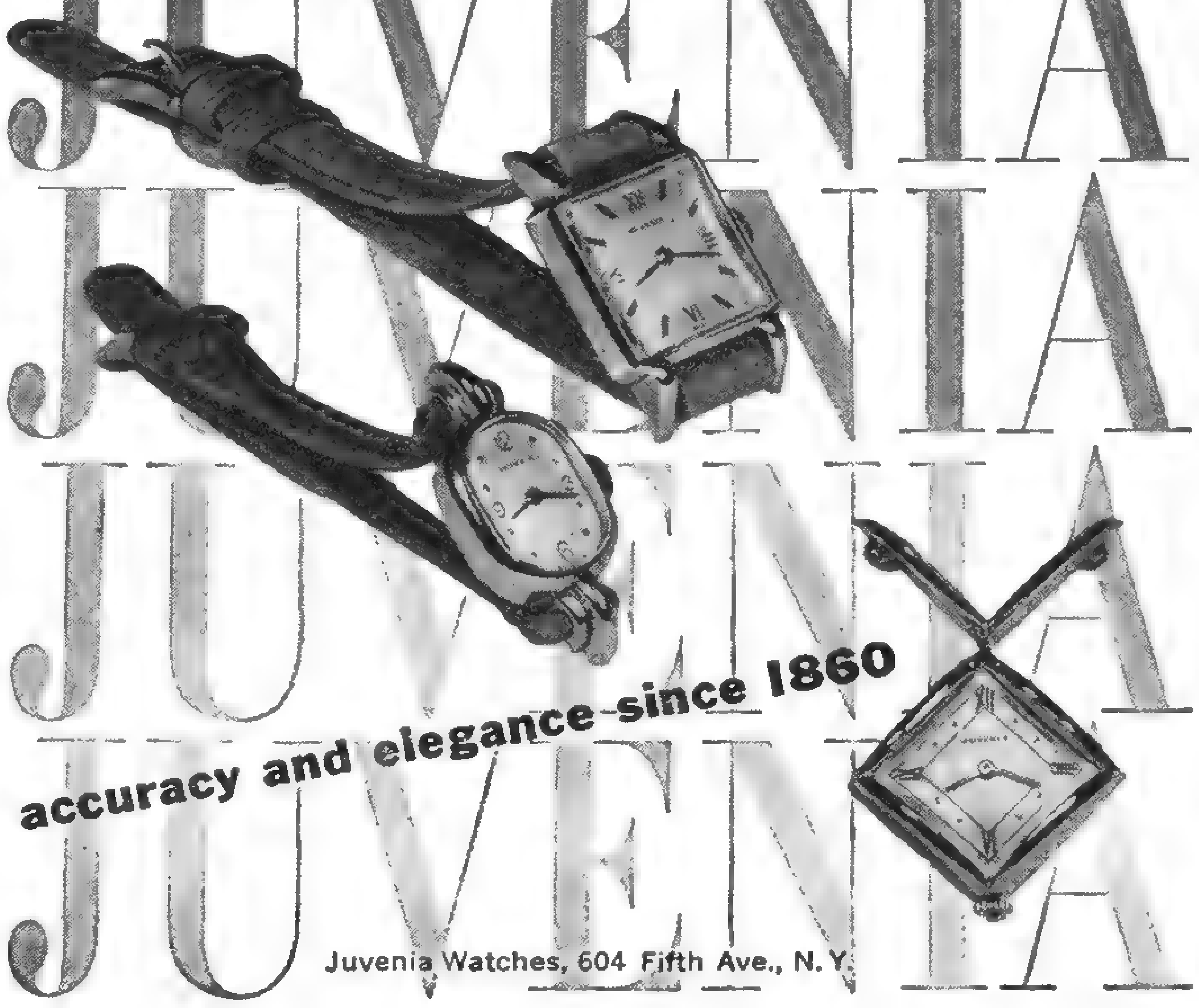

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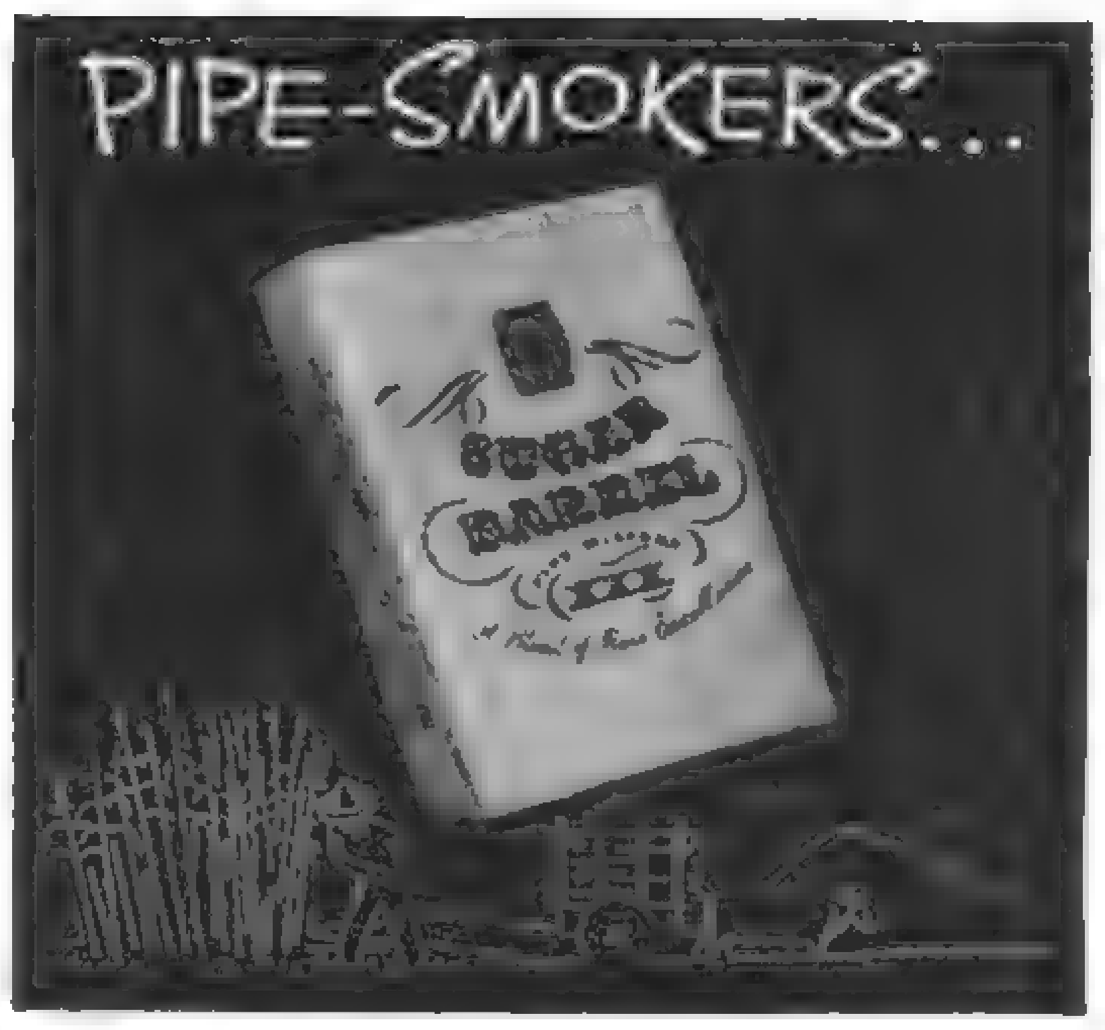

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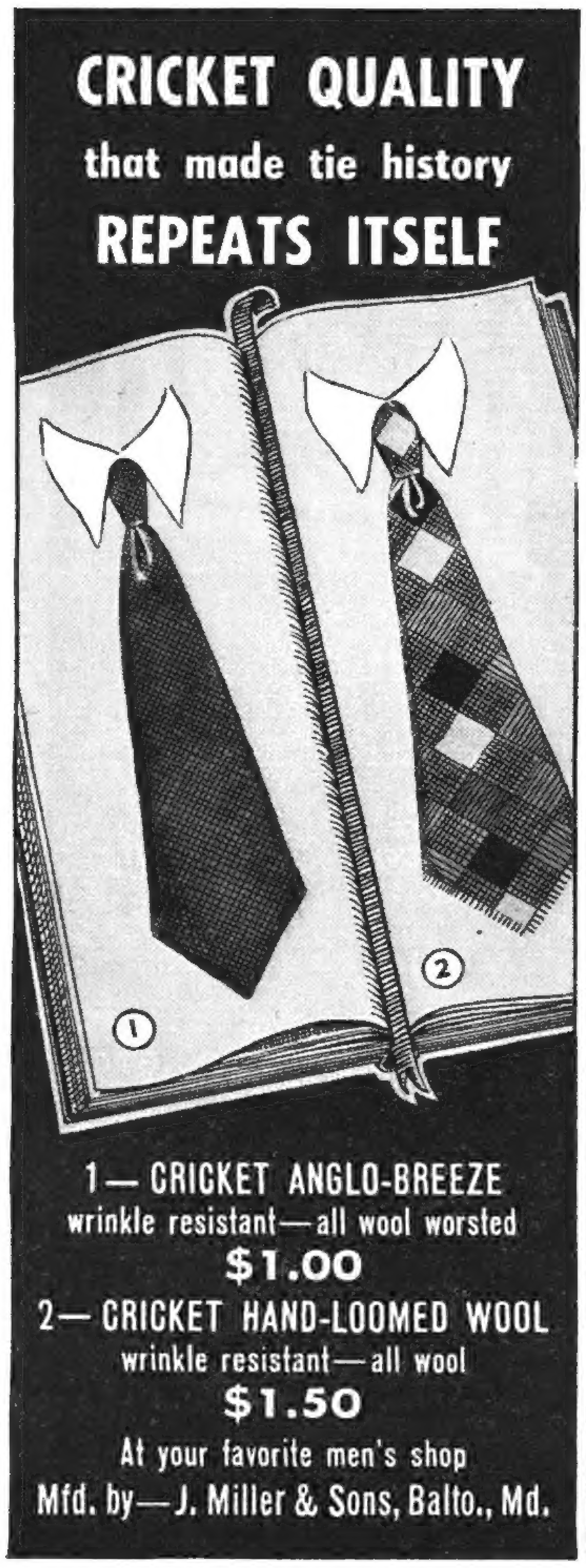
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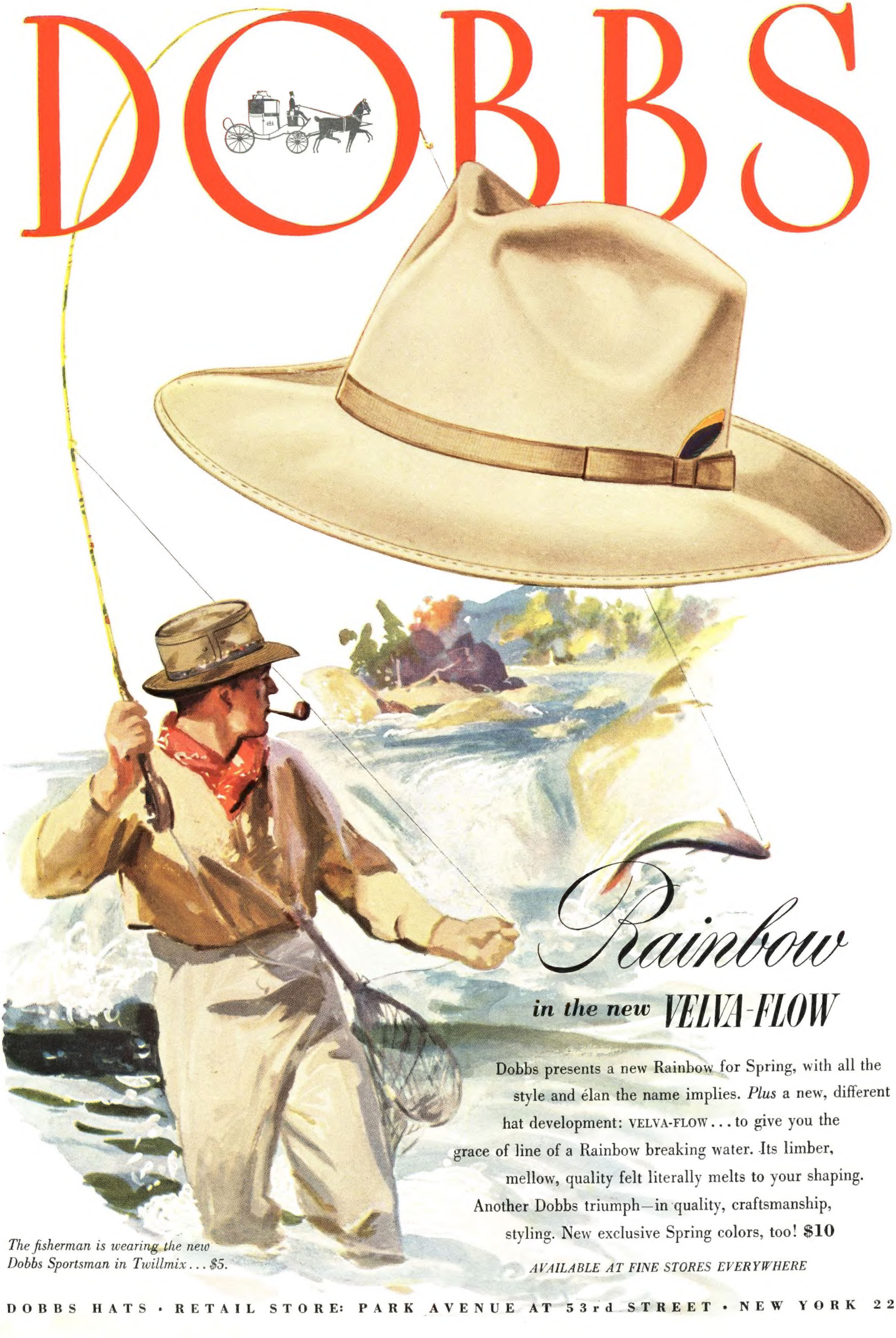


Rainbow

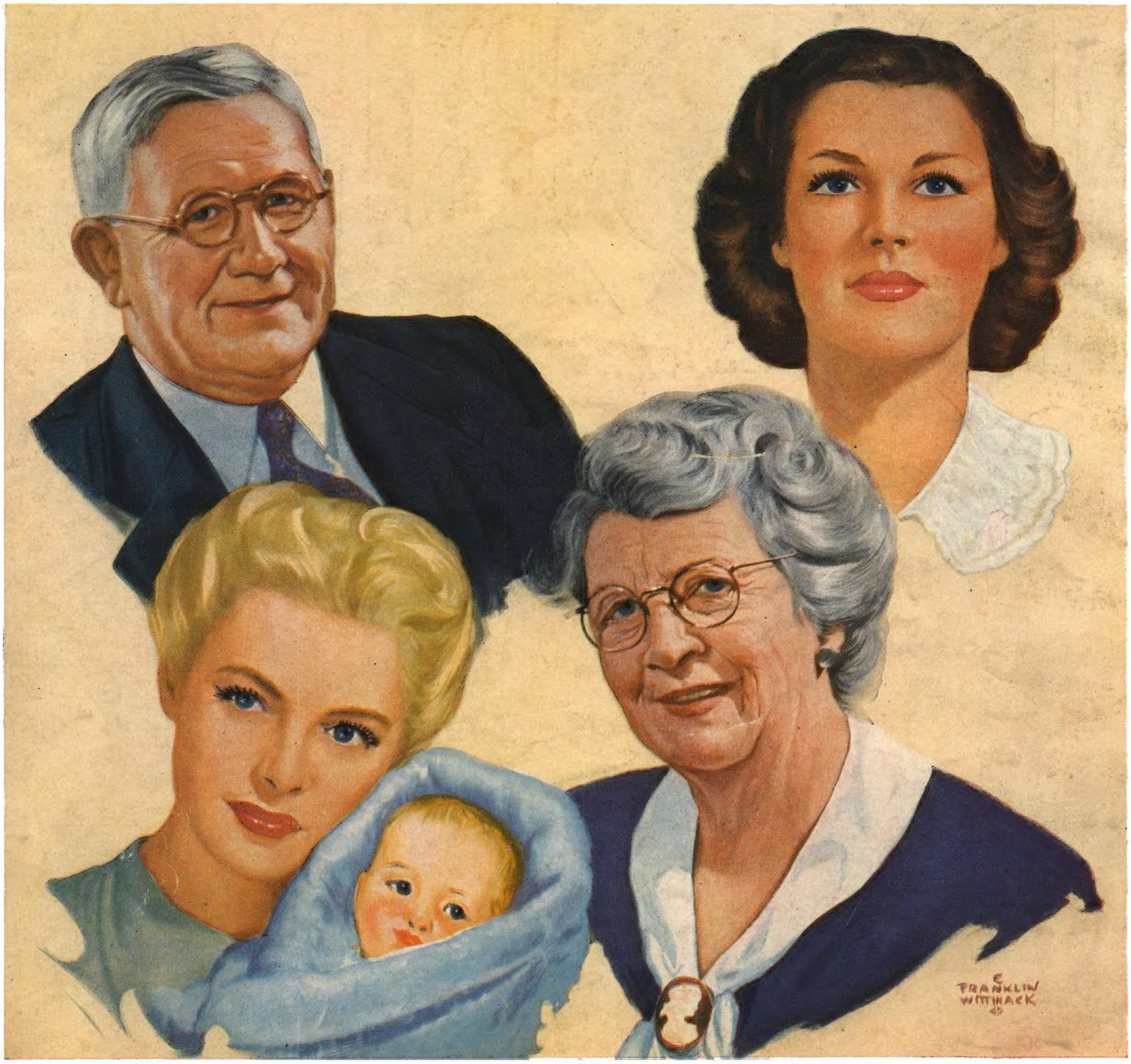
in the new VELVA-FLOW

Dobbs presents a new Rainbow for Spring, with all the style and élan the name implies. *Plus* a new, different hat development: VELVA-FLOW . . . to give you the grace of line of a Rainbow breaking water. Its limber, mellow, quality felt literally melts to your shaping. Another Dobbs triumph—in quality, craftsmanship, styling. New exclusive Spring colors, too! **$10**

AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

The fisherman is wearing the new Dobbs Sportsman in Twillmix . . . $5.

DOBBS HATS • RETAIL STORE: PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET • NEW YORK 22



To G. I. Joe They Too Are Veterans

They are veterans of work and of prayerful waiting at the altars of their faith.

G.I. Joe will be glad to see the Statue of Liberty and the scenes of his native state.

But above all, home to him means his own people—his parents; his wife and children, or his sweetheart. All that affects him affects his family, inseparately.

Fighting around the world, the members of our armed forces have done more for us than we at home could do for them.

They will return, not to collect their dues, but to continue their duty, ambitious to help build an even better United States.

Their training, their experience and their contact with other nationalities have widened their perspective. They have found a different world in the making. They have learned how universal air brings people vastly closer together.

Ours is the opportunity to make sure that our returning veterans may make their most effective contributions to our nation's growth and security. Together we must utilize the war-spurred development of global air transportation.

Yes, the veterans want to return to *you*, but not to *yesterday*. Their eyes are upon tomorrow—which will be as wonderful as we make it!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS